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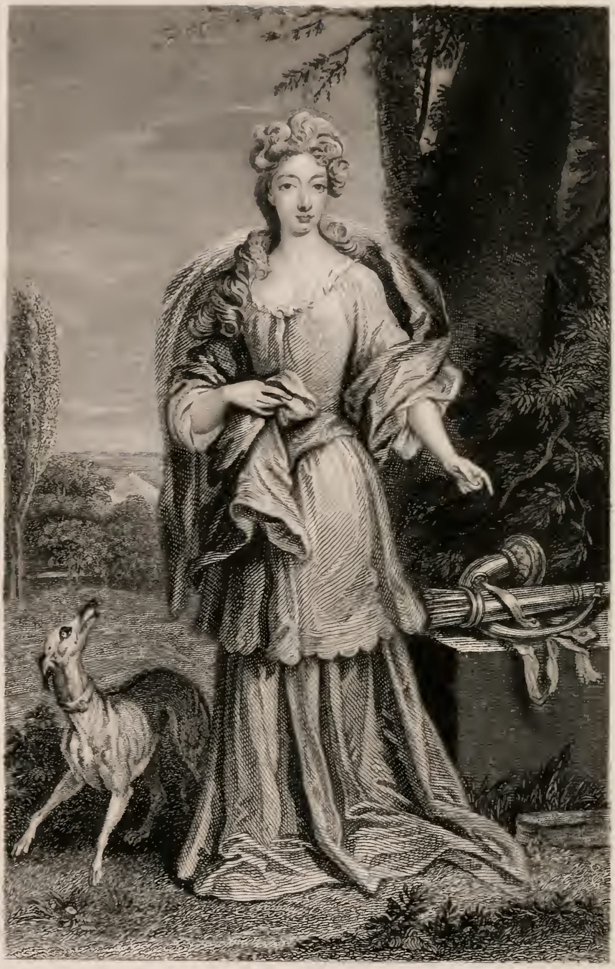

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MEMOIRS

OF

EMINENT ENGLISHWOMEN.

BY

LOUISA STUART COSTELLO,

AUTHOR OF

"SPECIMENS OF THE EARLY POETRY OF FRANCE," "A SUMMER AMONGST THE BOCAGES AND THE VINES," "A PILGRIMAGE TO AUVERGNE," "THE QUEEN MOTHER," ETC. ETC. ETC.

in four volumes

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MEMOIRS

OF

EMINENT ENGLISHWOMEN.

ANASTASIA VENETIA STANLEY, LADY DIGBY.

This beautiful heroine of her celebrated husband's devotion, was a very remarkable personage at her time, and is so intimately connected with Sir Kenelm, his pursuits and adventures,—strange and *picturesque* as they were,—that she has always excited considerable interest. Her beauty, and the admiration it created; her want of proper education, and unprotected state, exposed her to the attacks of envy and ill-nature, and her character has suffered, perhaps unmerited, censure. The history of her life is altogether a love-tale, which her husband has himself related in the inflated language of the time.

Sir Kenelm Digby was the son of the unfortunate and imprudent Sir Everard, who expiated his crime of conspiracy on the scaffold, together with others concerned in the gunpowder plot. This sad event occurred when his son was an infant of three years of age. Although his mother was a rigid Catholic, yet she submitted—probably in order to save the confiscation of his estates—to his being educated as a Protestant, waiting, doubtless, until the time should come, when, by her influence, she should induce him to embrace the belief of his forefathers—an event which duly happened.

Venetia, the "lode-star" of this eccentric genius, was one of the daughters of Sir Edward Stanley, of Tonge Castle, in Shropshire, Knight of the Bath, grandson of the Earl of Derby. She was born in 1600; her mother was Lucy, daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Percy, seventh Earl of Northumberland, and she had the misfortune to lose her when only a few months old.

Sir Kenelm boasts that his Venetia, or, as he called her, "Stelliana," was "born of parents that, in the antiquity and lustre of their houses, and in the goods of fortune, were inferior to none in the land; that some of her ancestors had exalted and pulled down kings of England; and that their successors still have right to wear a regal crown upon their princely temples;"—an allusion to the sovereignty of the Isle of Man, then possessed by the Earls of Derby.

Sir Edward Stanley, on the death of his wife, was so much afflicted, that he resolved to retire from the world for the rest of his life, though he does not seem to have exhibited any particular affection for her when she lived. He committed his infant daughter to the care of one of his relations, who lived in the country, at Enston Abbey, in Oxfordshire, near the seat of Lady Digby, at Gothurst. The children thus became acquainted, and the flame sprung up in infancy which was to increase with years.

About the time of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Count Palatine, Venetia was taken by her father to his own house, and, being shortly afterwards summoned to Court to attend the festivities, it does not seem that his philosophy, or his grief, prevented him from hastening to make one of the gay circle that surrounded the throne. His daughter, radiant with youth, and a beauty of the most dazzling splendour, accompanied him. Proud of the treasure he possessed, the vain father lost no opportunity of exhibiting her everywhere; and wished "the world to see that fame was nothing too lavish in setting out her perfections."

In London "her beauty and *discretion* did soon draw the eyes and thoughts of all men to admiration," says her partial biographer; and a certain nobleman of the Court carried his passion to the length of stealing her away from her guardians, hearing she would be withdrawn from his gaze, and that of all her adorers, to be once more buried in a country retreat. So constant was her mind at the age of thirteen that she slighted every expression of love for the sake of her attachment to Sir Kenelm, as he was himself assured of, although the envious world did not give her credit for prudence so much beyond her years.

Sir Kenelm's own description of his lady-love is so characteristic, that he must be allowed to tell his own tale, in the manner which places her in such a light as to confute the assertions of her detractors.

"It is evident," he says, speaking of the attachment of himself and Venetia, in the curious narrative of his "Private Memoirs," "that their own election had the least part in the beginning of it; for before they had the freedom of that, or of judging, this fire was kindled, it grew with them, and the first word that they could speak, being yet in the nurse's arms, was *love.* * * * This strong knot of affection being tied in tender years, before any mutual obligations could help to confirm it, could not be torn asunder by long absence, the austerity of parents, other pretenders, *false rumours*, and other great difficulties and oppositions that come to blast the budding blossoms of an infant love, that hath since brought forth so fair flowers and so mature fruit. Certainly the stars were, at the least, the first movers, who, having ordained that from the affection of these two the world might learn how to love, did link together sundry remote causes to make them all concur in this one effect."

The poetical and philosophical biographer of his fair wife is always eloquent on this favourite theme; and, certainly, if he who was chiefly concerned is to be believed, his Venetia was a model of perfection in every particular.

"It was not long," he exclaims, "before I was satisfied that, in this life, a man may enjoy so much happiness as, without anxiety or desire of having anything besides what he possesseth, he may, with a quiet and peaceable soul, rest with full measure of content and bliss, that I know not whether it be short of it in anything but the security of continuance. It was the perfect friendship and noble love of two generous persons that seemed to be born in this age, by ordinance of Heaven, to teach the world anew—what it hath long forgotten—the mystery of loving with honour and constancy between a man and a woman, both of them in the vigour of their youth, and both blessed by nature with eminent endowments, as well of the mind as of the body.

"There are so many and so different circumstances requisite to form a perfect example in this kind, that it is no wonder though many ages produce not one complete in all points."

The "high and transcendant operations of the celestial bodies," according to his theory, brought about such an example of human enjoyment by uniting him to the beautiful daughter of Stanley. His account of their early attraction to each other is comic in its pompous seriousness.

"These children, the very first time they caught sight of each other, grew so fond of one another's company, that all that saw them said, assuredly something above their tender capacity breathed this sweet affection into their hearts. They would mingle serious kisses among their innocent sports; and, whereas other children of like age did delight in fond plays and light toys, these two would spend the day in looking upon each other's face, and in accompanying these looks *with gentle sighs*, which seemed to portend that much sorrow was laid up for their more understanding years; and if, at any time, they happened to use such recreations as were suitable to their age, they demeaned themselves therein so prettily and so affectionately, that one would have said Love was grown a child again, and took delight to play with them. And, when the time of parting came, they would take their leaves with such abundance of tears and sighs, as made it evident that so deep a sorrow could not be born and nursed in children's breasts without a nobler cause than the usual fondness of others."

Unkind Fate, however,

> "Stept in between and bade them part."

Sir Kenelm's mother opposed their love; and the adoring infants were separated, in the hope that they would forget this early *penchant*. Sir Kenelm relates the strange circumstances of Venetia's abduction, as having happened at a time when he had been absent from her for four years; an argument which her treacherous attendant makes use of to induce her to give him up, and look with eyes of greater favour on the nobleman, whose name remains a secret, who had gained her as his advocate. It seems an extraordinary piece of boldness in a lover, to have ventured to carry off and with no honourable intentions, a young lady of such high rank as Venetia, and to keep her for some days at his country-house, from whence she is described as at length escaping by means of tying her sheets together, and lowering herself from a window; after which, she had to climb a garden wall, and, having descended from that dangerous position,—

"Finding herself at liberty in the park, she directed her course one certain way, until she came to the pales, which, with difficulty, she climbed over, and then she wandered about large fields and *horrid woods*, without meeting with any highway or sign of habitation. * * * At length she sat down to take some rest, when a *hungry wolf* came rushing out of a wood that was close by, and, perceiving her by the increasing twilight, *ran at her with open mouth*, whom, as soon as she saw, fear made her run away; but to little purpose, for he had soon overtaken her, and, having got her down, would have made *her* his prey that was worthy to sway the empire of the world!"

Where there are such *wolves*, or loup-garoux, there are, however, generally knights-errant ready to rescue distressed damsels, and such an one now appeared, who, "seeing the tragical spectacle," called his dogs about him, drew his cutlass, blew his horn—for he was a hunter—and, in fine, killed the ferocious animal, who assuredly had no business there, after the expulsion for centuries of his race from Britain, and bore the fainting lady to the house of a relation of her own, who resided near. This fortunate accident is the means of the lovers meeting again, as Sir Kenelm recounts; nor does he spare his reader a single circumstance of their secret assignations, *billet-doux* in gloves, vows of constancy, and mournful laments. His mother, however, having another match in view for him, he resolved to avoid it by obtaining her consent to travel for a few years, which he did after having exchanged tokens of affection with Venetia.

"He presented her with a diamond ring which he used to wear, entreating her, whensoever she did cast her eyes upon it, to conceive that it told her in his behalf, that his heart would prove as hard as that stone in the admittance of any other affection: and that his to her should be as void of end as that circular figure was: and she desired him to wear for her sake a lock of her hair, the splendour of which can be expressed by no earthly thing; but it seemed as though a stream of the sun's beams had been gathered together and converted into a solid substance."

Sir Kenelm visited Paris, and resided some time at Angers. The details he gives of the conduct of Marie de Medici place her conduct in a very suspicious light: he does not conceal the attachment she did not scruple to avow for him; but his love for his absent Venetia makes him treat the imprudent Queen with all the contempt that Don Quixote himself could have shown when solicited to abandon his faith to the fair Dulcinea. He was at Angers* at the time of the annihilation of the Queen's party at the battle of Pont de Cé, in August, 1620; and records that, having incurred the Queen's enmity, in consequence of his indifference, he thought to escape her pursuit or her vengeance, by allowing it to be believed that he was killed, in the *mêlée*, by the King's troops.

He did not anticipate the consequences of this somewhat singular step, which caused great sorrow and confusion in the mind of his Venetia, whose ears the report soon reached: while the letters which *he says* he wrote to her from Florence, to which place he escaped, miscarried. He accuses his mother of having intercepted them; though, when it is remembered that this accomplished romancer has been called "the Pliny of his age *for lying*," much that he tells, in order to embellish his story, may be doubted. It is possible that the extraordinary constancy of which he boasts might have experienced a short eclipse during his stay at the gay Court of Florence; but, be that as it may, the desponding Venetia, surrounded with admirers, importuned and persecuted, and assured by interested persons of his death, gave a reluctant consent to the proposal of a nameless nobleman, who was no other than "the Knight of the Wolf."

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* The scene of the narrative related by Sir Kenelm, is supposed to be in Greece; London is in his story called Corinth; King James, the King of Moria; the *wolf* was, therefore, perhaps, another name for *dog*.

Splendid preparations were now made for their nuptials; and "Mardontius"—for so is the intended bridegroom called by Sir Kenelm—"had her portrait painted by an excellent workman; which picture he used to show as a glorious trophy of her conquered affections."

Her somewhat perplexed biographer is here obliged to allude to the rumours which, for awhile, sullied the fair fame of her "who had engrossed to herself the whole heaven of beauty." Her intimacy with him whom she had now accepted for her husband, was said to have been more familiar than accorded with the strict propriety which was the boast of her absent lover:

"Which rumour," he fancifully says, "being once on foot, it was too late for her that was so young, so beautiful, and at liberty in the world* to suppress it; consisting of a fantastic aërial body, that admitted no hold to be taken of it, nor can be traced to the ground or author thereof; but having once gotten upon its wings, subsisteth by its own lightness in weak understandings, as the vulgar of men have who are not able to give any reason for what they believe."

When the news reached Sir Kenelm of that which he then considered her inconstancy, together with these slanderous reports, he, who had long wondered at her silence, was overwhelmed with despair, and the philosophy which he had been studying for some time was vain against the impression of her unworthiness. He, according to his own account, "quite forgot the noble temper of his mind, and was so overborne with passion," as to load her sex with reproaches, exclaiming, like other jealous heroes in similar circumstances:—

"Oh, miserable condition of men, that must, through the unjust laws of nature, take half their being from this unworthy sex! Injurious stars! why give you so fair an outside to so foul and deformed a mind! Now all things, and all fortunes are alike to me. I wish not for good, nor fear bad, since she, for whose sake I should do either, deserveth now nothing but dire execrations from my afflicted and restless soul, which yet my melting heart, whenever I think of her, will not permit me to utter, but smothereth my just curses: yet thus much I will swear, and call Heaven to witness, that for the future I will have irreconcileable wars with that perfidious sex, and so blaze through the world their unworthiness and falsehood, that I hope their turn will come to sue to men for their love, and being denied, despair and die!"

---

* It would appear that her father was now dead, and that she had no natural protector, for she is strangely left to her own devices, for one so well born.

After this and much more vituperation, worthy of Otway or Lee, the *furioso* tore from his arm the bracelet of his false one's hair, and cast it into the flames.

Meanwhile, circumstances had arisen at home which had broken off the intended marriage, and the innocent lady, the victim of envy and scandal, was again free to lament over the untimely death of him who was accusing her so harshly. Sir Kenelm, careless of what the future brought him, accepted an invitation from his kinsman, the Earl of Bristol, to join him at Madrid, where he was negotiating the marriage of Prince Charles with the Infanta. It may seem somewhat strange that every one was aware of his being in existence but his Venetia, who still wept over his imaginary tomb.

Sir Kenelm's narrative now gives an account of his meeting, at this juncture, with a "Brachman of

India," from whom he not only heard much wisdom, but was, doubtless, encouraged in his belief that the search after the "Great Secret," which had long been the object of his studies was not in vain. The conversations they had together are quite characteristic of two visionaries. Sir Kenelm, in the bitterness of his heart, exclaims, in answer to the other's enquiries into the cause of his melancholy—

"It is blind chance that governeth the world, which mingleth and shuffleth men's good and bad actions and their condign retributions in fatal darkness, and then distributeth them with promiscuous errror."

To which his friend replies:—

"If you will let me know what it is that thus afflicteth you, I doubt not but to make you evidently see the error of what you have now said, and confess that *not chance, but the heavens and stars* govern the world, which are the only books of fate; whose secret characters and influence but few, divinely inspired, can read in the true sense that their Creator gave them."

The Brahmin goes on to utter much that is very poetical and curious respecting the nature and influence of the heavenly bodies: and Sir Kenelm, who represents himself as hard of belief, is, at length, convinced by such arguments as these:

"Surely those glorious and vast bodies were not made and endued with a constant motion only for vain men to gaze upon!"

"There is a general spirit of the world, which is a means of uniting together intellectual substances and material ones, and of conveying the powers of the one to the other, by participating with them both in some quality, or, it may be said, there is some such knot between them, as is between the body and soul of man, which we evidently see are joined together, but know not by what means; or rather, we may say, that there is not in nature any pure spirit but God; but that angels, souls of men and devils, are all comprehended within the general definition of a body, yet withal, they are of such a subtle, incorruptible and refined substance, beyond elementary bodies, that, in respect of them, those may seem and be termed spiritual; which, being granted, *the difficulty is then easily dissolved.*"

The conclusion of all this mystification was, that the Brahmin offered to show Sir Kenelm *a spirit* which he had "bound into a hallowed book and carried it always about with him." This he accomplished in the midst of a wood, where the angry and disconsolate lover perceived the form of his Venetia sitting beneath a tree, weeping and lamenting. He questioned the vision, and became aware that his mistress loved him as much as ever, and, to convince his mind yet more, the phantom predicted that he would be shortly attacked by armed men, of which troop of enemies he would slay two; this he was to receive as a token of the truth of *the spirit's assertions* as to Venetia's fidelity; and, as in due time that identical event happened, of course no doubt could in future be entertained by him as to the fact of his fair one's purity and truth.

Notwithstanding this, however, Sir Kenelm allowed himself, instead of instantly returning home to throw himself at the feet of her his thoughts had injured, to be inveigled into an amour in which he declares that his vanity, and not his heart, was engaged. This imprudence, directed probably by the stars, proceeded so far, that his friends at Madrid urged him to marry the lady for whom he had apparently forgotten his Venetia, and too ready fame conveyed to her ears not only the news of his being still alive, but of his inconstancy.

The passion which could conjure up

> "Spirits from the vasty deep,"

however, got the better of his transient faithlessness, and Digby returned with Prince Charles to England in 1623.

Sickness prevented him from seeking his lady-love instantly; but he does not even seem to have apprised her of his arrival in England, for, after all these struggles and "passionings," he met her *accidentally* in her coach in the streets of London. Her beauty he describes as being brighter than ever; "but she sat so pensively on one side of the coach by herself, as Apelles might have taken her counterfeit to express Venus sorrowing for her beloved Adonis." Although a spirit had come from the world of shadows to assure him of the purity of her whom he ceases not to eulogize, and whom he considers so filled with virtue and beauty that, "if she had lived in those days when men committed idolatry, the world would certainly have renounced the sun, the stars, and all other objects of their devotion, and with one consent have adored her for their goddess;" yet Sir Kenelm's conduct does by no means prove his assertions. The lady condescended to explain and exculpate herself to little purpose; and it was only by an act of true feminine generosity that she at length secured him as her husband.

He was appointed to accompany the Duke of Buckingham in his embassy to the French Court, to negotiate the marriage of Charles and Henrietta Maria; and his funds ran short, so that he was unable to equip himself in the expensive manner which was requisite in order to appear with fitting splendour in the train of the magnificent ambassador. Venetia, finding this to be the case, pawned her jewels and plate, and "having," as he relates, "gathered a large sum, she sent it him, entreating him to make use of it without cumbering his estate, which, consisting of settled rents, would soon quit a greater debt; and thus she made him at once master of all she had, or could ever hope for."

This noble act weighed with him against the persuasions of his friends and his mother, who, probably, thought that so accomplished and admired a cavalier might make a much richer and better match, and he hastened to entreat her to bestow herself on him and complete the value of her gift; but her delicacy now stepped in to interfere with his happiness. Although her proposed marriage with another had been broken off, yet her picture was in the hands of him who had pretended to call her his, and, till that was restored, she resolved not to marry him she loved. Her former suitor refused to give it up, and a challenge between the rivals was the consequence, which ended in the picture being returned, and apologies being made for slanders cast upon the lady, so ample, that Sir Kenelm was convinced they were totally unfounded.

No obstacle now existed to their union, but circumstances, probably arising from their narrow income, made it advisable that their marriage should, for a time, be concealed, although the fair Venetia by no means approved of this arrangement.

It has been asserted by Aubrey, who seems much prejudiced against this ill-treated beauty, and vindictive towards her, that she received an annuity of five hundred a year from the Earl of Dorset, first husband of the excellent and celebrated Anne Clifford, and that Sir Kenelm sued the earl for a continuance of the pension after she became his wife; but as Lord Dorset was dead before that event took place, and there is no record of any trial of the kind against his heirs or executors, the accusation is evidently false. Several persons who had presumed to boast of favours received from the beautiful Venetia, afterwards solemnly denied their words, and left her character pure as her husband desired to find it.

Sir Kenelm was, after his return from France, appointed to a high office, "to take in hand a voyage by sea" in 1627; he was also named as a Commissioner of the Navy, and Governor of the Trinity-house, by Charles I., with whom he was much in favour. He quitted his wife, without their marriage having yet been declared, except in confidence to his friend, Lord Bristol, and was about to embark on his mission, when Venetia sent him word of the birth of their second son, which event occurred on the 29th of December, 1627; upon which he wrote to desire that she would no longer conceal their union.

His own narrative of his adventures breaks off at the engagement at Scanderoon, where he won himself great fame; and from that period, after his return home, he probably lived at peace with his Venetia. It is likely that at this time that portrait of her was painted by Vandyck, in which she is represented as treading on Envy and Malice, and is unhurt by a serpent that twines round her arm.

Many comments were made on their marriage, somewhat unfavourable to her, as, for instance, Lord Clarendon remarks, that Sir Kenelm had united himself to "a lady, though of an extraordinary beauty, of as extraordinary a fame." As everything respecting her career is involved in mystery, and as her husband held her in such esteem, it is but reasonable to believe that her beauty was her chief fault in the eyes of an envious world.

On the 1st of May, 1633, that beauty, which had influenced the whole life of the enthusiastic and visionary man who adored her, was snatched from his admiring eyes. She was found dead in her bed, having not yet attained her thirty-third year: the circumstances of her death are as little known as those of her early life. By some it is supposed that her husband had administered to her some potion which he believed would confer on her everlasting youth, and keep her beauty as resplendent as ever to the end of her existence; for he was one of those dreamers who believed the possibility of discovering the charmed elixir which would confer immortality, and had been a ceaseless searcher after the treasure which converts all other metals to gold, sharing in this the extravagant notions of his time—a futile thought—which misled men for so many centuries.

Certain cruel rumours were spread abroad, that the husband of the lovely Venetia had poisoned her in a jealous fit; but there was no reason for such an assertion: he himself considered that she died in consequence of drinking "viper wine," probably the draught he had himself prepared: "but spiteful women," says Aubrey, "would say it was a viper husband who was jealous of her."

Her head was opened, and *very little brain was found;* indeed, except her husband's boast of the superiority of her mind, there is no evidence of her possessing genius or talents of any description: beauty seemed the chief ingredient in her composition, and for that alone is she famed. Sir Kenelm resolved that future ages should be aware of the treasure he had possessed, and engaged the immortal pencil of Vandyck to represent her after her death; she lies on her pillow

> "Smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber;"

and a more lovely inanimate form can scarcely be conceived than this picture offers to the admiring view. It is at Althorp; but a miniature from it, by Peter Oliver, formerly in the possession of Horace Walpole, which is exquisite beyond description, was disposed of at the sale of Strawberry-Hill.*

---

* Miss Burdett Coutts became possessor, from the same collection, of two miniatures by Oliver, of Venetia at the age of nineteen, and at a later period, when her form was more developed; together with several others of the Digby family, which were enclosed in one frame: both the miniatures are beautifully

Sir Kenelm, whose eccentricities at all times gave some colour to the notion of his being a madman, or at least—

> "Mad nor-nor' west,"

on the loss of his treasure retired to Gresham College, and gave himself up to his favourite study of chemistry; he is described, when there, as wearing "a long mourning cloak, a high-crowned hat, his beard unshorn, looking like a hermit—all for sorrow for his beloved wife."

Lady Digby was buried in Christchurch, near Newgate, "in a brick vault," as Aubrey informs us, "over which were three steps of black marble, with four inscriptions in copper gilt affixed to it: upon this altar was her bust of copper gilt, all which, unless the vault, which was only opened a little by the fall, is utterly destroyed by the great conflagration."

"About 1675-6," he continues, "as I was walking through Newgate-street, I saw Dame Venetia's bust standing at a stall at the Golden Cross—a brazier's shop. I presently remembered it, but the fire had got off all the gilding; but taking notice of it to one that was with me, I could never see it afterwards exposed to the street. They melted it down."

executed, but are scarcely so lovely as one would expect. Besides these, Miss Coutts purchased the fine miniature family-piece, unrivalled in its way, a *chef d'œuvre* of Oliver's genius.

Such was the end of all that beauty which "had warmed the world before." Well might the Poet* exclaim—

> "Where is that cheek that shone
> Like painting newly done?
> Where the bright looks, and where
> The sunny locks of hair?"

all "clay unto the core!"

If Ben Jonson, the general eulogist of female excellence, is not too lenient, Venetia had something more than beauty to endear her: he composed a long poem, after her death, in her honour, entitled, "Eupheme," in which the following lines occur:—

> "She was, in one, a many parts of life;
> A tender mother, a discreeter wife;
> A solemn mistress, and so good a friend;
> So charitable to religious end;
> In all her *petite* actions so devote,
> As her whole life was now become one note
> Of piety and private holiness."

Sir Kenelm lived many years after his lady, having seen all the changes of the country from that period till his death, which occurred on his birth-day the 11th of June, 1665, when he had just completed his sixty-second year. He desired to be buried with his wife, for whose memory he always retained the tenderest affection.

He is dear to the world of letters by his munificent gift to the Bodleian library of all the books which had belonged to his tutor, the learned Thomas Allen, which were of great value; he left also a very fine library in France, which, on his death, became the property of the French monarch, under the *droit d'aubaine.* It was sold, by the person to whom his Majesty gave it, for ten thousand crowns to the Earl of Bristol. The following quaint lines were written for the epitaph of this remarkable man:—

---

* See a beautiful and singular poem, worthy of *an old master*, by Leigh Hunt.

> "Under this tomb the matchless Digby lies;
> Digby, the great, the valiant, and the wise:
> This age's wonder for his valiant parts,
> Skilled in six tongues, and learned in all the arts.
> Born on the day he died, the eleventh of June,
> And that day bravely fought at Scanderoon:
> It's rare that one and the same day should be
> His day of birth, of death, and victory!"

THE COUNTESS OF DESMOND.

The chief interest attached to this singular lady, is her repute for extreme old age, in which she divides the palm with that "old, old, very old man," the famous Thomas Parr, who was her contemporary.

Antiquaries have been at a loss at what exact epoch to fix her birth, which must have been about the middle of the fifteenth century. Sir Walter Raleigh, in his "History of the World," says that he was acquainted with "the old Countess of Desmond of Inchiquin, who was married in Edward the Fourth's time, and held her jointure from all the Earls of Desmond since then; and that this is true, all the noblemen and gentlemen of Munster can witness."

Lord Orford has a curious paper of inquiry, which comes under the head of his "Historic Doubts," relative to this lady. His conviction was, that Richard III. was not the monster, either of cruelty or deformity, which the Lancastrian historians represent him; and he was anxious to establish the fact of the period of the Countess of Desmond's birth, in order to prove, from her authority, that Richard was as handsome as his brother Edward.

It seems that the old Lady Dacre* had seen and conversed with Lady Desmond; and to her she related passages of her early life, when, a young beauty, she appeared at the gay and brilliant court of Edward, and at a ball was the partner in a galliard, or coranto, of Richard, Duke of York, with whose gallantry and grace she seemed to be delighted, affirming that he was a remarkably well-made man. This certainly agrees with Dr. Shaw's appeal to the people, when he presented the Protector to them, and, pointing to him, bade them remark how comely a prince he was, and how singularly like his father. This he could not have ventured to do, if Richard had been as misshapen as the great dramatic poet, following Lancastrian chronicles, which were suited to his purpose, has made him. If he was, indeed, so hideous, that

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* Anne Dacre, Countess of Arundel, was the eldest of the three daughters and co-heiresses of Thomas, Lord Dacre of Gillesland, who, together with their brother, who died by an accident, were wards to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk. That nobleman married their mother, and bestowed her three daughters on his own three sons, thus securing their immense fortunes to his family.

Anne was the wife of Philip, Earl of Arundel, who died in the Tower in Queen Elizabeth's time, having been condemned to death, like his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather—so fell a star presided over the destiny of this devoted race!

Her son was the great collector and *virtuoso*, Thomas, Earl of Arundel, for whom Vosterman drew her portrait *in her extreme old age*, and which is engraved by Hollar.—*See Grainger.*

> "Dogs bark'd at him as he halted by them,"

the historian de Comines would hardly have remained silent on the subject, particularly as he must have contrasted his appearance with the beauty of the King his brother.

The most positive evidence given as to who this lady was, and when she was born and was married, is that furnished by Smith, in his "Natural and Civil History of the County of Cork;" in which he names her husband, who appears to be a "very old man,"—proving a sympathy between them somewhat curious.

"Thomas, the thirteenth Earl of Desmond, brother to Maurice, the eleventh earl, died this year, 1534, at Rathkeile, being of a very great age, and was buried at Youghall. He married, first, Ellen, daughter of M'Carty of Muskerry, by whom he had a son, Maurice, who died *vita patris.* The earl's second wife was Catherine Fitzgerald, daughter of the Fitzgeralds of the house of Drumana, in the county of Waterford. This Catherine was the countess that lived so long, of whom Sir Walter Raleigh makes mention in his 'History of the World,' and was reputed to live to one hundred and forty years of age."

There is a picture of this lady at Knowle, said to be painted when she had passed her hundredth year; but that which was shown as hers at Windsor, amongst King Charles's portraits, was pronounced by Walpole to be the mother of Rembrandt.

Lord Bacon names her, and asserts that she twice cut her teeth, after having shed her first set: and Sir William Temple relates, that her vigour was so great, that, at the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, she was reduced to the necessity of coming to London to petition the Queen for a pension, her jointure, apparently, having been neglected by the Earls of Desmond at this time, who must have been weary of paying it: that she was so poor, that she could not afford any conveyance, and so hearty, that she was able to make the journey on foot all the way from Bristol. "Her daughter accompanied her, but, being *too decrepit* to walk, was carried *in a cart.*" Why the old countess did not avail herself of the same vehicle, since one was employed at all, is not specified: perhaps her pride was too great; or she might have thought that the feat she performed would excite more interest in her favour,* when proclaimed at court.

It would be curious to know how the Queen received her,—with what youthful airs and graces she drew the attention of her courtiers to the venerable matron, to whom she was but an infant. And it would be amusing to have on record the flattering things which the ready-witted Irish countess said on the occasion, in order to propitiate the vain Queen, who had the die broken of a broad piece which gave a too faithful portrait of her as aged and haggard, and who would fain have persuaded herself that

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* This mode of travelling, preferred by the old countess, is similar to the notion of a recent English pedestrian tourist in the Pyrenees, who was not content with roaming in unfrequented paths inaccessible to vehicles, but boasted of having walked the whole way along the high road from Bayonne to Pau, exhausted with the burthen of a large portmanteau, when he must have passed half a dozen stage-coaches on the route. *Her* Irish breeding might account for the taste.

> "Age could not wither her, nor custom spoil
> Her infinite variety."

It is said that Old Parr, "who lived in the reigns of ten kings and queens," might have excited the wonder of the world still longer, had he not been taken, by the Earl of Arundel, to London, to be exhibited as a curiosity to the King; but it does not seem that the Countess of Desmond suffered any inconvenience, as he did, from the exertion she had made. Her death was, however, occasioned by an accident at last; and it is one of so comic a nature, that it is scarcely credible; nevertheless, the circumstance has been so often repeated, that it passes for fact.

"The countess," says Lord Leicester, from whose account Sir William Temple derives his information, "might have lived much longer, had she not met with *a kind of violent death:* for she would needs *climb a nut-tree, to gather nuts:* so, falling down, she hurt her thigh, which brought a fever, and that fever brought death."

The tree from whence this "frisky old girl," as her native poet calls her, fell, when engaged in this spirited occupation, is sometimes said to be a "cherry-tree;" but that it was from *a tree* at all that she fell is the wonder, except it should be discovered, by those whose "Historic Doubts" may cause them to be sceptical, that the whole story of her death is but an allegory, and that *a tree* was her crest, which, at her death, might he said to have been broken. The following letter, given by Lord Orford, has suggested this idea. He had endeavoured to obtain accurate information respecting the countess from a gentleman of Sligo, who thus addresses him:—

"Nymphsfield, Aug. 23, 1757.

"Dear Sir,

"I have made, I think, as accurate an extract of all the inscriptions on O'Connor's monument as can be, even to copy the faults of the carver. I was many hours on a high ladder, and it cost much time to clear the letters. The lowest inscription is this:—

"'Hic jacet famosissimus miles Donatus Cornelianus* comitatus Sligiæ, dominus cum suâ uxore illustrissimâ dña Elinora Butler

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* Cornelianus is the descendant of Cornelius, which, in Irish, is Conagher, or Connor.

Comitissa Desmoniæ, que me fieri fecit A° 1624 post mortè sui mariti qui obiit 11 Aug. 1609. Itm̄ ejus filia & primi mariti viz̄t comitis Desmoniæ noie* Elizabetha valdè virtuosissima dn̄a sepulta fuit hoc in tumulo 31 Nov. 1623.'

"Just above this, is O'Connor in armour, kneeling, and his hands raised up and joined as in prayer: his helmet on the ground behind him; *a tree in an escutcheon*, which is the arms of O'Connor, and a trophy on one side; and over his head this inscription:—

"'Sic præter cœlum quia nil durabile sistet,
Luceat ambobus lux diuturna Dei.
Donato Connor Desmond Elinora marito——'

On the west side is the countess, with a coronet and her beads, kneeling; and over her head this continuation of the preceding lines:—

"'Hunc fieri tumulum fecit amena suo.
Cum domino saxis Elinoræ filia cumbit,
Et comitis Desmond Elizabetha virens.'

"Between the two tablets which contain the inscriptions, is a boar, and a coronet over it, of five balls, which, I suppose, belonged to Desmond.

"On the side of the countess is an escutcheon, with the arms of Butler; and under them a book, open, with a rose on it, crossed by a spade and flambeau, and an urn at bottom.

"Above these is a table, with this inscription, that runs from each end, and over both the former, and ornamented with an angel's head at each end. It does not pay any respect to the poet's arrangement, as you will perceive :—

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* Abbreviated for "nomine."

" ' Siccine Conatiæ per quod florebat eburna
Urna tegit vivax corpora binà decus!
Siccine Donati tumulo conduntur in alto
Ossa, que Momoniæ siccine cura jacet!
Martia quæ bello, mitis quæ pace micabat,
Versa est in cineres siccine vestra manus!
Siccine Penelope saxis Elinora sepulta est,
Siccine marmoreis altera casta Judith!
Mater Ierna genis humidis quæ brachia tendo
Mortis ero vestris, luctibus aucta memor.'

"Over this is O'Connor's arms, viz. *a tree* and crest, a lion crowned. The motto is, *Quo vinci, vincor.* On one side of these is a figure, with a key lying on the breast, and a sword in the left hand. On the other, is a figure with a sword in the right, and a book in the left, lying on the breast: and the whole is surmounted by a crucifix."

Walpole doubts this Countess Elinora being the very old countess: and the matter still rests in doubt, as the tombstone does not mention her age. Whether, therefore, she was Elinora M'Carthy of Muskerry, or Catherine Fitzgerald of Waterford, is yet to be decided.

I am indebted to a kind friend for the following translation :—

" Here lies the most famous knight, Don O'Connor (Donatus Cornelianus) of the county of Sligo lord, with his wife the most illustrious Lady Eleanor Butler, Countess of Desmond, who caused me to be made in the year 1624, after the decease of her husband, who died 11th of August, 1609. Likewise the daughter of her and her first husband, viz. the Earl of Desmond, by name Elizabeth, a very virtuous lady, was buried in this tomb, the 31st of November, Anno Domini 1623.

"As nothing beside heaven is durable, so may God's eternal light shine on them both! The amiable Eleanor Desmond caused this tomb to be made to Donatus Connor, her husband. With her lord, the daughter of Eleanor and of the Earl of Desmond, the youthful Elizabeth, lies within these stones."

"N.B. I understand 'cum domino' 'with *her* lord,' to mean the lord of Eleanor, not of Elizabeth,—*i. e.* 'Eleanor's husband and daughter both lie here.'

"Thus is it that the pale tomb (literally, the ivory urn) covers the bodies twain the honour of Connaught, by which it lively flourished!

"Thus is it that the bones of Don are laid in the deep grave, and thus that the beloved of Munster lies buried!

"Thus is it that your hand is turned to ashes, so eminently martial in war, so gentle in peace!

"Thus is it that Eleanor, another Penelope,—thus that another chaste Judith is entombed in these marble stones!

"Your mother Ireland, I who with moist cheeks outstretch my arms, filled with sorrows, ever shall I be mindful of your death!"

ELIZABETH CROMWELL

AND HER DAUGHTERS.

THE wife of the remarkable man, who for some years swayed the sceptre of England, and dictated to Europe, is differently represented by various writers, according to the party they espoused. By some, his rise and perseverance is attributed to her influence; by others, she is represented as an ordinary person. One author says, that she was by Oliver "trained up and made the waiting-woman of his providences, and lady-rampant of his successful greatness, which she personated afterwards as imperiously as himself."

The enemies of her too successful husband load her with contempt, accusing her of errors such as were sufficiently common in the court of the monarch whom Cromwell's death restored, but the motive for such accusations is so apparent, that they deserve no kind of attention.

That she was an excellent housewife was certainly no recommendation to a throne, and as that is a qualification only commendable when its exercise is required, she did not probably intrude it when the necessity ceased of her attending to domestic affairs: as she was not royally or nobly born, her talents of this description were useful and available at a period when her fortunes were less exalted than afterwards, and doubtless she could let them lie dormant at the proper time; but to listen to the sneers and sarcasms of the loyalists, one would imagine that, like Queen Dollalolla, she cooked her husband's dinner after he was Protector; as set forth in a work called "The Court and Kitchen of Joan Cromwell, Wife of the late Usurper."*

She was of a respectable family in Essex, her father being Sir James Bourchier, a gentleman descended from the same stock as the ancient Earls of Essex, and if, as is asserted, Cromwell's mother was a Stuart, and he thus a cousin of the King he murdered, as far as birth goes, they were both sufficiently well born. A degree of gentility, more or less, can have little to do with the case, as, even if related, Cromwell had no right to the throne, nor was his wife born to expect one. Nevertheless, when the dangerous height to which she rose was once attained, she filled her station with more credit than the high-born daughter of the illustrious Henry of France, and instead of thwarting and exposing her husband to dangers and embarrassments on her account, she always conducted herself with prudence and propriety; educating her children with care, and managing this, her own department of the state, well.

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* Heath's Flagellum.

It has been said that she interfered in public affairs, and used her power with Cromwell on more than one occasion; but even her foes do not assert that it was for a bad purpose, and therefore she may have deserved that it should be observed of her, "that she steered the helm as well as she had turned the spit."

It is natural to suppose that she must have felt great anxiety on her husband's account, and therefore it is reasonable to believe that she occasionally listened to proposals which promised him indemnity and security. Several historians speak of a message having been privately sent to Elizabeth Cromwell, by King Charles II. himself, through the Duchess of Lauderdale, who communicated the King's wish that Cromwell should be sounded on the subject of a marriage between one of his daughters and himself. The proposal is reported to have been as follows:—

"That if he would restore or permit the King to return to his throne, he would send him a blank paper for him to write his own terms and limitations, and settle what power and riches he pleased upon himself and friends."

Elizabeth Cromwell undertook to watch her opportunity, and speak to her husband on the important subject: she did so, but found him too cautious and prudent to listen to such a suggestion. She renewed her persuasions, and represented how advantageous it might be to his children and connexions, till, at length, he impatiently exclaimed, "You are a fool to think of it: if Charles Stuart can forgive me all that I have done against him and his family, he does not deserve to wear the crown of England."

That some such idea was afloat in men's minds, seems apparent, from what is said to have passed between the Protector and Lord Broghill, who, coming one day to him and telling him that he had been in the city, he asked what news he had heard there. Broghill told him he had heard he was in treaty with the King, who was to be restored and to marry his daughter. Cromwell showing no displeasure at this, his lordship continued:—

"In the state to which things are reduced, I can see no better expedient: you may bring him in upon what terms you please, and your Highness may retain the same authority you now have, with less trouble."

To this Cromwell answered, "the King can never forgive his father's blood."

Broghill represented, that although Cromwell, with others, had been concerned in the death of Charles I., he would be alone in restoring his son;

but the Protector, who understood the character of the prince who sought to gain his services, exclaimed, "that his dissolute habits were such that he could not be depended on, and he would undo them all."[*]

It is more than probable that Cromwell had frequently thought of restoring the Stuarts; and, if Charles II. had been a less worthless character, or less unfit, in any way, to reign, perhaps he might have come to a decision in his favour, which would have redeemed his own name; but he saw that it was useless to bring back such a man, and that he should be only throwing the country again into confusion, and betraying his own interests, and those of all his friends and dependants.

Cromwell was married soon after he came of age, and had nine children, five of whom survived him. His daughters were women of exemplary character, brought up by their mother with great care.

Bridget married, first, General Ireton, and, afterwards, General Fleetwood.[†]

Mary married Earl Fauconberg.

Frances married, first, Robert Rich, grandson and heir-apparent of Robert, Earl of Warwick, and, afterwards, Sir John Russell.

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[*] Burnet.

[†] Charles Fleetwood, lord-deputy of Ireland during the Usurpation, becoming Cromwell's son-in-law, was made a member of the Council of State. He seemed disposed to espouse Charles the Second's interests, but had not resolution enough to execute his design. He was excepted from the Act of Indemnity, and died in obscurity.

Elizabeth, when only seventeen, married Mr. Claypole, and died a few weeks before her father. She is more spoken of than her sisters, in consequence of the general opinion entertained that she disapproved of his ambition, and constantly used her endeavours to bring him to a proper feeling of his conduct. As she was his favourite child, and very amiable, he was considerably impressed with her observations, and more than once was influenced by her advice. However, on the occasion of Dr. Hewitt's being tried and convicted of an attempt on her father's life, all her entreaties are said to have been used in vain, and his obduracy so preyed upon her mind, that it is asserted to have been the cause of her death.

An affecting and appalling scene is generally supposed to have taken place between her and her father, when she was on her death-bed; and Clarendon asserts that, in her agonies of body and mind, she raved of the blood he had shed, and reproached him bitterly; but, on the other hand, Whitlock, in his Memoirs, does not mention such an occurrence, but speaks of her with great regard, and says her death was a great blow to her father, who lamented her deeply. It is, however, false that Cromwell showed any symptoms of remorse at his own death, or did more than lament the loss of his child.

Ludlow does not name her supposed accusations of her father, though he alludes to her grief and disappointment, at not being able to save Dr. Hewitt's life, as having shortened her own. He describes Cromwell as

"Manifesting no remorse of conscience for betraying the public cause, and sacrificing it to his own ambition; and that some of his last words were rather becoming a mediator than a sinner; recommending to God the condition of the nation that he had so infamously cheated, and expressing a great care of the people whom he had so evidently despised."

He adds—

"He seemed, above all, concerned for the reproaches he said men would cast upon his name, in trampling upon his ashes when dead; and that in this temper of mind he died."

The following letter from "Thurloe's State Papers," written by Mrs. Claypole, immediately before her death, to her sister-in-law, gives no evidence of her deep feeling for the sentence of Dr. Hewitt. She begs her pardon for not writing oftener; but adds:

"In earnest, I have been so extremely sickly of late, that it has made me unfit for anything.

"Truly the Lord has been very gracious to us, in doing for us above what we could expect; and now he has showed himself more extraordinary, in delivering my father out of the hands of his enemies; which we have all reason to be sensible of in a very particular manner; for certainly not only his family would have been ruined, but, in all probability, the whole nation would have been involved in blood.

"The Lord grant it may never be forgot by us, but that it may cause us to depend upon Him from whom we have received all good, and that it may cause us to see the mutability of these things, and to use them accordingly. I am sure we have need to beg that spirit from God."

This letter is dated the 12th of June, 1658, only four days after the execution of Dr. Hewitt and Sir Henry Slingsby, and yet she expresses no concern for their deaths, but dwells upon the happiness of her father's delivery from a destructive plot.

None of the letters written by her relatives give occasion to imagine that any such scene had taken place as that believed by the enemies of the Protector. General Fleetwood, writing to Henry Cromwell, says :—

"Dear Brother, "July, 1658.

"I have received yours, wherein you desire to understand the condition of my Lady Elizabeth, who was in a very hopeful condition till within these four or five days. She hath been exceeding ill, and very much weakened and brought low, but hope she is again upon the mending hand. The truth is, it is believed the physicians do not understand her case. She is now advised to take

Tunbridge waters. It hath been a very sore and sharp trial; yet, being a Father's hand, I hope we shall all of us have advantage by it; for sure it is a voice to all of the relations. I need not tell you the great sense both their Highnesses have of this dispensation. There is nothing wanting of care and skill, but the blessing of the Lord must make all effectual. She hath many prayers going for her; a return of which will make the mercy double. Both their Highnesses and family are at Hampton Court. His Highness takes the waters, and they agree pretty well."

Again he writes—

"That it hath pleased the Lord, when all hopes were even at an end, and the doctors did believe her Ladyship's condition was desperate, and near expiring, beyond all expectation, to give her a composure of spirits by sleep; and that, since Friday last, she hath been daily upon the recovery. That his Highness had been for three or four days very indisposed and ill, but that night had had a very good refreshment by sleep, and was much revived, &c."

Dated, 3rd August.

Secretary Thurloe writes to her brother Henry, on the 17th of the same month, that all is over: Mrs. Claypole died three days after this apparent change for the better, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. He adds—

"Your Lordship is a very sensible judge how great an affliction this was to both their Highnesses, and how sad a family she left behind her, which sadness was very much increased by the sickness of his Highness, who at the same time lay very ill of the gout and other distempers, *contracted by the long sickness of my Lady Elizabeth, which made great impressions upon him;* and since that, whether it were the retiring of the gout out of his foot into his body, or from some other cause, he hath been very dangerously sick."

Elizabeth Cromwell is always said to have possessed a kind and tender heart, and to have been invariably the friend of the distressed; frequently exerting herself in favour of the suffering royalists. The following anecdote is told of her:—

When Sir James Harrington's celebrated work called "Oceana," was seized in the press by order of Cromwell, as it was supposed to contain arguments against his government, the author applied to Mrs. Claypole for assistance and protection. While he waited to see her, her little daughter came into the room, to whom he began to talk, and soon engaged her in amusing prattle. When her mother entered, he addressed her in these words, "Madam, it is lucky you came as you did, or I should certainly have stolen this pretty infant." "Stolen her," said the mother, "for what purpose?" "Madam," he replied, "for revenge." "Why, what harm have

I done, that you should steal my child?" asked she. "None at all," said Harrington; "but by this means you might have been prevailed upon to induce *your* parent to restore my child whom he has stolen." He then explained that his lost child was the offspring of his brain, and, after some explanation, as he assured her the work contained no treason, she was persuaded to interest herself in his favour, and his manuscript was restored.

Carrington, who wrote the life of the Protector, is enthusiastic in her praise: he exclaims—

> "How many of the royalist prisoners got she not freed! how many did she not save from death whom the laws had condemned! how many persecuted Christians hath she not snatched out of the hands of the tormentors, quite different from that Herodias who could do anything with her father.* * Cromwell, ravished to see his own image so lively described in those lovely and charming features of that winning sex, could refuse her nothing; insomuch, that when his clemency and justice did balance the pardon of a poor criminal, this most charming advocate knew so skilfully to disarm him, that his sword falling out of his hands, his arms only served to lift her up from those knees at which she had cast herself, to wipe off her tears, and to embrace her."

Andrew Marvell's lines on the mutual affection of the father and daughter are affecting, and show the usual opinion of the attachment which subsisted between them.

> " With her each day the pleasing hours he shares,
> And at her aspect calms his growing cares,
> Or with a grandsire's joy her children sees
> Hanging about her neck or at his knees;
> Hold fast, dear infants, hold them both, or none,
> This will not stay when once the other's gone."

The death of Elizabeth Claypole occurred when she had only reached her twenty-ninth year, at Hampton Court Palace, 6th August, 1658. Her remains were conveyed to Westminster, and lay in state in the Painted Chamber, after which they were pompously buried in Westminster Abbey.

On some alterations being made in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, in 1725, her coffin was discovered by the workmen. An attempt was made to wrench off the silver plate attached to it, but their purpose was defeated, and the memorial restored.*

Bridget, the eldest daughter of Cromwell, is said to have been a gloomy enthusiast and a bigoted republican; humbled instead of exalted by her elevation, disapproving of her father's assumption of state, and named by her admirers as "a woman acquainted with temptations, and breathing after Christ," and as "a personage of *sublime growth.*"

For Ireton, to whom she was married in 1647, at the age of twenty-three, she had the highest respect and admiration; and a proportionable contempt for

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* See Jesse's House of Stuart.

Fleetwood, her second husband, who succeeded him as lord-deputy of Ireland. She possessed strong sense and resolution, and though reputed to be so humble, a story is told of her which savours somewhat of worldly pride. Mrs. Hutchinson relates, in her Memoirs, that—

"As my Lady Ireton was walking in St. James's Park, the Lady Lambert, as proud as her husband, came by where she was; and as the present princess always hath precedency of the relict of the dead, so she put by my Lady Ireton, who, notwithstanding her piety and humility, was a little grieved at the affront."

The scandalous tales related of her attachment to the young Duke of Buckingham are unworthy of belief.

Bridget Cromwell died in 1681.

MARY CROMWELL, the Protector's third daughter, was, it is said, generous, warm-hearted, and amiable; she was married at twenty, in 1657, to Thomas Bellasyse, afterward Earl of Fauconberg. She is by some described as handsome, which could scarcely be if she so much resembled her father as is asserted.

Burnet says she was a wise and worthy woman, and more capable of governing than either of her brothers: she seems to have been very sensible of the decline of her family dignity, and her husband, in some letters to Henry Cromwell, describes her as weeping passionate tears, "which tear her heart to pieces," on the death of her father.

She, however, was a great favourer of the Restoration, and showed no puritanical dislike to the gaieties of the day; appearing gaily clad at the theatres, where Pepys mentions having seen her, and entering into the ordinary amusements of the court. She lived to the age of seventy-six, and is described by Defoe as "still fresh and gay, though at an advanced age."

Frances Cromwell, the youngest daughter of Oliver, was gay and lively, and said to have personal advantages, like her sisters. It was for her the proposal is supposed to have been made by Charles II.; the Duke d'Enghien, eldest son of the Prince de Condé, was also named as her suitor, and the idea gave great uneasiness at the court of Versailles. Cromwell himself wished her to marry the young Duke of Buckingham, who disappointed his views by uniting himself with the daughter of Lord Fairfax, for which the Protector committed him to the Tower. A laughable story is told respecting her suitor White, the chaplain of her father, whom she seems to have encouraged for her amusement; but Oliver Cromwell, having been informed of certain passages between them, by no means approved of the jest, which he did not feel certain might not be earnest. On one occasion he was told that the chaplain and his daughter were together, and, with the intention of at once putting an end to such interviews, the Protector hurried to the chamber where they were. At the moment he opened the door, he discovered his facetious chaplain on his knees, in the act of kissing his daughter's hand. With a severe countenance he demanded the meaning of such an action. "May it please your Highness," said the suitor, without losing his presence of mind, "I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail: I was therefore humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me."

Cromwell, taking him at his word, instantly turned to the attendant, and asked the reason of her obduracy. The girl, who at once saw her advantage, replied, with assumed confusion, that since Mr. White was really so much in earnest, she had no longer the heart to refuse him. The Protector lost no time; he sent directly for a clergyman, and the discomfited Jerry White became the husband of the young lady on the spot, much to his own surprise and consternation. A dowry of five hundred pounds consoled him, and he probably considered himself fortunate in having escaped so easily.

Cromwell wished to marry Frances to William Dutton, of Sherbourne, and was very strenuous about the match; but he was doomed to be disappointed in the alliance of this daughter, for she became attached to Robert Rich, the grandson of the Earl of Warwick; and much against his wish, and not till after considerable entreaty, they were at length married, and the Protector settled fifteen thousand pounds on the bride.

Her husband lived but a very few months after their marriage, much to her sorrow, and the extreme grief of his grandfather, who followed him almost immediately to the grave.

She afterwards married a relation of her own, Sir John Russell, and lived to the age of eighty-four, dying Jan. 27th, 1721.

The assertions of Cromwell and his sons-in-law being at variance, particularly Lord Fauconberg, are disproved by all the letters which passed between the parties, which are extremely amicable to the last. Lord Fauconberg writes to Henry Cromwell of his "unspeakable grief on the occasion of the Protector's sickness," and other expressions to the same purpose.

Cromwell held his wife's hand to the last moment, and while he assured those about him that he was convinced he should recover, continued encouraging the physicians, which some have represented as delirium.

A writer, speaking of the Protectress, describes her amusements, when unbending her mind from the superintendence of her family, as partaking, in a great measure, of the religious euthusiasm of the age: instancing Cromwell's entertainment of Jongesthall, the Dutch ambassador, at dinner, upon the conclusion of the peace between the two nations. The date is April 28, 1654.

"At the table of my Lady Protectress dined my Lady Nieuport, my wife, my Lady Lambert, my Lord Protector's daughter, and mine: the music played all the while we were at dinner. The Lord Protector led us into another room, where the Lady Protectress and others came to us, where we had also music and voices, and a psalm sung, which his Highness gave us, and told us that it was yet the best paper that had been exchanged between us; and from thence we were had into a gallery next the river, where we walked with his Highness about half an hour, and then took our leaves, &c."

Sometimes, after dinner, sermons were read; but on this occasion such an entertainment is not mentioned: it occurred, however, at Grocers' Hall, on a day of thanksgiving for the suppression of the levellers, when the city gave a dinner to the officers of the army and state.

Elizabeth Cromwell does not appear to have possessed any personal attractions: one of her eyes is said to have been defective, and in none of her portraits does she appear otherwise than a plain-looking woman; nor do her daughters seem to have possessed any of the charms common to the lovely and frail coquettes of the next reign; though it has been said that Mrs. Claypole was handsome and lively.

There exists a picture of the Protectress in the Cromwell family, which represents a dignified person, without any defect in her countenance; but whether it is to be depended on, it is difficult to say: those most known are evident caricatures. The following letter from her to her husband may convey some idea of her mind, for that is the only way of judging of characters misrepresented by party:—

"Dec. 27. 1650.

"My Dearest,

"I wonder you should blame me for writing no oftener, when I have sent three for one. I cannot but think they are miscarried. Truly, if I know my own heart, I should as soon neglect myself as to the least thought towards you, how in doing of it I must do it to myself: but when I do write, my dear, I seldom have any satisfactory answer, which makes me think my writing is slighted, as well it may: but I cannot but think your love covers my weaknesses and infirmities. I should rejoice to hear your desire in seeing me, but I desire to submit to the providence of God, hoping the Lord, who hath separated us, and hath often brought us together again, will, in his good time, bring us again to the praise of his name. Truly, my life is but half a life in your absence, did not the Lord make it up in himself, which I must acknowledge to the praise of his grace. I would you would think to write sometimes to your dear friend, my Lord Chief Justice, of whom I have often put you in mind: and, truly, my dear, if you would think a little of what I put you in mind, it might be to as much purpose as others, writing sometimes to the President and sometimes to the Speakers. Indeed, my dear, you cannot think the wrong you do yourself in the want of a letter, though it were but seldom. I pray think of, and so rests yours,

" In all faithfulness,
ELIZ. CROMWELL."

There is something rather tart and dictatorial in the above epistle, and it is enough to prove that she did not fear to reprove or advise her husband, and that she was in the habit of offering her opinion on things of importance. Cromwell himself alludes to this, when, in speaking of his son Richard's marriage, he says that, in the circumstances he " desired to be advised by his wife." The following is addressed to her, and is very affectionate, although it has been said they were on very cold terms one to the other.

" 3^d. May, 1651.

" My dearest,

" I could not satisfy myself to omit this post, although I have not much to write, yet indeed I love to write to my dear, who is very much in my heart. It joys me to hear thy soul prospereth; the Lord encrease his favours to thee more and more. The great good thy soul can wish is, that the Lord lift upon thee the light of his countenance, which is better than life. The Lord bless all thy good counsel and example to those about thee, and hear all thy prayers, and accept thee always. I am glad to hear thy son and daughter are with thee. I hope thou wilt have some good opportunity of advice to him. Present my duty to my mother, and love to all the family.

"Still pray for thine,
O. CROMWELL."

The Cavalier party invented a thousand scandalous stories of this unpretending woman, which her life and actions disproved. When Cromwell was first confirmed in his high dignity, and removed from an obscure lodging to Whitehall, Elizabeth went with regret, naturally daunted at the prospect of so much pomp and state, to which she had not been accustomed; but, after a time, she became reconciled to her grandeur, and supported it well.

That her daughter Claypole was a little led away by the high change of station which dawned upon them, appears in the following letter from Cromwell to his daughter Ireton, dated Oct. 25, 1646:—

"Dear Daughter,

"I write not to thy husband, partly to avoid trouble; for one line of mine begets many of his, which I doubt makes him sit up too late: partly because I am myself indisposed at this time, having some other considerations. Your friends at Ely are well. Your sister Claypole is (I trust in mercy) *exercised with some perplexed thoughts;* she sees her own vanity and carnal mind, bewailing it; she seeks after, as I hope also, that which will satisfy. And thus to be a seeker is to be of the best sect next to a finder; &c. &c.

"I am thy dear father,
O. Cromwell."

Cromwell's letters to his daughter-in-law, the wife of Richard Cromwell, are very affectionate, and they seemed a very united family. He calls her his dear daughter, and tells her he likes to see anything from her hand, because, he says—

"I stick not to say I do entirely love you, and therefore I hope a word of advice will not be unwelcome or unacceptable to thee. I desire you both to make it above all things your business to seek the Lord, to be frequently calling upon him, that he would manifest himself to you. * * * As for the pleasures of this life, and outward business, let that be upon the by; be above all these things by faith in Christ, and then you shall have the true use and comfort of them, and not otherwise, &c."

As these letters were not intended for the public eye, they go far to prove that Cromwell's piety was sincere; and that his affection for his children was so, there can be at any rate no doubt, as well as that they deserved his tenderness, and that of their mother.

Elizabeth Cromwell survived her husband fourteen years, retiring into private life to her son-in-law Claypole, with whom she continued to reside, and died Oct. 8, 1672. She is said to have lived for some years in Switzerland, but little is positively known of her after the restoration.

Bridget Cromwell had by her marriage with General Ireton a daughter called by her name, who became the wife of Mr. Thomas Bendish: she is said to have resembled her grandfather more than any of his descendants, both in features and in character. She had a commanding and dignified demeanour when she chose to assume it; but at other times was laborious and industrious, and, like her grandmother, attended to her domestic arrangements like a mere drudge. She appears to have had property in salt works at Yarmouth, with which she busied herself; and when anything of consequence occupied her she was as self-denying, as indefatigable, and as careless of her comfort as Cromwell himself in his campaigns.

Her courage and presence of mind were remarkable in one of her sex, and it is related of her, that she would sometimes, after a hard day of drudgery, go to the assembly at Yarmouth, and appear one of the most brilliant there. She was in every way a peculiar person, fond of enlarging and exaggerating in her conversation, but a strict observer of her promise. Her charity was very great, and her heart open to kind impressions, which led her into profuse generosity, and prevented her sometimes from being just to her creditors: her piety was very like that of her grandfather; strongly marked by enthusiasm, she would,* on emergent occasions, retire to her closet, where by fasting, meditation, and prayer, she would work up her spirit to a degree of rapture, and then inflexibly determine her conduct by some text of Scripture that occurred to her, which she regarded as a divine revelation. Like the Protector, she would stoop to fawn and dissemble to gain an end, and was consequently alternately the jest and admiration of those who knew her. To her servants she was a kind and generous mistress, and was adored by them, although her weaknesses occasionally furnished them with food for mirth, as, even to them, she flattered and cajoled if she had a purpose to answer.

Her esteem for her grandfather's memory was a passion: she looked upon him as a hero and a saint. Her death occurred in 1727.

In Watts's Lyric Poems is a copy of verses addressed to her.

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* Grainger.

MRS. LUCY HUTCHINSON.

A WOMAN uniting to the attainments of learning the best qualities of her sex, Lucy, the exemplary daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, well known by the memoirs of her husband, which she wrote with all the devotion of affection, is a character that cannot fail to excite interest.

She has given some account of herself in a few pages prefixed to the life of Colonel Hutchinson, the celebrated governor of Nottingham Castle, but the theme was soon abandoned by her for one more congenial, which, while it causes regret, at the same time creates admiration of her absence of egotism. She acquaints us that she was born on the 29th of January, 1619-20, in the Tower of London, of which her father was lieutenant: her mother, his third wife, was the daughter of Sir John St. John of Lidiard Tregoz, in Wilts.

"My father," she says, "had then living a son and daughter by his former wives, and had afterwards three sons, I being my mother's eldest daughter. The land was then at peace, it being towards the latter end of the reign of King James, if that quietness may be called a peace which was rather like the calm and smooth surface of the sea before a horrid tempest."

Mrs. Hutchinson opens her own memoir with reflections and comments somewhat diffuse and irrelevant, on the advantages of being born in England, and on its climate and condition, not sparing her readers much learned information relative to the original settlers in the island that gave birth to her husband, whom she looks upon as the most perfect of beings. Passing this over, it may be more amusing to follow her in the numerous and characteristic anecdotes which she gives of her family. She introduces her father in these words:—

"My father, at the death of my grandfather, being but a youth at school, had not patience to stay the perfecting of his studies, but put himself into present action, sold his annuity, bought himself good clothes, put some money in his purse, and came to London; and by means of a relation at court, got a place in the household of Queen Elizabeth, where he behaved himself so that he won the love of many of the court; but, being young, took an affection to gaming, and spent most of the money which he had in his purse. About that time the Earl of Essex was setting forth for Calais voyage, and my father, that had a mind to quit his idle court life, procured an employment from the victualler of the navy to go along with that fleet, in which voyage he demeaned himself with so much courage and prudence, that, after his return, he was honoured with a very noble and profitable employment in Ireland."

It seems that, soon after this, "a rich widow" fell in love with and married him, and becoming a second time a widower, another "rich widow" was fixed upon for him by his friends for a third wife; but in the mean time Sir John St. John's daughter attracted him, whose simple history is thus told by Mrs. Hutchinson :—

"Her father and mother died when she was not above five years of age and yet at her nurse's, from whence she was carried to be brought up in the house of the Lord Grandison, her father's younger brother, an honourable and excellent person, but married to a lady so jealous of him, and so ill-natured in her jealous fits, to anything that was related to him, that her cruelties to my mother exceeded the stories of stepmothers: the rest of my aunts, my mother's sisters, were dispersed to several places, where they grew up, till my uncle, Sir John St. John, being married to the daughter of Sir Thomas Laten, they were all again brought home to their brother's house.

"There were not in those days so many beautiful women to be found in any family as these; but my mother was by most judgments preferred before all her elder sisters, who, something envious at it, used her unkindly; yet all the suitors that came to them still turned their addresses to her, which she, in her youthful innocency, neglected, till one of greater name, estate, and reputation than the rest happened to fall deeply in love with her, and to manage it so discretely, that my mother could not but entertain him, and my uncle's wife, who had a mother's kindness for her, persuaded her to remove herself from her sister's envy, by going along with her to the Isle of Guernsey, where her father was governor, which she did; and there went into the town and boarded in a French minister's house, to learn the language, that minister having been, by the persecutions in France, driven to seek his shelter there.

"Contracting a dear friendship with this holy man and his wife, she was instructed in their Geneva discipline, which she liked so much better than our more superstitious service, that she could have been contented to have lived there, had not a powerful passion in her heart drawn her back. But, at her return, she met with many afflictions; the gentleman who had professed so much love to her, in her absence had been, by most vile practices and treacheries, drawn out of his senses, and into the marriage of a person whom, when he recovered his reason, he hated; but that served only to augment his misfortune.

"My mother lived in my uncle's house, secretly discontented at this accident; but was comforted at the kindness of my uncle's wife, who had contracted such an intimate friendship for her, that they seemed to have but one soul. And in this kindness she had some time great solace, till some malicious persons had wrought some jealousies, which were very groundless, in my uncle, concerning his wife; but his nature being inclinable to that passion, which was fomented in him by subtle, wicked persons, and my mother endeavouring to vindicate injured innocence, she was herself not well treated by my uncle, whereupon she left his house with a resolution to withdraw herself into the island, where the good minister was; and there to wear out her life in the service of God. While she was deliberating, and had fixed upon it in her own thoughts, resolving to impart it to none, she was with Sir William St. John, who had married my aunt, when my father accidentally came in there, and fell so heartily in love with her, that he persuaded her to marry him, which she did; and her melancholy made her conform cheerfully to that gravity of habit and conversation which was becoming the wife of such a person, who was then forty-eight years of age, and she not above sixteen."

This marriage turned out peculiarly happy; both the father and mother of Mrs. Hutchinson possessing minds of great superiority: the pictures she gives of both, even though her affection may have coloured them somewhat highly, according to her custom, are extremely pleasing, and fine examples for imitation. Of Sir Allen, she says:—

"He died in the month of May, 1630, sadly bewailed by not only all his dependants and relations, but by all that were acquainted with him; for he never conversed with any to whom he was not at some time or in some way beneficial; and his good-nature was so delighted in doing good, that it won him the love of all men, even his enemies, whose envy and malice it was his custom to overcome with obligations. He had great natural parts, but was too active in his youth to stay the heightening of them by study of dead writings; but in the living books of men's conversations he soon became so skilful, that he was never mistaken but where his own good would not let him give credit to the evil he discerned in others: he was a most indulgent husband and father, a noble master, a father to his prisoners; sweetening with such compassionate kindness their restraint, that the affliction of a prison was not felt in his days.

"He had a singular kindness for persons that were eminent either in learning or arms; and when, through the ingratitude and vice of that age, many of the wives and children of Queen Elizabeth's glorious captains were reduced to poverty, his purse was their common treasury, and they knew not the inconvenience of decayed fortunes till he was dead: many of those valiant seamen he maintained in prison, many he redeemed out of prison, and cherished with an extraordinary bounty. * * * There was nothing he hated more than an insignificant gallant, that could only *make his legs, and prune himself, and court a lady*, but had not brains to employ himself in things more suitable to man's nobler sex. * * *

"All his virtues wanted not the crown of all virtue —piety and true devotion to God. Never did any two better agree in magnanimity and bounty than he and my mother, who seemed to be actuated by the same soul, so little did she grudge any of his liberalities to strangers, or he contradict any of her kindness to all her relations: her house being a common home to all of them, and a nursery to their children. * * *

"Sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. Ruthin being prisoners in the Tower, and addicting themselves to chemistry, she suffered them to make their rare experiments at her cost; partly to comfort and divert the poor prisoners, and partly to gain the knowledge of their art, and the medicines to help such poor people as were not able to seek for physicians. By these means she acquired a great deal of skill, which was very profitable to many all her life.

"* * * All the time she dwelt in the Tower, if any were sick, she made them broths and restoratives with her own hands, visited and took care of them, and provided them with all necessaries; if any were afflicted, she comforted them, so that they felt not the misery of a prison."

This excellent woman died at her daughter's house at Owthorp, in Nottinghamshire, in 1659. Mrs. Hutchinson held her memory in the tenderest esteem, and in her Memoirs frequently returns thanks to Heaven for being born of such parents.

The superstitions of the time strongly influenced this otherwise sensible woman, who

> " Hearkens after prophecies and dreams,"

and ceases not to relate the most wonderful occurrences of a supernatural nature: for instance, she tells of her mother having dreamt of walking in a garden, and a star coming down into her hand, which her father interpreted as indicating the birth of a child "of extraordinary eminency."

However worthy, beautiful, or clever their daughter might be, her excellence was not of so transcendant a kind as to warrant the alteration of the laws of nature in the announcement of her birth.

She describes herself as not very unlike many other forward children of talent:—

"By that time I was four years old I read English perfectly; and, having a great memory, I was carried to sermons, and while I was very young could remember and repeat them exactly; and being caressed, the love of praise tickled me, and made me attend more heedfully. When I was about seven years of age, I remember I had, at one time, eight tutors in several qualities,—languages, music, dancing, writing, and needlework; but my genius was quite averse from all but my book, and that I was so eager of, that my mother, thinking it would prejudice my health, would moderate me in it; yet this rather animated me than kept me back, and every moment I could steal from my play, I would employ in any book I could find, when my own were locked up from me. After dinner and supper I still had an hour allowed me to play, and then I would steal into some hole or other to read. My father would have me learn Latin, and I was so apt, that I outstript my brothers, who were at school, although my father's chaplain, that was my tutor, was a pitiful dull fellow.

"* * * As for music and dancing, I profited very little in them; and would never practise my lute or harpsichord but when my masters were with me."

In these particulars, especially the last, there is nothing very different from other children; but she tells of her antipathy to childish sports, so as to bring herself in the character of a little pedant clearly before the reader's eyes:—

"As for my needle, I absolutely hated it; play among other children I despised; and when I was forced to entertain such as came to visit me, I tired them with more grave instructions than their mothers, and plucked all their babies to pieces, and kept the children in such awe, that they were glad when I entertained myself with elder company, to whom I was very acceptable; and living in the house with many persons that had a great deal of wit, and very profitable serious discourses being frequent at my father's table, and in my mother's drawing-room, I was very attentive to all, and gathered up things that I would utter again, to great admiration of many that took my memory and imitation for wit."

Besides this, the young lady was deeply imbued with religious fervour, and tells of "exhorting her mother's maids much;" nevertheless, she had not, at once, become convinced of the vanity and sin of "learning and hearing witty songs, and amorous sonnets or poems;" and, it seems, she took delight in being the confidant of the love affairs of "her mother's young women, and there were none of them but had many lovers, and some particular friends beloved above the rest."

Unfortunately, all the confidences which she seems disposed to extend to the readers of her Memoirs are kept still secret, owing to the sudden break which occurs in the manuscript, when, abruptly leaving herself, Mrs. Hutchinson begins the history of her husband.

In the pleasing task she had given herself she indulges in the most enthusiastic praise of a man who appears to have deserved her commendations, and to have been really as just, amiable, and honest as she loves to represent him. There is not a little of romance and superstition shown in her writing; and the sentimental stories she relates cannot but create a smile.

Colonel John Hutchinson's mother was of the family of Byron of Newstead, an illustrious name even then, and one which must excite sympathy and interest in all worshippers of English genius. She was, when a child of nine years, the pet and companion of the illfated Arabella Stuart, before she was condemned to that imprisonment which ended only with her life. Arabella delighted so much in this child's society, that she wished to have taken her altogether from her parents, and she was occasionally spared by them to accompany her to court. As she grew up their intimacy and friendship increased until they became most affectionately attached; and "the princess was," as Mrs. Hutchinson remarks, "more delighted in her than in any of the women about her;" and when Arabella was carried away to prison from all her friends, her young companion, returning home, was inconsolable; nor did her grief know diminution in the course of time; for, even after her marriage, the recollection of their friendship, and the wrongs of the unfortunate victim of King James's cruelty, dwelt always on her mind, so that her servants used to relate, that "she would steal many melancholy hours to sit and weep in remembrance of her."

Amongst the many stories of her own and her husband's ancestors, told by Mrs. Hutchinson, she relates a curious and romantic one of the grandfather and mother of the colonel, worthy of note, as it concerns the family of Byron, whose name alone carries with it a certain interest to the modern reader.

A younger son of Sir John Byron married a daughter of Lord Fitzwilliam, deputy of Ireland, in Queen Elizabeth's time. This young lady was remarkable for her excellent education, her musical and poetical talents, and her singular beauty and amiable disposition. Her husband loved her with devoted affection, and they seem to have had no cause of disquiet but one, which is somewhat characteristic of the pride of the times. Her husband's eldest brother had displeased his father by marrying beneath his rank, and his wife was, though of mean birth, placed above the fair daughter of Fitzwilliam. This, although she is represented as otherwise possessed of much sense and every perfection, was a great mortification to her; however, this source of annoyance was removed by a singular accident. The elder brother, who was a man "given to youthful vanity," having devised a puerile trick to amuse himself and his companions, by causing the horse of one of his attendants to be "rendered unquiet," in consequence of something being placed under the saddle, succeeded but too well in his jest, for his mirth at the fright of his serving-man was so violent as to occasion his death.

The younger brother succeeded, as heir of the family; and his wife had now no cause for mortification, as she took her proper place in society.

"But," observes Mrs. Hutchinson, "whilst the incomparable lady shined in all the human glory she wished, and had the crown of all earthly felicity to the full in the enjoyment of the mutual love of her most beloved husband, God in one moment took it away, and alienated her understanding."

This sad event was caused by the birth of twins, and though she had several other children subsequently—

"All the art of the best physicians could never restore her understanding: yet she was not frantic, but had such a *pretty deliration*, that her ravings were more delightful than other women's most rational conversations.

"Upon this occasion her husband gave himself up to live retired with her, as became her condition, and made haste to marry his son, which he did so young, that I have heard say, when the first child was born, the father, mother, and child could not make one-and-thirty years old."

Lady Hutchinson, the mother of the colonel, was born after this affliction; and she it was who was the favourite of Arabella Stuart.

"Meanwhile her parents were driving on their age," continues their biographer, "in no less constancy and love to each other, when even that distemper which had estranged her mind in all things else had left her love and obedience to her husband entire, and he retained the same fondness and respect for her after she was distempered, as when she was the glory of her age.

"He had two beds in one chamber, and she being a little sick, two women watched by her some time before she died.

"It was his custom, as soon as he unclosed his eyes, to ask how she did: but one night, he being as they thought in a deep sleep, she quietly departed towards the morning. He was that day to have gone a hunting, his usual exercise for his health, and it was his custom to have his chaplain pray with him before he went out; the women, fearful to surprise him with the ill-news, knowing his dear affection to her, had stolen out and acquainted the chaplain, desiring him to inform him of it.

"Sir John, waking, did not that day, as usual, ask for her, but called the chaplain to prayers, and joining with him, in the midst of the prayer expired —and both of them were buried together in the same grave."

The husband of Mrs. Hutchinson, on the events of whose childhood she loves to dwell with much minuteness, met with a narrow escape in infancy.

On the death of his mother, the whole family was thrown into such deep affliction, that all arrangements were made by her brother, Sir John Byron, who carried off the despairing widower with him from the scene of sorrow, after having taken upon him to bury the lamented lady suddenly, in order to prevent the protraction of their grief.

As the sad cavalcade were proceeding along the road, it is related, that—

> "The horses of the coach being mettled, in the half-way between Owthorpe and Nottingham ran away, overthrew it, and slightly hurt all that were within, who all got out one by one, except the maid that had the child in her arms, and she staid as long as there was any hope of preventing the coach from being torn to pieces; but when she saw no stop could be given to the mad horses, she lapped him as close as she could in the mantle, and flung him as far as possible into the ploughed lands, whose furrows were at that time very soft; and, by the good providence of God, the child, reserved to a more glorious death, had no apparent hurt."

The first meeting and sentimental affection of the colonel and his lady the latter dwells upon with all the delight of a romance writer, and tells the story of their love with extraordinary minuteness, omitting no particular. It is entertaining enough to read her earnest assurances of the danger to a susceptible mind that exists in the climate of a certain well-known spot on the banks of the Thames, as fatal as the groves of Baiæ, where love is said to dwell.

This chosen retreat of "Cupid, Prince of gods and men," is no other than Richmond, where, when the youthful Mr. Hutchinson was about to repair at the beginning of summer, he was warned of the perils that awaited him by a friend—

"Who bade him take heed of the place, for it was so fatal for love, that never any young disengaged person went thither who returned again free. Mr. Hutchinson laughed at him; but he, to confirm it, told him a very true story of a gentleman, who, not long before, had come for some time to lodge there, and found all the people he came in company with bewailing the death of a gentlewoman that had lived there. Hearing her so much deplored, he made enquiry after her, and grew so in love with the description, that no other discourse could at first please him, nor could he at last endure any other. He grew desperately melancholy, and would go to a mount where the print of her foot was cut, and lie there pining and kissing of it all day long, till at length death, in some months space, concluded his languishment."

Notwithstanding this warning, Mr. Hutchinson resolved to dare the adventure of the perilous grove, and, sure enough, his heart fell a prey to the insidious god who was lying in wait for him: for fate would have it that he "*tabled*," i. e. boarded, at a house where the young sister of his future wife was placed to study her lute, during the absence of her mother and elder sister from home. The praises of Miss Lucy Apsley were every day sounded in his ears from sighing youths who mourned her departure from the shades of Richmond; and her name was carved on every tree, and sung in every bower, till the young philosopher, for such his wife describes him to have been, hitherto stern to beauty and unmoved by female arts, began to dream of the unseen beauty, and could join with her adorers in whispering sadly—

> "Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the Spring,
> Ye birds that, left by Summer, cease to sing,
> Ye flowers that fade, when Autumn heats remove,
> Say, is not absence death to those who love?"

The music parties at the house where he resided fed his secret flame; and a song which was then rapturously sung and admired proving to be the composition of his unknown fair one, completed his entanglement, and he exclaimed to an acquaintance that he could not rest till he was fortunate enough to become acquainted with the authoress of that sweet "sonnett."

" 'Sir,' replied the gentleman, 'you must not expect that, for she is of a humour she will not be acquainted with any of mankind, and however this song is stolen forth, she is the nicest creature in the world of suffering her perfections to be known: she shuns the converse of men as the plague; she only lives in the enjoyment of herself, and has not the humanity to communicate that happiness to any of our sex.' "

This account only excited the doomed lover the more, and when, soon after, he heard the report that the young lady was married, his emotion was so great, that he was nearly fainting at the dinner-table where it was talked of.

" When Mr. Hutchinson," says his fair biographer, the object of all this romance, " was alone, he began to recollect his wisdom and his reason, and to wonder at himself why he should be so concerned in an unknown person: he then remembered the story that was told him when he came down, and began to believe there was some magic in the place which enchanted men out of their right senses: but it booted him not to be angry with himself, not to set wisdom in her reproving chair, nor reason in her throne of counsel; the sick heart would not be chid, nor advised into health."

While still unable to shake off the regret which the report of the lady's marriage has created, to his inexpressible satisfaction he heard that she was returned home to Richmond. This piece of news was announced to him one evening, after a joyous party had spent a summer day "at Sion Garden in pleasant divertisements:" they were sitting at supper when a messenger came to tell his little friend "Mrs. Apsley" that her mother and sister were come. He had now a good opportunity to offer his escort to the lady, and accordingly accompanied her to the house which now contained his soul's treasure.

The description of their meeting is characteristic, given by the future bride herself, with assumed modesty:—

"His heart, being prepossessed with his own fancy, was not free to discern how little there was in her to answer so great an expectation. She was not ugly, in a careless riding habit: she had a melancholy negligence both of herself and others, as if she neither affected to please others, nor took notice of anything before her; yet, spite of all her indifferency, she was surprised with some unusual liking in her soul when she saw this gentleman, who had hair, eyes, shape, and countenance, enough to beget love in any one at the first, and these set off with a graceful and generous mien, which promised an extraordinary person. He was at that time, and indeed always was, very neatly habited; for he wore good and rich clothes, and had variety of them, and had them well suited and every way answerable, in that little thing showing both good judgment and great generosity, he equally becoming them and they him, which he wore with such unaffectedness and neatness as do not often meet in one."

As might be expected, they became mutually pleased with each other, and, except trifling obstacles from the envy and ill-will of those who coveted the possession of such a treasure as she was, their course of true love ran smooth, and they were happily united.

"There is," she says, "only this to be recorded, that never was there a passion more ardent and less idolatrous: he loved her better than his life, with inexpressible tenderness and kindness, had a most high obliging esteem of her, yet still considered honour, religion, and duty above her; nor ever suffered the intrusion of such a dotage as should blind him from marking her imperfections: these he looked upon with such an indulgent eye as did not abate his love and esteem for her, while it augmented his care to blot out all those spots which might make her appear less worthy of that respect he paid her; and thus, indeed, he soon made her more equal to him than he found her; for she was a very faithful mirror, reflecting truly, though but dimly, his own glories upon him, so long as he was present; but she, that was nothing before his inspection gave her a fair figure, when he was removed was only filled with a dark mist, and never could again take in any delightful object, nor return any shining representation."

She pathetically and poetically continues :—

"The greatest excellence she had was the power of apprehending and the virtue of loving his; so, as his shadow, she waited on him everywhere, till he was taken into that region of light which admits of none, and then she vanished into nothing!"

Their marriage took place in 1638; and their affection and happiness were never clouded till his death.

For some time after their union, Col. (then Mr.) Hutchinson gave himself up to his favourite study of religious learning: he possessed a valuable library, collected by his father, which greatly aided him; and—

"Having gotten into the house with him, an exellent scholar in that kind of learning, he for two years made it the whole employment of his time. The gentleman that assisted him he converted *to a right belief in that great point of predestination*, he having been before of the Arminian judgment, till, upon the serious examination of both principles, and comparing them with the Scriptures, Mr. Hutchinson convinced him of the truth, and grew so well instructed in this principle, that he was able to maintain it against any man. * * *

"It was a remarkable providence of God in his life, that must not be passed over without special notice, that he gave him these two years' leisure, and a heart so to employ it, before the noise of war and tumult came upon him; yet, about the year 1639, the thunder was heard afar off, rattling in the troubled air, and even the most obscured woods were penetrated with some flashes, the forerunners of the dreadful storm which the next year was more apparent."

The bent of Mrs. Hutchinson's mind is easily seen in every sentence of her writings; and her uncompromising severity of censure against all those who differ with her party in religion and politics, is an example to be moralized on. We are startled at occasionally meeting such remarks as the following,—only equalled by a fairy tale, beginning, "Now there lived hard by a wicked and cruel giant:"—

"About this time, in the kingdom of Scotland, there was a wicked queen, daughter of a mother that came out of the bloody house of Guise, and brought up in the Popish religion. * * * She, being guilty of murders and adulteries, and hateful for them to the honestest of the people, was deposed, imprisoned, and forced to fly for her life: but her son was received into the throne, and educated after the strictest way of the Protestant religion, according to Calvin's form."

On the hypocritical and contemptible James, however, she has little mercy, drawing a somewhat coarse, but too faithful, picture of the court in his reign. She thus eloquently expresses herself:—

"He had a little learning, and this they called the spirit of wisdom, and so magnified him and falsely flattered him, that he could not endure the words of truth and soundness, but rewarded these base, wicked, unfaithful fawners with rich preferments, attended with pomps and titles which heaved them up above a human height: with their pride, their envy swelled against the people of God, whom they began to project how they might root out of the land: and when they had once given them a name, whatever was odious or dreadful to the King, they fixed upon '*the Puritan*,' who, according to their character, was nothing but a factious hypocrite. * * * The payment of civil obedience to the King and the laws of the land satisfied not: if any durst dispute his impositions in the worship of God, he was presently reckoned amongst the seditious and disturbers of the public peace, and accordingly persecuted: if any were grieved at the dishonour of the kingdom, or the griping of the poor, or the unjust oppressions of the subject, by a thousand ways, invented to maintain the riots of the courtiers and the swarms of needy Scots which the King had brought in to devour, like locusts, the plenty of this land, he was *a Puritan*: if any, out of mere morality or civil honesty, discountenanced the abominations of those days, he was *a Puritan*, however he conformed to their superstitious worship: if any showed favour to any godly person, kept them company, relieved them in want, or protected them against violent and unjust oppression, he was *a Puritan:* if any gentleman in his country maintained the good laws of the land, or stood up for any public interest—for good order or government—*he was a Puritan.* In short, all that crossed the views of the greedy courtiers, the proud, encroaching priests, the thievish projectors, the immoral nobility and gentry—whoever was zealous for God's glory or worship, could not endure blasphemous oaths, ribbald conversation, prophane scoffs, sabbath breach, derision of the Word of God, and the like; whoever could endure a sermon, modest habit, and converse, or anything good, all these were *Puritans;* and, if Puritans, then enemies to the King and his Government."

Colonel Hutchinson, at a very early period of Cromwell's proceedings, when he was only three-and-twenty, took part in the cause, advised by his cousin, Ireton. His biographer relates, with great pleasure, his first act, which, to an antiquarian, is a sadly unwelcome record:—

"The Parliament had made orders to deface the images in all churches. Within two miles of his house, there was a church, where Christ upon the cross, the virgin, *and John*, had been fairly set up in a window over the altar, and sundry other *superstitious paintings*, of the priest's own ordering, were drawn upon the walls. When the order for razing out these relics of superstition came, the priest only took down the heads of the images, and laid them carefully up in his closet, and would have had the church officers to have certified that the thing was done according to order; whereupon they came to Mr. Hutchinson, and desired him that he would take the pains to come and view the church; which he did, and, upon discourse with the parson, persuaded him to blot out all the *superstitious paintings, and break the images in the glass;* which he consented to; but, being ill-affected, was one of those who began to brand Mr. Hutchinson with the name of Puritan."

Another name, at which Mrs. Hutchinson is indignant, that of Roundhead, applied to her husband, she thus explains :—

"When puritanism grew into a faction, the zealots distinguished themselves, both men and women, by several affectations of habit, looks, and words, which, had it been a real declension of vanity, and embracing of sobriety in all those things, had been most commendable in them; but their quick forsaking of these things when they were where they would be, showed that they either never took them up for conscience, or were corrupted, by their prosperity, to take up those vain things they durst not practise under persecution. Amongst other affected habits, few of the Puritans, what degree soever they were of, wore their hair long enough to cover their ears; and the ministers, and many others, cut it close round their heads, with so many little peaks, as was something ridiculous to behold; whereupon Cleaveland, in his Hue and Cry after them, begins—

> "With hair in characters and lugs in text," &c.

From this custom of wearing their hair, that name of Roundhead became the scornful term given to the whole Parliament party; whose army, indeed, marched out so, but as if they had been sent out only till their hair was grown: two or three years after, any stranger that had seen them would have enquired the reason of the name.

"It was very ill applied to Mr. Hutchinson, who, having naturally a very fine thickset head of hair, kept it clean and handsome, so that it was a great ornament to him, although the godly of those days, when he embraced their party, would not allow him to be religious, because his hair was not in their cut, nor his words in their phrase, nor such little formalities altogether fitted to their humour."

Notwithstanding the extreme strictness professed by persons of her party, Mrs. Hutchinson, when pressed by apparent danger, did not see any impropriety in uttering an untruth. It is true that she thought to save her husband's honour by so doing, but it is difficult to reconcile such a circumstance with the rules of right, whatever the temptation might have been.

Mr. Hutchinson had sent for his wife, who was then near her confinement, at a time when the King's troops were seeking for him, the sheriff of Leicestershire having a warrant to seize his person. When he found the peril he was in, he quitted his wife and fled into Northamptonshire: he had scarcely left his house by a back way, when the royal troops arrived, much to the terror of Mrs. Hutchinson, whose fears were, however, allayed by finding that the party was commanded by her own brother, Sir Allen Apsley, who remained several days quartered in the next house, and was at length ordered away on some other duty.

Meantime, Mr. Hutchinson was concealed "at the house of a substantial honest yeoman, who was bailiff to the lord of the town of Kelmarsh, in Northamptonshire. This man and his wife, *being godly,* gave him very kind entertainment, and prevailed with him to be acquainted with their master, who had just then made ready plate and horses to go in to the King, who had now set up his standard at Nottingham: but Mr. Hutchinson diverted him, and persuaded him and another gentleman of quality to carry in those aids to my Lord General Essex, who was then at Northampton, where Mr. Hutchinson visited him, and could gladly at that time have engaged with him, *but that he did not at that time find a clear call from the Lord.*"

Waiting till this "promised ray" should come, he now set forth on his return to his wife, and narrowly escaped falling into the hands of Prince Rupert's troops: he wrote, however, and his letter was intercepted, and having been read, sent on to Mrs. Hutchinson, who learnt from it that her husband would join her as soon as the troops were marched away.

A Captain Welch, who had some acquaintance with her, as a friend of her brother's, took this occasion of paying her a visit, when Prince Rupert's troops passed her door. Captain Welch sent up his name, and she was obliged to receive him. He named to her her husband's letter, and regretted that she should be the wife of one so "unworthy of her, as to enter into any faction which should make him not dare to be seen with her. Whereat, *she being pecck'd*, and thinking they were all marched away, told him he was mistaken, she had not a husband that would at any time hide himself, or that durst not show his face where any honest man durst appear."

To confirm this boast, which has somewhat of the pride of the world in it, she introduced her husband's brother as himself, who entered at once into the deceit. The consequence was, that he was arrested and carried away, to her infinite vexation, as when she proclaimed the truth, she was no longer believed. It was after much difficulty, delay, and danger, that his identity was proved, and he obtained his release. In recounting this event, the fair "Puritan" attributes no blame to herself for her want of veracity, her only regret being that her *ruse* had not better success.

In June 1643, Mr. Hutchinson was satisfied that his "call" was arrived, and consented to take the defence of Nottingham Castle, which his lady thus describes:—

"The castle was built upon a rock, and nature had made it capable of very strong fortification, but the buildings were very ruinous and uninhabitable. It stands at one end of the town, upon such an eminence as commands the chief streets. There was a strong tower, called the Old Tower, built on the highest point of the rock, and this was the place where Queen Isabel, the mother of Edward the Third, was surprised with her paramour, Mortimer, who, by secret windings and hollows in the rock, came up into her chamber from the meadows lying low under it, through which there ran a little rivulet called the Line, almost under the castle rock. At the entrance of this rock, there was a spring, called Mortimer's Well, and the cavern, Mortimer's Hole: the ascent to the top is very high, and not without some wonder, at the top of all the rock there is a spring of water: in the midway to the top of this tower, there is a little piece of rock, on which a dovecote had been built, but the governor took down the roof of it, and made it a platform for two or three pieces of ordnance, which commanded some streets and all the meadows, better than the higher tower: under that tower, which was the old castle, there was a larger castle, where there had been several towers and many noble rooms, but the most of them were down: the yard of that was pretty large, and, without the gate, there was a very large yard that had been walled, but the walls were all down, only it was situated upon an ascent of the rock, and so stood a pretty height above the street; and there were the ruins of an old pair of gates, with turrets on each side."

In a meadow beneath, called "the park," grew a solitary tree, looked upon as a prodigy, for "from the root to the top, there was not one straight twig or branch in it: some said it was planted by Richard the Third, and resembled him that set it."

In one of the huge caverns of the rock, tradition reported that "one David, a Scotch King, was kept in cruel durance, and with his nails had scratched on the wall the story of Christ and the twelve Apostles."

After having kept the castle for the parliament some time, an envoy from the Duke of Newcastle was sent to Colonel Hutchinson, to summon him to surrender. Major Cartwright was the person chosen, whose ill-timed jesting confirmed the governor in his resolve to hold out, even if his mind was not already made up on the subject.

Cartwright being treated with wine, and civilly used, "grew bold in the exercise of an abusive wit that he had, and told both the Hutchinsons they were sprightly young men, but when my lord should come with his army, he should find them in other terms, beseeching my lord to spare them as misled young men, 'and suffer them to march away with a cudgel, 'and then,' said he, 'shall I stand behind my lord's chair and laugh.' At which the governor, being angry, 'told him he was much mistaken, for he scorned ever to yield, on any terms, to a papistical army led by an atheistical general.'"

During the siege which ensued, Mrs. Hutchinson's benevolence and skill were exercised in attending on and dressing the wounds of the soldiers both of her own party and the prisoners they made, and her care and tenderness were so equally divided as to incur bitter censure from some of the fanatical leaders; in particular, Captain Palmer, coming into a dungeon in the castle called the Lion's Den, where she was superintending the dressing of several maimed persons of the royal side, exclaimed, that "his soul abhorred to see this favour to the enemies of God;" to which she replied that "she did only what she considered her duty, in humanity to them as fellow-creatures, not as enemies."

It appears that for other acts of kindness shown to his prisoners by the governor and his lady, this Captain Palmer "bellowed loud against him as a favourer of malignants and Cavaliers;" yet afterwards entered into a conspiracy against his friends in favour of the other party. Colonel Hutchinson, who really acted from principle, and was a man of integrity, was continually harassed by the spite, meanness, and treachery of those who possessed none of his good qualities, and who feared and envied him, until at length they became his declared foes. His wife gives the following fine character of him:—

"He never was any man's sectary either in religious or civil matters, further than he apprehended them to follow the rules of religion, honour, and virtue: nor any man's antagonist but as he opposed that which appeared to him just and equal. If the greatest enemy he had in the world had propounded anything profitable to the public, he would promote it: whereas some others were to blame in that particular, and chiefly those of the presbyterian faction, who would obstruct any good rather than those they envied and hated should have the glory of procuring it: the sad effects of which pride grew at length to be the ruin of the most glorious cause that ever was contended for."

Colonel Hutchinson, after the surrender of Newark, divided his time between Nottingham and London, performing his duties, both as a statesman and governor, in a most exemplary manner; but, from his honesty and integrity, little in favour with the existing powers.

Mrs. Hutchinson was in the habit of perplexing her mind with controversial points of faith; and, in particular, was extremely uneasy in regard to the propriety of baptism as then practised. She and her husband diligently searched the Scriptures, and read every treatise on the subject which they could obtain to convince themselves, and being unable to decide between "pædobaptism" and "its misapplication to infants," after long discussions with churchmen of all sorts, concluded that it was better their child born during the discussion should not be baptized at all, for which they were, she says, "reviled, called fanatics and anabaptists, and often glanced at in the public sermons."

The brother of Mrs. Hutchinson, Sir Allan Apsley, who was on the King's side, had married Colonel Hutchinson's sister: their positions were therefore peculiarly distressing, opposed as they were in politics, yet their affection does not seem to have been disturbed by all the sad civil broils in which each was forced to take an active part.

It is somewhat curious to compare the various accounts given of the same circumstances related by those of opposite parties: concerning the conduct of Charles I. when at Hampton Court, the following passage occurs in the Memoirs. It is evident that Mrs. Hutchinson placed confidence in the Protector.

"After the tumult at London was quieted, about August of that year the King was brought to one of his stately palaces at Hampton Court, near London, and the army removed to quarters about the city, their head-quarters being at Putney. The King, by reason of his daily converse with the officers, began to be *trinkling* with them, not only then but before, and had drawn in some of them to engage to corrupt others to fall in with him; but, *to speak the truth of all*, Cromwell was *at that time* so uncorruptibly faithful to his trust, and to the people's interest, that he could not be drawn in to practise *even his own usual and natural dissimulations* in this occasion. His son-in-law, Ireton, that was as faithful as he, was not so fully of the opinion (till he had tried it and found to the contrary) but that the King might have been managed to comply with the public good of his people, after he could no longer uphold his own violent will: but upon some discourses with him, the King uttering these words, 'I shall play my game as well as I can,' Ireton replied, 'If your Majesty have *a game* to play, you must give us also the liberty to play ours.' Colonel Hutchinson privately discoursing with his cousin about the communications he had had with the King, Ireton's expressions were these: 'He gave us words and we paid him in his own coin, when we found he had no real intention to the people's good, but to prevail by our factions, to regain by art what he had lost in fight.' "

Colonel Hutchinson having, according to his wont, prayed and waited, but in vain, for a demonstration from Heaven which should indicate God's displeasure at the judgment pronounced against King Charles, if such had been, "finding no check, but a confirmation in his conscience that it was his duty to act as he did, he, upon serious debate, both privately and in his addresses to God, and in conferences with conscientious, upright, unbiassed persons, *proceeded to sign the sentence against the King.*"

In the same manner, when he could not escape taking a share in the administration of public affairs, he submitted to form one of the Council of State, convinced that "he was called" so to do.

A curious incident, proving the cunning and vanity of some of those who would fain have passed for saints, is related soon after the period of the King's death.

"About this time a great ambassador was to have public audience in the house: he came from the King of Spain, and was the first who had been addressed to them owning them as a republic. The day before his audience, Colonel Hutchinson was set in the house near some young men handsomely clad, amongst whom was Mr. Charles Rich, afterwards Earl of Warwick; and the colonel himself had on that day a habit which was pretty rich but grave, and no other than he usually wore.

"Harrison, addressing himself particularly to him, admonished them all that now the nations sent to them, they should labour to shine before them in wisdom, piety, righteousness and justice, and not in gold and silver and worldly bravery, which did not become saints; and that the next day, when the ambassadors came, they should not set themselves out in gorgeous habits, which were unsuitable to holy professions.

"The colonel, although he was not convinced of any misbecoming bravery in the suit he wore that day, *which was but of sad coloured cloth trimmed with gold, and silver points and buttons*, yet because he would not appear offensive in the eyes of religious persons, the next day he went in a plain black suit, and so did all the other gentlemen; but Harrison came that day in a scarlet coat and cloak, both laden with gold and silver lace, and the coat so covered with clinquant (foil) that scarcely could one discover the ground, and in this glittering habit, set himself just under the speaker's chair; which made the other gentlemen think that his godly speeches the day before were but made that he alone might appear in the eyes of strangers. But this was part of his weakness; the Lord at last lifted him above these poor earthly elevations, which then and sometime after prevailed too much with him."

Another anecdote of apparel is characteristic:

"When Cromwell came to London (after allowing the King and his Scotch army to enter England), there wanted not some little creatures of his in the house, who had taken notice of all that had been said of him when he let the King slip by,—how some stuck not, in their fear and rage, to call him traitor, and to threaten his head. These reports added spurs to his ambition; but that his son-in-law Ireton, deputy of Ireland, would not be wrought to serve him; but, hearing of his machinations, determined to come over to England, to endeavour to divert him from such destructive courses. But God cut him short by death; and whether *his body or an empty coffin* was brought into England, *something in his name* came to London, and was to be, by Cromwell's procurement, magnificently buried among the kings at Westminster.

"Colonel Hutchinson was, after his brother, one of the nearest kinsmen he had, but Cromwell, who of late studied him neglects, passed him by, and neither sent him mourning, nor particular invitation to the funeral, only the speaker gave public notice in the house, that all the members were desired to attend; and such was the flattery of many pitiful lords and other gentlemen, parasites, that they put themselves into deep mourning: but Colonel Hutchinson that day put on a scarlet cloak, very richly laced, such as he usually wore, and coming into the room where the members were, seeing some of the lords in mourning, he went to them to enquire the cause, who told him they had put it on for the general; and being asked again, why he, that was a kinsman, was in such a different colour? he told them, because the general had neglected sending to him, when he had sent to many that had no alliance, only to make up the train, he was resolved he would not flatter so much as to buy for himself, although he was a true mourner in his heart for his cousin, whom he had ever loved, and would therefore go and take his place among the mourners. This he did, and went into the room where the close mourners were; who, seeing him come in, as different from mourning as he could make himself, the aldermen came to him making a great apology that they mistook and thought he was out of town, and had much injured themselves thereby, to whom it would have been one of their greatest honours to have had his assistance in the befitting habit, as now it was their shame to have neglected him.

"But Cromwell, who had ordered all things, was *pecck'd horribly* at it, though he dissembled his resentment at that time, and joined in excusing the neglect; but he very well understood that the colonel, neither out of ignorance nor *niggardize*, came in that habit, but publicly to reproach their neglects."

The colonel, after the dissolution of the parliament by Cromwell, retired to his own house; and, during the remainder of the Protector's sway, occupied himself in the arts, and in attending to the education of his children, in the catalogue of whose accomplishments, music and *dancing* were not forgotten. He and his wife now passed their time in a manner congenial to their feelings,—loved, respected, and, as she remarks, *feared* by household, tenants, and neighbours.

The lady speaks with the utmost contempt of the Protector and his court and family:—

"His wife and children were setting up for principality, which suited no better with any of them than scarlet on the ape: only, to speak the truth of himself, he had much natural greatness, and well became the place he had usurped. His daughter Fleetwood was humbled, and not exalted with these things, *but the rest were insolent fools.* Claypole, who married his daughter, and his son Henry, were two debauched, ungodly cavaliers. Richard was a peasant in his nature, yet gentle and virtuous, but became not greatness.

"His court was full of sin and vanity; and the more abominable, because they had not yet quite cast away the name of God, but prophaned it by taking it in vain upon them. True religion was now almost lost, even among the religious party, and hypocrisy became an epidemical disease."

After Cromwell's death, who, though Colonel Hutchinson's warning of a plot of Lambert's and his party had saved his life, yet owed him a grudge for resolutely refusing to co-operate with him, and had intended his destruction, Colonel Hutchinson was much harassed by various persecutions, and narrowly escaped punishment for the share he had had in the condemnation of the King; but at length, chiefly by the clever and acute management of his wife, he found himself at liberty, in the change of affairs, to retire once more to the country and quiet. But when there, his conscience so reproached him with having accepted of his acquittal, when others had suffered as martyrs in the cause, that, but for his wife's ceaseless representations, earnest entreaties, and constant watchfulness, he was on the point of, and would have delivered himself up, and claimed the death which she had so strenuously exerted herself to preserve him from. At length he became convinced that God had directed all his actions, and believing that he, like others of his persuasion,

" Did but row " and was " steer'd by Fate,"

he resigned himself to what had happened, and his wife's mind became at ease for his safety.

This tranquillity was, however, but of short duration; for, amongst the numerous plots and pretended conspiracies got up by designing men after the return of Charles II., his enemies did not forget Colonel Hutchinson; and from henceforth he was the object of continued persecution, although entirely guiltless of any intention to interfere in the affairs of government in any way. His wife's devotion and attachment to him, and her perseverance and fortitude in all their trials, are most exemplary; and she adds one more to the long list of women who have forgotten all selfish considerations for the sake of those they love.

She relates an affecting circumstance which occurred in her family while they were living for a space unmolested by the colonel's evil wishers. It is a sad episode in their lives; and she tells it with a feeling, which redeems her style, which is, in general, tedious, unpolished, and mean, to a remarkable degree :—

"Some little troubles he had in his own house. His son, unknown to him, married a very worthy person (the daughter of Sir Alexander Ratcliffe, of the royalist party), with the manner of which he was so discontented, that he once resolved to have banished them for ever; but his good nature was soon overcome, and he received them into his bosom, and, for the short time he enjoyed her, had no less love for her than for any of his own children.

And indeed she was worthy of it; applying herself with such humble dutifulness and kindness to repair her fault, and to please him in all the things he delighted in, that he was ravished with the joy of her who loved the place, not, as his own wife did, because she was placed in it, but with a natural affection, which encouraged him in all the pains he took to adorn it, when he had one to leave it to that would esteem it. She was besides naturalized into his house and interests, as if she had had no other regard in the world. She was pious and cheerful, liberal and thrifty, complaisant and kind to all the family, and the freest from humour of any woman; loving home, without melancholy or sullenness, observant of her father and mother, not with regret, but with delight, and the most submissive, affectionate wife that ever was. But she, and all the joy of her sweet, saintlike conversation, ended in a lamented grave, about a year after her marriage, when she died in child-birth, and left the sweetest babe behind her that ever was beheld, whose face promised all its mother's graces; but death, within eight weeks after her birth, ravished this sweet blossom, whose fall opened the fresh wounds of sorrow for her mother, thus doubly lost. While the mother lived, which was ten days after her delivery, the colonel and his wife employed all imaginable pains and care for her recovery, whereof they had often hopes; but, in the end, all in vain—she died! and left the whole house in very sensible affliction; which continued upon the colonel and his wife till new strokes awakened them out of the silent sorrow of this funeral. Her husband, having no joy in the world after she was gone, some months shut himself up, with his grief, in his chamber, out of which he was hardly persuaded to go; and, when he did, every place about home so much renewed the remembrance of her he could not think of but with deep affliction, that, being invited by his friends abroad, to divert his melancholy, he grew a little out of love with home; which was a great damping to the pleasure his father took in the place: but he, how eager soever he were in the love of any worldly thing, had that moderation of spirit that he submitted his will always to God, and endeavoured to give him thanks in all things."

Colonel Hutchinson was arrested, and committed to the Tower, without any form of trial, or even an accusation made out against him. Here his wife followed, and devoted herself to endeavour to alleviate his sufferings, both of mind and body, under the most unmerited ill-treatment. Regardless of his state of health, which was delicate, he was sent from the Tower to a miserable prison at Sandown Castle, in Kent, where he was attacked with ague and fever, to which he eventually fell a victim, when only forty-nine years of age, in 1664, during the absence of his wife, whom he had himself sent away to their seat at Owthorpe.

His loss to her who had all her life been so devoted to him was a sad blow, and all her occupation afterwards appears to have been collecting and arranging the materials of his life, of which she has given the minute details.

Though deficient in literary merit, the well-known Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, which she compiled, possess a certain value, as they give a faithful picture of the times in which he lived; and throughout they prove her to have been an exemplary and affectionate wife and mother, and one whose example is every way worthy of imitation.

FRANCES STUART,

DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

AMONGST the most conspicuous of the beauties whose fame has cast a glare of light over the atmosphere of Charles the Second's court, which has attracted more attention in after times than the more subdued and milder rays of a virtuous court will sometimes do, few ladies can, unfortunately, be named remarkable for anything more valuable than those charms which furnished sitters to painters, who

> "—— on animated canvass stole
> The sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul:"

nor was Frances Stuart removed above the rest, except that there was less levity in her conduct, although her beauty outshone them all. She may serve as a type of the court ladies of her time, for there are scarcely any who deserve other notice than they have found in the Memoirs of Grammont.

Frances Theresa Stuart was the daughter of Walter Stuart, son of Lord Blantyre, who stood in a distant degree of relationship to the King. She was born about 1647, and educated in France, from whence she accompanied her mother to England, at a time when she had completed

> "Fifteen lovely childish Springs,"

forming one of the fairest in the train of the Queen-Dowager, Henrietta Maria. Soon after her arrival in England, she was appointed maid of honour to Queen Catherine, and exchanged the admiration of the French for that of the English monarch; for it appears that Louis XIV. would willingly have detained the young beauty at his court, professing that he hoped she would there form an alliance equal to any in France, and presenting her with a rich jewel as a token of his regard. If it were possible that such a libertine as Charles II. could ever have felt a sincere attachment to any one, there might be reason to imagine that La Belle Stuart, as she was called, had inspired him with a real passion. The manners of the time, both in France and England, were so indiscreet, that the encouragement which she is said to have given the King may be more excused in her than it could be at the present day; but the persevering attentions of Charles, a tyrant in his love, placed her in a very difficult position. She was young, lively, vain, and more lovely than all the rivals who surrounded her; and it is expecting too much of her small experience, that she should have set an example of discretion and circumspection such as had no parallel besides.

Grammont, whose favour was not propitiated by superior prudence at any time, gives the following rather odd account of her appearance :—

> " It was scarcely possible for a woman to have less wit and more beauty : all her features were fine and regular, but her *shape was* not good (?) ; *yet* she was slender, straight enough, and taller than the generality of women : she was very graceful, danced well, and spoke French better than her mother tongue : she was well bred, and possessed in perfection that air of dress which is so worthy to be admired, and is so rarely attained unless acquired when young in France."

Pepys describes the impression her transcendant charms made on him, in his usual quaint manner : he is remarking on the court party returning from a ride.

" I followed them," he says, " into Whitehall, and into the Queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beauty and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But, above all, Miss Stuart in this dress, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent *taille,* is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life."

Miss Stuart is said to have been as frivolous as she was lovely, but her repulse of George Hamilton, with whom she flirted for her amusement, may perhaps account for the severity of his brother-in-law, de Grammont, who allows neither virtue nor intellect to any of the court ladies but his sister.

She was the object of little less than adoration to many of the courtiers, whose taste and sensibilities were doubtless not a little directed by the King's passionate admiration of the coy and cold divinity, who received their homage as her due. Francis Digby, son of the Earl of Bristol, threw away his life in despair, in a naval engagement, for her sake. The Duke of Buckingham, though his passion had less of reality in it, was yet one of her slaves; but her most remarkable lover was the famous engraver and medallist, Philip Rotier, who being engaged to represent Britannia on a certain medal, invested the form of the object of his tenderest thoughts with her attributes, and Frances Stuart was placed on the reverse side of that which showed the royal effigies. Waller thus celebrates the circumstance.

"Our guard upon the royal side!
On the reverse our beauty's pride;
Here we discern the frown and smile,
The force and glory of our isle.

In the rich medal, both so like
Immortals stand, it seems antique.
Carved by some master, when the bold
Greeks made their Jove descend in gold:
And Danäe, wond'ring at that shower,
Which falling stormed her brazen tower.
Britannia there, the fort in vain
Had battered been with golden rain:
Thunder itself had fail'd to pass:
Virtue's a stronger guard than brass."

The gallant artist repeated the beloved face whenever he had an opportunity, and, in some of his medals, the likeness is said to have been so great, that it was impossible to mistake from what beautiful original he drew his idea.

The poet Lee dedicated his play of "Theodosius" to her: he compliments her beauty in the most extravagant terms, exclaiming—

"Something there is in your mien so much above what we vulgarly call charming, that to me it seems adorable, and your presence almost divine, whose dazzling and majestic form is a proper mansion for the most elevated soul: and let me tell the world, nay, sighing speak it to a barbarous age, (I cannot help calling it so when I think of Rome and Greece,) your extraordinary love for heroic poetry is not the least argument to show the greatness of your mind and fulness of perfection. To hear you speak with that infinite sweetness and cheerfulness of spirit that is natural to your grace, is methinks to hear our tutelar angels; 'tis to bemoan the present malicious times, and remember the golden age: but to behold you too, is to make prophets quite forget their heaven, and blind a poet with eternal rapture!" &c. &c.

How, after all this commendation, and with such fascinating rivals near her, she should be, by one historian, described as "low and fat in her person,"* seems inconceivable. Pepys thus describes her amongst the revels at court.

"Nov. 15th, 1666.—To Mrs. Pierce's, where I find her as fine as possible, and Mr. Pierce going to the ball at night at court, it being the Queene's birthday. I also to the ball, and with much ado got up to the loft, where with much trouble I could see very well. Anon the house grew full, and the candles light, and the King and Queene and all the ladies sat: and it was, indeed, a glorious sight to see Mrs. Stewart in black and white lace, and her head and shoulders dressed with diamonds, and the like many great ladies more (only the Queene none); and the King in his rich vest of some rich silk and silver trimming, as the Duke of York and all the dancers were; some of cloth of silver, and others of other sorts, exceeding rich. Presently after the King was come in, he took the Queene, and about fourteen more couple there was, and began the bransles. As many of the men as I can remember presently, were, the King, Duke of York, Prince Rupert, Duke of Monmouth, Duke of Buckingham, Lord Douglas, Mr. Hamilton, Colonel Russell, Mr. Griffith, Lord Rochester, Lord Ossory; and of the ladies, the Queene, Duchesse of York, Mrs. Stewart, Duchesse of Monmouth, Lady Essex Howard, Mrs. Temple, Swedes Embassadresse, Lady Arlington, Lord George Berkeley's daughter, and many others I remember not; but all most excellently dressed in rich petticoats and gowns, and dyamonds and pearls. After the bransles then to a corant, and now and then a French dance; but that so rare, that the corants grew tiresome, that I wished it done. Only Mrs. Stewart danced mighty finely, and many French dances, specially one the King called the new dance, which was very pretty."

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* See Ives's Select Papers.

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The following is a singular picture of frivolity:—

"June 21st, 1667.—Sir H. Cholmly come to me this day, and tells me the court is as mad as ever; and that the night the Dutch burned our ships, the King did sup with my Lady Castlemaine, at the Duchesse of Monmouth's, and these were all mad in hunting of a poor moth."

Charles, inconsiderate and unfeeling in all his actions, when he found La Belle Stuart insensible to his offers of bestowing on her a ducal coronet, and dismissing for her sake all his former favourites, was so excited by her firmness, that he even went so far as to say that he would endeavour to divorce the Queen, and raise her to the throne of England in her royal mistress's place. Miss Stuart was not, however, to be won; and to escape further persecution, to which she saw no end, resolved to accept the hand of the Duke of Richmond, who was not the least amongst those who looked upon her as the arbitress of their destinies.

There was, however, no way of executing this project but by flight, for the consent of Charles was certain to be withheld; and the "fair persecuted" was forced, one stormy night, to take her way secretly from her apartments at Whitehall, and join her lover at an obscure inn in Westminster. They then mounted their steeds, and departed into the country, where the duke's chaplain was waiting to unite them: their union was kept secret for awhile, and then declared, to the unspeakable mortification of the King, who directly he heard of it, sent word that their return to court was forbidden. This prohibition gave no uneasiness to the happy pair, who were only too glad to escape reproaches and renewed persecution: the bride had now a good excuse for returning the jewels which she had been unable to refuse from the hand of the King.

She was not, however, permitted to enjoy the retirement she sought, and was recalled to court, and appointed lady of the bedchamber to Queen Catherine a year after her marriage. The surpassing loveliness which had turned half the heads at court as well as the King's, was now destined to suffer an eclipse, for the duchess caught the small-pox, when she had only been a wife two years; and though she recovered her health, her beauty had disappeared for ever. The King's inconvenient passion was thus put an end to; but he appears to have retained his regard and respect for the duchess, who continued to remain at court, always in favour; nor did she want favour in that which succeeded, as she attended on the Queen of James II., and was one of those who deposed to the fact of the Prince of Wales's birth in 1688.

Frances Stuart became a widow in 1672: she survived her husband thirty years, and is said to have died in the Roman Catholic faith. She was liberal and grand in her patronage, and the poets of the day had cause to sound her praises; she left a good fortune to Lord Blantyre, her nephew, having no children of her own; and did not forget certain feline favourites in her will, which she provided for better than some fine ladies do for their faithful servants.

On the whole, this famous beauty was not altogether useless in her sphere, having been a generous friend to merit; and, though vain and frivolous, like so many of her contemporaries, preserving her dignity in a dangerous court, with a king for her suitor.

DOROTHY SIDNEY,

COUNTESS OF SUNDERLAND.

Dorothy Sidney, the niece of the poet, Sir Philip, and the sister of the patriot Algernon, is yet more distinguished by the attachment, real or imaginary, of another Petrarch, the poet Waller; to whom, under the little-euphonous name of Saccarissa, she served as a Laura.

She was born in 1620, and married, in 1639, Henry Spencer, Lord Spencer of Wormleighton, afterwards Earl of Sunderland. He was killed at the battle of Edgehill, leaving her a young widow of twenty-three, with a son and two daughters. She remained ten years unmarried, and then became the wife of Robert Smythe, Esq., the eldest son of Sir John Smythe, of Bounds, in Kent.

Evelyn thus mentions her second marriage:—

"9th July, 1652.

"We went to see Penshurst, the Earl of Leicester's, famous once for its gardens and excellent fruit, and for the noble conversation that was wont to meet there, celebrated by that illustrious person our Philip Sidney, who there composed divers of his pieces. It stands in a park, finely watered, and was now full of company, on the marriage of my old fellow-collegiate, Mr. Robert Smythe, who married my Lady Dorothy Sidney, widow of the Earl of Sunderland."

Her eldest daughter was the first wife of Sir George Saville, afterwards Marquis of Halifax, to whom, in 1680, she addressed many letters, which have been preserved amongst the Devonshire manuscripts, and published by the biographer of Lady Russell, in the same volume. Some of them are sprightly and amusing, full of political gossip, and not wanting in spirit and observation.

" June 20.

" What measures soever you take of my kindness and goodwill, I fear, my dear lord, you cannot but think me impertinent in writing so many letters to you. By this post you will receive my son's desire to meet him: on Tuesday he intends to go.

" * * * There is ill news from Tangiers that the fort is taken. Our men must get it back again: a terrible scene, they say, that will be. My Lord Middleton is to go to the Emperor as envoy. I am told by our ministers we are assured of his declaring at the Diet to be in league with us and the Dutch; and my brother says he does not doubt but, by Michaelmas, almost all the princes of Europe will do so to. He says, that from this city did come letters from the states of Holland, to persuade them not to make a league with us; for we were in so ill condition, by the divisions amongst ourselves, if they quitted France for us, they were ruined. This did stagger them awhile. It is certain the mutineers are out of their wits, and may be ashamed of the lies they have told; either they have so ill intelligence, that they cannot for that be fit for great undertakings, or too little truth to be so.

"Sir William Jones invited my brother Harry to dinner, and he told him some of the truths he will tell you. The man lifted up his hands in such a wonder, as if he had been in the Indies; and he tells nothing but what was known from him before: but they said it was all lies and cheat; now they cannot deny it, they are turning it to ill consequence.

"Yesterday my brother, Smith, dined at my Lord Shaftesbury's, and thought him pettish, and out of humour extremely. Mr. Hampden* came in before dinner, and said, 'My Lord, have we a league with the Dutch?' 'Yes,' says my Lord. Says Hampden, 'This will be all turned against us: we shall have the Prince of Orange with an

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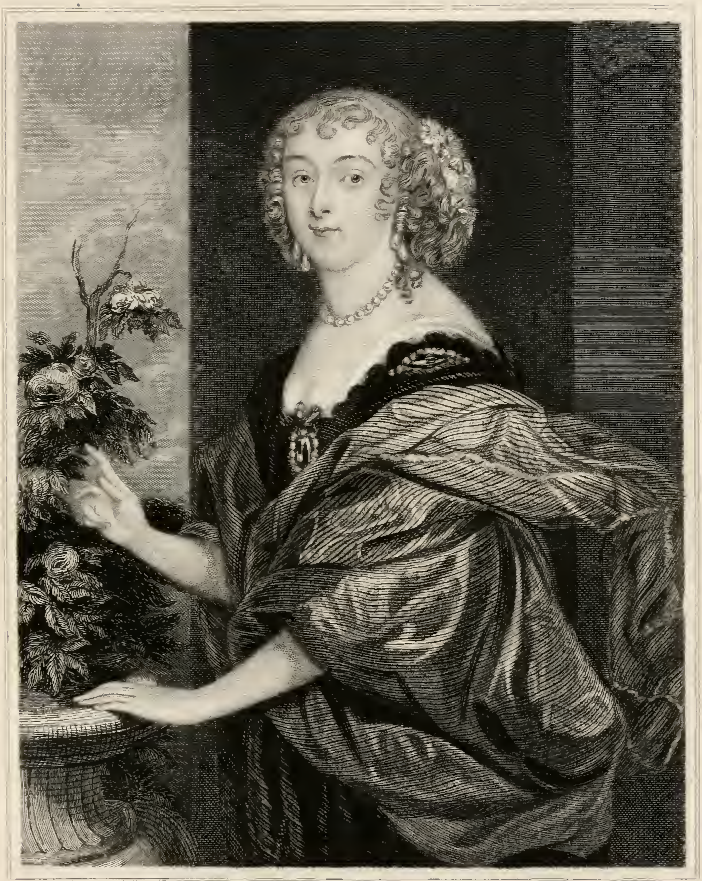
* Grandson of John Hampden, the patriot.



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DOROTHY SIDNEY.

[illegible]

army here.' They are so mad they know not what they say. He whispered to my Lord Shaftesbury, and Smith heard him say, 'I am afraid this will fool the Parliament.' These are good Englishmen and Protestants.

"I have been too long upon politics; considering that you will know more in a few days than I shall do this twelvemonth, by those who will tell you true, that I am ashamed I have written so much. I am never better pleased than when I am told those things will be done that my Lord Halifax will approve: for then I am sure that is good for the nation: and my son being for those ways too is a satisfaction to me. Tom Pelham and Ned Montague are so out of countenance for the lies they have told me, and not believing the truths I told them, they believe every word my brother Harry says.

"Here is my secret: I fear Mr. Pierpoint* will not prove a good husband: he is yet fond of her, but so unquiet in his house, and so miserable, the servants say, in all that is not for show, that they are all weary and coming away. He calls the women all the ill names that are, and meddles with everything in the kitchen much. I have not spoken with her alone a great while. All this is at Montague's, and will soon be everywhere. Yesterday, I heard he would put away her woman for saying, 'God bless her mistress, she would be glad never to see her master again.' She is very melancholy; but there is not a word of dislike to anything in her behaviour. I believe she does not know what to do in a house.

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* He married Lady Sunderland's niece.

"The King was yesterday here, though the day before there was a council at Windsor. My Lord President was there (Earl of Radnor), and my Lord of Essex. My dear Lord, though the length of my letter does not show the great haste I am in, the sense will.

"Your's, with all the affection you can think.

D. S."

"I did not intend, my dear Lord, to have troubled you to-day; but I am put into choler at some who ought to be your friends; and if Tom Thynne has not more wrong than I believe, he has done the basest thing to you. He particularly, but some others too, have said that you have written letters to them to assure them that though there were snares laid for you, they should find that you would not be caught. My son says he does not believe a tittle of it, yet he and Mr. Hyde have been told that Thynne has not only said it, but given out copies of the letters that you wrote to him to this purpose to several persons. For my part, I believe whoever will give a copy of a friend's letter will frame it all, and your cousin's reputation between man and man is bad enough for it I assure you: and so I will tell him, that he will be a good while before he is bought off by any place from his mutiny, which he is thought to have as much mind to as any mutineer of them all. My son says he is sure it cannot be: it is neither your style, nor ever was your practice, anything like this to return to your friends, who have desired your company for your personal merit; and for his part, to be near you,* whose sincerity and judgment he should sooner rely on than anybody's, and a proceeding not fair: he shall never suspect my Lord Halifax for, and this would not be that: but he thought it was fit to write to you: it is what they have done to others in a degree. It is something like what Mr. Montague said, when many of his acquaintance were taken into the council, and he left:—'A plague on them! if he had thought they would have gone without him, he would never have brought out my Lord Danby's letter;'" (this was Lord Danby's letter to Mr. Montague, while ambassador to France, relative to the money treaty, which was made the ground of Lord Danby's impeachment).

"They are jealous that you have been invited to court, and why they should think you did not mean to do as you did when your occasions in the country did not permit your coming I know not by anything I have ever heard. * * *

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* This part of the fair Sacharissa's letter is somewhat confused in style: probably she was disturbed by her "choler.'

" I am so vexed to have your name abused by these common cheats, that it has put me out of my little stuff I had to say. My son came and dined with me to-day, which he has not done these seven years, because he had no other time, and told me this, believing you might write something to me of it upon his letter. It has made me so hot, loving my friend as myself; and if anybody did such a trick to me, I am sure I would never see them more. I reflect now upon little half things that I have been told which makes me think part, if not all, is true.

" Jones has been with the duke, I hear, I know not for what. He says now that my brother's business could not be determined otherwise than it is (Philip, Earl of Leicester). Your brother and my Lady Scroope came last night. He is gone to Windsor with my son. I shall not have the happiness yet to see his good shape and good face, for one, my Lord Sunderland says, is no bigger than his, and his face never before so good: his dress most decent; his wisdom——he has brought the Duchess of Portsmouth a great fine present. The King of France will be a peaceable prince this summer. Yesterday the judges had orders, from King and council, to convict all Papists strictly charged, and not to prosecute other Dissenters from the Church of England. This was my Lord Sunderland's good deed. I told him I had long been angry with all that would put them in one rank. I was glad my own flesh and blood was of my mind. I heard at a great meeting of these busy people, they said they had a spy upon them, sent by my Lord Sunderland. He does protest he sent nobody: nor did he know where they were. The Duke of Buckingham is come off with honour. Blood is run away; the others found guilty, and my Lord of Buckingham makes himself sure of 30,000*l.* fine.* Mr. Montague does not appear amongst the discontented in public; he is going to France. It is time for me to go from troubling you, that I love so well, as to be very sorry anything should. My dear Lord, take all I do in good part, for it is so meant.

" *July* 1. D. S."

The irreverend manner in which the once beautiful, and still disdainful, Lady Sunderland speaks of her old admirer, the poet Waller, in her letters, is not a little amusing, though it tends greatly to destroy the romance of their positions. Amongst heaps of gossip :—

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* This alludes to the trial on account of a charge against the Duke of Buckingham by the notorious Blood; it occurred June 25, 1680. Blood was "that impudent bold fellow," as Evelyn says, "who attempted to steal the imperial crown itself out of the Tower. The man had not only a daring, but a villainous, unmerciful look, a false countenance, but very well spoken, and dangerously insinuating."

"Mrs. Middleton* and I," she says, "have lost *old Waller,*† he is gone away frightened." * * *

"The Duchess of York prays all day almost: she is very melancholy, the women will have it, for Mrs. Sidley: she looks further than that, if she has so much wit as is thought by some. My Lord Shaftesbury makes love to my Lady Orrery; she is so well pleased with it, that she is absolutely of his party, and my Lady Betty Felton too. The Duchess of Monmouth is going into France, sick and discontented. These confederates would not make good laws for wives if they had power. My brother (Algernon Sidney) is suspected to be in with the Duke of Buckingham: to-day he was with Wildman: how far that is a sign of it I know not; but it is one good, they are not all of a mind. Mr. Montague is not in any affair amongst them, it is thought; for he does not appear amongst them, and talks of going to France next month. The King of France sends the Duke de la Tremouille hither with a compliment, and my Lord of Oxford goeth to his Christian Majesty. Mr. Saville is to go, he says, where that King will lead him; he thinks not to war: so says the secretary: this minute they are gone from me to Windsor. This was the best news they told me, and no ill. My Lord Rochester does appear a real convert: he cannot live. He sees nobody but his mother, wife, divines, and physicians. I shall live the more easily in my little house, with the hope of seeing you in September."

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* Mrs. Middleton is thus described by de Grammont :—

"She was one of the beauties of the town, hitherto little known at court; sufficiently a coquette not to discourage any one: magnificent enough in her ideas to compete with the most brilliant, but of fortune unequal to the expenses she desired to enter into. *La Middleton* was well made, fair and delicate, and had in her conversation and manner a spice of affectation and assumption. The indolent languor which she put on did not please every one: the style in which she uttered sentiments of extreme refinement, which she tried to explain without understanding them, became tedious, and she was wearying when she attempted to shine. While she tormented herself in trying to be charming, she tormented others, and the ambition of passing for a *bel-esprit* gained her only the character of an *ennuyeuse*, which lasted long after her beauty had waned."

She was a constant player at basset with Mad. de Mazarin, and is the subject of some of St. Evremond's graphic descriptions. Evelyn calls her "that famous, and indeed incomparable beauty, daughter to my relation, Sir Robert Needham."

† She constantly thus designates her poetical admirer.

The following letter is full of the stirring occurrences of the time:—

"July 19th.*

"The news of yesterday every one in the street can tell you, and better than I, my dear Lord: yet I must be scribbling. At the choosing of the sheriffs, which are the same again,† a loud outcry, "No Yorkist! No Papist!" this by hundreds, and one proposed they beat so, that he is very ill, still crying, 'A Yorkist, none of him.'

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* 1680.

† Bethel and Cornish.

"My Lord Russell said he was sorry one of them was chosen, for he was as great a commonwealth's man as Algernon Sidney. I wonder what his lordship is if he is not so too, and goes so far towards it.

"My Lord Shaftesbury says, if the Duke (of York) should go away, that is nothing; if he should take the oath, go to church, receive the sacrament, abjure transubstantiation, that is nothing. They have no reason to fear him: he seems now full of thought: it is time for him and others to be so. That lord, and I think the Duke of Monmouth, dined with Mr. Montague to rejoice. His lordship goes out of town to-day, and his grace soon begins his progress to his friends' houses all over the west. His wife seems desirous to have him make all submission to the King; if she has sincerity she has power. One good thing amongst them, they drive several ways, but the end is still themselves, which keeps them from agreeing."

This progress of the Duke of Monmouth is that so finely described by Dryden, in "Absolom and Achitophel."

"From east to west his glories he displays,
And, like the sun, the promised land surveys.
Fame flies before him as the morning star,
And shouts of joy salute him from afar.
Each house receives him as a guardian god,
And consecrates the place of his abode."

Lady Sunderland continues :—

"They are very busy at court. The King, I think, does not go away to-day. My Lord Ossory is put upon demanding more than four thousand men for Tangier. * * *

"The Duke de la Tremouille, though a sad creature, it seems, is thought too good to come to us, a less quality by much is come. The French Ambassador* has borrowed everybody's plate he can get: he never spoke to my Lady Thanet, and he sent for her's. My Lady Scroop is at her brother's house, and she wishes you were at yours. I think the Papists are not sorry for this storm upon the duke, they hope it may bring confusion. If they think it will blow over, they will surely be much mistaken: the malice of the busy people goes further than to him. My Lord Macclesfield was reconciled to him yesterday, and kissed his hand. Mr. Algernon is busy: about what God knows—last night he was called out of my chamber: I asked by whom? and my man said a Quaker. The Duke of Buckingham very lately pretended to have some trouble of conscience, and talked of it to some fanatics; and they said he appeared to be in a good mind, and they were to come to him again to finish the work: at a time appointed he could not be found.

"I believe there will be nothing here suddenly

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[*] Barillon.

to fright those who have more reason to love life than I have: but may be brought about with time and great endeavours of those who have designs that can never be compassed but by the whole nation being in a flame. I wish I had no ground for this; but that it was only an effect of my spleen. I have told you how my Lord Shaftesbury and Mr. Algernon have railed at one another; now messages pass between them, I believe by Mr. Hampden, but that I do not know: the first part he (Algernon) told me; why, I cannot imagine. He says he does not go to him because he tells lies of him and his friends, but he undertakes to know Shaftesbury's mind: he says he professes to have no design for the Duke of Monmouth; then you may imagine what he pretends to Mr. Bethel to be for (*i. e.* a republic). I believe they will not be long in masquerade. I hope the King will do a good deal; and I pray God the moderate honest people may be the greater number: if not, you are all undone. There is a little said of religion, or trying the lords,* because they think all that will be done. I am afraid good people will wish they had not been passive, and given the advantage of time so much to the ill ones to act. All this business about the sheriffs is in order to carry ill things. My Lord Sunderland thought it had been better if they had not been opposed, but the mayor and recorder did undertake more than they could do. I am old enough to remember the ill consequences of princes being deceived. There is one place of counsel I should never have suspected (my Lady Orrery's) till I did know that my Lord Shaftesbury, Duke of Monmouth, and my Lord Cavendish, do meet and sup there, *and Mrs. Nelly*, who the King had forbid letting the Duke of Monmouth come to her house. To-day my Lady Orrery is gone to Windsor to furnish for the better diverting them."

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* The Roman Catholic lords then in the Tower were Earl Powis, Viscount Stafford, Lord Arundel of Wardour, Lord Bellasis, and Lord Petre.

The following letter offers a curious picture of the mixture of careless levity with patriotic plans which formed a characteristic of the manners of the day.

"Aug^{t}. 5th.

"I know, my dear Lord, you think me a great fool for writing as I do, but that shall not serve you to be rid of it till I see you. My Lord of Essex tells me you promise to be here the beginning of next month. I long for the time. My Lady Scroope is out of her wits: she is grown very violent in her religion (Roman Catholic), and she says it will not be possible for any of them to live in England. I know not what they are in the country, but here they are enraged. Some of them say the duke has undone them (all the rational Roman Catholics were of this opinion). * *

"My Lord Shaftesbury raves of you or my son going into Ireland. They have made their plot form as well as they can here, and now they are gone to cabal in the country. My Lord Clifford, who was very near Reading, neither went to the Duke of Monmouth nor sent to him. I believe he is grown a very moderate person. My Lord Cavendish had taken up money at fifty and three score pounds in a hundred, to go into France; and he lost a thousand in two nights at Madame Mazarine's, that stops his journey for a *time. * *

"My Lord Thanet is one of the pretenders to be Chamberlain to the Queen, and makes his court in letting one of the bedchamber women play his money with her Majesty at *antrelieu.* The King, Queen, Duchess of Portsmouth, and my Lord Feversham made a bank of 2000*l.*, and they won 2700*l.* of the Frenchmen. The Duke de Nevers goes away to-day; my Lord Sunderland has not lost. He told me he had heard Judge

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* The Duchess of Mazarine came to England in 1675, and had apartments in the precincts of the palace at Whitehall. Play to a great extent was carried on in her house, as Evelyn remarks in his diary on the "luxury, profaneness, gaming, and forgetfulness of God that took place there."

Lady Sunderland adds, further on in her letters,—

"My Lord Cavendish is stopped awhile: he has not only lost all his money, but coach, horses, and plate,—all he had. My Lord Clifford says he expects his pictures and house will be gone next." * * * "My Lord Cavendish, at last, is gone into France, he recruited his loss at play with more borrowing, at fifty and sixty the hundred."

Weston had not performed the orders he had to make a distinction between the papists and the fanatics."

Waller's Sacharissa lived to an advanced age, and it was at that period

"When youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of love is gone,"

that she asked her poet "when he would write such fine verses to her again." The mortified lover, who had twice seen her the bride of another, and who had been held by her in bondage, in spite of her scorn, for so many years, was ungallant enough to reply thus churlishly,—"Oh, Madam, when your ladyship is as young again."

As she so constantly, in her letters, speaks of him in the most careless manner, she probably did not attach so much importance to his complimentary verses as the world has since done: certainly their merit has been rather overrated, for the extreme mellifluousness attributed to those addressed to her, is less apparent to a modern ear than it might have been at the time. The name of Sacharissa, too, conveys no romantic ideas in Europe, whatever it might have done had the poet been a native of Shiraz, and addressed his love as "branch of sugar-cane" and "sugar-lips;" a compliment fully appreciated in the East, but which, perhaps, made

Lady Dorothy Sidney only smile, as her countrywomen have done since.

It was to Lady Sophia Murray, as Amoret, that Waller transferred his compliments when he ceased to celebrate Sacharissa. Lodge says, in his notice of Lady Dorothy Sidney :—

> "To forbear from giving here at least one quotation from the poems of her constant bard would needlessly add to the imperfections of this sketch. Of the numerous tributes of Waller's muse to Sacharissa most are insignificant, and none of very high interest. Perhaps the best is to be found in some very lively lines, '*To Amoret*,' said to have been a Lady Sophia Murray, which Dr. Johnson, in his life of Waller, has honoured by observing, that they are among those of his poetical pieces whose 'excellency ought to save them from oblivion.'"

TO AMORET.

"Fair, that you may truly know,
What you unto Thyrsis owe,
I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa love, and you.
Joy salutes me when I set
My blest eyes on Amoret;
But with wonder am I shook,
When I on the other look.
If sweet Amoret complains,
I have sense of all her pains;
But for Sacharissa I
Do not only grieve, but die.

All that of myself is mine,
Lovely Amoret, is thine;
Sacharissa's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain,
And, those scorching beams to shun,
To thy gentle shadow run.
If the soul had free election
To dispose of her affection,
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty Sacharissa's scorn;
But 'tis sure some power above
Which controuls our wills in love;
If not love, a strong desire
To create and spread that fire
In my breast solicits me,
Beauteous Amoret, for thee.
'Tis amazement, more than love,
Which her radiant eyes do move:
If less splendour wait on thine,
Yet they so benignly shine,
I would turn my dazzled sight
To behold their milder light;
But as hard 'tis to destroy
That high flame as to enjoy,
Which how eas'ly I might do,
Heav'n (as eas'ly scal'd) does know.
Amoret, as sweet and good
As the most delicious food,
Which, but tasted, does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.
Sacharissa's beauty's wine,
Which to madness doth incline:
Such a liquor has no brain
That a mortal can sustain.
Scarce can I to Heaven excuse
The devotion which I use
Unto that adored dame;
For 'tis not unlike the same
Which I thither ought to send.
So that, if it could take end,

'Twould to Heaven itself be due
To succeed her, and not you,
Who already have of me
All that's not idolatry;
Which, though not so fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the same.
Then smile on me, and I will prove,
Wonder is shorter liv'd than love."

That he loved neither of these beauties is sufficiently evident by the strain of forced enthusiasm which runs through his verses addressed to both; but those to Lady Dorothy Sidney are clearly no more than mere admiration of her beauty: they breathe nothing of love. Except, indeed, his lines to her are in the same spirit as those he addressed to Charles II., who reproached him that his congratulatory verses were not equal to those he had composed on the death of the Protector, and he replied, "Poets, Sire, succeed better in fiction than in truth."

What reality, for instance, does there appear in such lines as these on Penshurst, smooth though they be:—

"Ye lofty beeches! tell this matchless dame,
That if together ye fed all one flame,
It could not equalize the hundredth part
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart.
Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
Of noble Sydney's birth; when such benign,
Such more than mortal-making stars did shine,

That there they cannot but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble love:
His humble love, whose hope shall ne'er rise higher
Than for a pardon that he dares admire."

He had constituted himself her knight, and was always ready to break a lance in her honour: thus, when some libellous tongues had dared to hint that Sacharissa painted, he writes, with melodious indignation:—

"Paints her, 'tis true, with the same hand that spreads
Like glorious colours through the flowery meads,
When lavish Nature, with her best attire,
Clothes the gay Spring, the season of desire.
Paints her, 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn
With the same art wherewith she paints the morn;
With the same art wherewith she gilded so
Those painted clouds which form Thaumantia's bow."

His complaints of her cruelty are in the fanciful inflated manner of the heroes of Sidney's own "Arcadia," and all the romances of the age then so much and so unjustly prized; but there is no real passion—it is at best but mortified vanity.

This admired beauty and amiable woman died forty years after her last husband, and was buried in the same vault with him, at Brington, Northamptonshire, 25th February, 1683-4.

ELIZABETH PERCY,

DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.

Elizabeth Percy, the heiress to an immense fortune, was twice a widow before she was sixteen, and three times a wife by the time she had attained that age. She was the only child and heir of Jocelyn Percy, last Earl of Northumberland: her mother was Elizabeth Wriothesley, the beloved sister of Lady Rachel Russell, and who, on becoming a widow, married Mr. Montagu. In one of Lady Rachel's letters to her husband occurs the following paragraph:—

"The Lady Northumberlands have met at Northumberland House; after some propositions offered by my sister to the other," (the grandmother of the child in question,) "which were discoursed first yesterday before my Lord Chancellor, between the elder lady and Mr. Montagu, Lord Suffolk by; my sister offers to deliver up the child upon condition she will promise she shall have her on a visit for ten days or a month sometimes, and that she will enter into bonds not to marry the child without the mother's consent, nor till she is of years of consent: and on her part, Mr. Montagu and she will enter into the same bonds, that when she is with them, or at no time, they will marry or contract any marriage for her without the grandmother's consent: but she was stout yesterday, and would not hear patiently, yet went to Northumberland House, and gave my sister a visit; I hope for an accommodation. My sister urges it is hard that her child (that if she has no other children must be her heir) should be disposed of without her consent; and in my judgment it is hard, yet I fancy I am not very apt to be partial."

Notwithstanding these engagements on both sides to leave her choice free in marriage, at the age of between eleven and twelve, Elizabeth Percy was, in 1679, made the wife of Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, only son of the last Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle.

On this occasion, Lady Rachel Russell writes the following feeling letter to the young bride, by which it appears that her mother's wishes were not consulted:—

"April 1, 1679.

"My Lord of Essex * on Saturday morning sent me your Ladyship's letter. In it I find the change you have made in your condition. You have my prayers and wishes, dear Lady Ogle, that it may prove as fortunate to you as ever it did to any, and that you may know happiness to a good old age; but, Madam, I cannot think you can be completely so with a misunderstanding between so near a relation as a mother, and therefore, in pursuance of my wish, I must do you all the service in my power. But surely, Madam, it must be chiefly your own act; and you cannot pursue, in my opinion, so commendable a design too eagerly. No applications can now be too earnest to obtain her pardon, nor could have been to prevent the misfortune of her displeasure, whose tender kindness you cannot but be convinced of: and consequently, Madam, that all her advice could have no other aim and end but your being happy: and reasonably concluding the freeness of your choice was likely to make you so, she could not think your avoiding to see so many, alike qualified to make their addresses to you, was the way to make you so impartial in your judgment (as you say in your letter you believe you have been).

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* He was the bride's uncle, by marriage, his wife being Elizabeth, sister of Jocelyn Percy, the last Earl of Northumberland, Lady Ogle's father.

"I hope it will prove the best for you: but I cannot make use of your argument to her, not thinking it of force to persuade her to what you desire, and know none so probable as your own constant solicitations, which will, I hope, prevail with her good nature. I am certain I do passionately desire it, and shall infinitely rejoice to be a witness of it, as must all those that are as sincerely as I am

"Yours, ——."

The youthful husband of this infant wife died in the following year, leaving her again an object of intrigue and speculation. She had been scarcely a widow a twelvemonth, when she was again led to the altar by Thomas Thynne, Esq., of Longleat, in Wiltshire.

This second marriage seems to have been offensive to most of her family, and but little desired by herself: there is reason to think she shared the common fate of young heiresses, and was made the prey of artful and designing persons: that her grandmother should have lent herself to such unworthy projects is extremely disgusting, yet such would seem to have been the case from the following passage in Evelyn:—

"15 Oct. 1681.—I dined with the Earl of Essex, who, after dinner, in his study, where we were alone, related to me how much he had been scandalized and injured in the report of his being privy to the marriage of his lady's niece, the rich young widow of the late Lord Ogle, sole daughter of the Earl of Northumberland: showing me a letter of Mr. Thynne's, excusing himself for not communicating his marriage to his lordship. He acquainted me also with the whole story of that unfortunate lady's being betrayed by her grandmother, the Countess of Northumberland, and Colonel Brett, for money: and that, upon the importunity of the Duke of Monmouth, he had delivered to the grandmother a particular of the jointure, which Mr. Thynne pretended he could settle on the lady; yet he totally discouraged the proceeding, as by no means a competent match for one that, both by birth and fortune, might have pretended to the greatest prince in Christendom: that he had also proposed the Earl of Kingston, or the Lord Cranburn, but was by no means for Mr. Thynne."

Lady Sunderland, as we have already seen,* in her letters to her husband, names Mr. Thynne in a manner which does not set forth his character in the best light.

The Duke of Buckingham proposed to the King, to obtain the hand of the little heiress, Elizabeth

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* Ante, p. 114.

Percy, for his Majesty's son, the young Duke of Grafton; but Charles was obliged to decline the proposition, as negotiations were already concluded between him and Lord Arlington's infant daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Bennett, a still more childish bride: of this latter marriage, Evelyn speaks in his "Diary," thus:—

"6 Nov. 1679.—Dined at the Countess of Sunderland's, and was this evening at the remarriage of the Duchess of Grafton to the Duke, she being now twelve years old (she was only five years old, and her bridegroom eight, when they were first married). The ceremony was performed in my Lord Chamberlain's (her father's) lodgings at Whitehall, by the Bishop of Rochester, his Majesty present. A sudden and unexpected thing, when everybody believed the first marriage would have come to nothing, but the measure being determined, I was privately invited by my Lady, her mother, to be present. I confess I could give her little joy, and so I plainly told her; but she said the King would have it so, and there was no going back. This sweetest, hopefullest, and most beautiful child was sacrificed to a boy that had been rudely bred, without anything to encourage them but his Majesty's pleasure. I pray God the sweet child find it to her advantage, who, if my augury deceive me not, will in a few years be such a paragon, as were fit to make the wife of the greatest prince in Europe. I staid supper, when his Majesty sat between the Duchess of Cleveland (the mother of the Duke of Grafton) and the sweet duchess the bride: there were several great persons and ladies present, without pomp. My love to my Lord Arlington's family and the sweet child made me behold all this with regret; though, as the Duke of Grafton affects the sea, to which I find his father intends to use him, he may emerge a plain, useful, and robust officer: and, were he polished, a tolerable person, for he is exceeding handsome, by far surpassing any of the King's other natural issue."

Lord Sunderland also sought this "sweet child" for his son, and thought himself ill-used by her being given to another. The fate of both these heiresses was similar; each being sacrificed to the selfish views of their relatives.

Buckingham offered to the mother of Elizabeth Percy to get the King's consent that the Duke of York should marry her daughter; of course this zeal on his part was to be rewarded with "a consideration."

Mr. Thynne was remarkable for his great fortune, his extreme benevolence, and great hospitality. He was member for the county of Wilts; and was there familiarly called "Tom of Ten Thousand."

Probably his wit was not equal to his fortune, as he is sneered at by several satirical authors of his time. Dryden introduces him as Issachar in his "Absalom and Achitophel."

Lord Rochester satirizes both the poet and his subject in the following bitter couplet:—

> "Who'd be a wit in Dryden's cudgelled skin?
> Or who'd be rich and senseless like Tom Thynne?"

The castigation to which these lines allude, was bestowed on Dryden in consequence of his reflecting on the Duchess of Portsmouth and Lord Rochester—two immaculate personages!—in his "Essay on Satire."

Mr. Thynne was a great friend of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, although, at first, he had been of the party of the Duke of York, by whom, in 1669, he was sent to Dunkirk on a mission to the King of France. Dryden hints that the hospitality he exercised at Longleat was the chief inducement to the Duke of Monmouth to seek his society:—

> "But hospitable treats did most commend
> Wise Issachar, his wealthy western friend."

But the sorrow of the duke for his murder, and the devoted friendship he showed him, disprove the assertion. Whether Thynne were "wise," or the contrary, he was frequently employed in important missions, and was despatched to Holland to negotiate a peace with the Dutch, in 1677.

Although the widow-heiress was made his wife, it had been agreed on that she was not to reside with him for a year after their marriage, as she was still, in fact, a child in the nursery; but during that time the little beauty, who had learned to have a will of her own, while she was made the tool of others, conceived, it is said, so violent a dislike to her future husband, that, assisted by people always ready to afford relief to a person of her wealth, she escaped from her home, and took refuge in Holland.*

Young as she was, the fame of her beauty, as well as her great wealth, attracted universal attention; and, unfortunately, admiration and cupidity combined caused a plan to be laid to set her free from the trammels that bound her, and leave her at liberty to make a new election. The too celebrated Count Koningsmark, whose beauty and daring had made him the theme of conversation and scandal from one end of Europe to the other, cast his eyes on the fair Elizabeth, and marked her for his own. As his will was probably his law, he did not pause to weigh consequences, but set about getting rid at once of his rival as a first step. He hired three bravos, ready to commit any crime for pay—a German, a Swede, and a Pole, and to these he gave commission to assassinate Mr. Thynne.

This audacious project they boldly carried into execution, by placing themselves on horseback, in Pall Mall, through which the carriage of their victim was expected to pass; and, when it appeared, riding up, stopping the horses, and firing into the window. The first shot was fatal; five balls entered the body of the unfortunate husband of the beautiful heiress, and he was carried to his own house in a dying condition. He lingered till the next morning, when he expired.

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* Reresby.

The ruffians escaped in the confusion, but were soon after taken and brought to trial: their principal was also secured; but Charles II., evidently, from the first, had resolved that he should escape while his myrmidons were sacrificed. Captain Vraty, the German bravo, was either true to his employer in an extraordinary degree, or had been deceived by him into some belief of injury from Mr. Thynne; for he insisted to the last that he only intended to challenge that ill-fated gentleman to single combat; and his having been shot by Borotski the Pole, was from a misapprehension of his orders. The account given by Bishop Burnet of this man is very extraordinary: he did not conceive that he had done anything reprehensible, and could not be made to see the guilt he had committed. To all the exhortations of the clergymen who attended him he would only reply, by assuring them of his firm conviction, that he had by no means forfeited eternal happiness; and that he believed the only punishment reserved for offenders, in the next world, was their exclusion from the presence of God, and the sight of others happier than themselves: he was convinced that he should hereafter be treated *as a gentleman*, who had merely acted conformably to his condition of a soldier, and revenged an affront offered him by another.

Count Koningsmark was not convicted, and, for that time, escaped the penalty of his wickedness; but a strange fate overtook him, and transferred the odium of guilt to another, who was *his* murderer. George the First, when Elector of Hanover, became jealous, not without some cause, of this

> "Fine, gay, boldfaced villain,"

who had the presumption to aspire to the notice of the fair and imprudent and neglected electress. Koningsmark was ordered to quit the dominions of her husband without delay; but before he did so, was persuaded by persons probably inimicable to him to entreat a private audience of leave with the princess. It is thought that the adviser of the electress on this occasion was her husband's favourite, Melusine, Countess of Munster, afterwards the well-known Duchess of Kendal. She had, doubtless, some pique to revenge on the volatile count, and saw him fall into the snare laid for him with all the exultation of hatred.

Koningsmark was introduced to the chamber of the electress, in order to kiss her hand: he quitted her presence, and——was never seen again.

There is a tradition of his bones having been found on occasion of the floor which led to the princess's dressing-room being renewed, many years after, when some alterations were made in the Palace of Herrenhausen: at all events, he disappeared from that moment, and was heard of no more.

Mr. Thynne's monument is one of the most conspicuous in Westminister Abbey. It is well executed, and the reliefs represent the story of his assassination in great detail.

The heiress, now a second time a widow, though still little more than fifteen, was again disposed of, and, like the wife of Tobit, was at length delivered from the power of an evil spirit who destroyed her husbands; for no interruption seems to have taken place in her union with Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset.

The Duke of Somerset was, when he married Lady Elizabeth, just twenty, handsome and commanding in his person, with many good qualities; but possessed of an overweening pride, which obscured them all. He is that nobleman who obtained the unenviable title of "The Proud Duke of Somerset," and of whom the tale is told of his repressing the familiarity of his second wife, Lady Charlotte Finch, whom he married in 1726, when she was incautious enough to tap him with her fan: turning haughtily round to the presuming beauty, and looking on her with a frowning brow, he exclaimed, "Madam, my first wife was a Percy, and she never took such a liberty."

Elizabeth, Duchess of Somerset, succeeded the Duchess of Marlborough, as *Groom of the Stole* to Queen Anne.

The following letter, relative to the succession of the Duchess of Somerset to the place of the Duchess of Marlborough, is amongst the correspondence of the latter, and is endorsed by her thus:—

> "From Lady Scarborough, a very kind letter when I had lost my interest. This is a great deal for her to say; for she had a great friendship for the Duchess of Somerset, who was gone to Petworth, after she had secured my place, and in the winter, that, when she was sent for, it might look in the world as if she knew nothing of my being removed."

LADY SCARBOROUGH TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

"Nov. 5, 1711.

"I was afraid you would think me mad by the letter I writ you the other day: but I was but just come to town, and they told me your dear grace was so. I am glad you are pleased wherever you are, but hope the Duke of Marlborough's coming will bring you soon hither. I have not been well enough yet to have the honour of seeing the Queen, but hear her gout is almost gone off. I thought I should have found the Duchess of Somerset here; but Lady Pembroke, who goes into the country herself on Monday, tells me she is going to Petworth, to stay till Christmas, which I wonder at; having heard that his grace is so great a favourite as to be two or three hours at a time in the drawing-room.

"The Lady at Kensington, they say, has lain-in very finely, though I meet with nobody that will seem to tell it upon their own knowledge. What you say is most certain, that all that has happened must have proceeded from her instigation; but it is most wonderful how it was possible, after so long and strict a friendship: and what makes it the more extraordinary is, that the very measures should be taken that you lost her favour by persuading her to. But, to be sure, there's more fear than inclination and politic in the other to save herself from being tore to pieces: and I believe, judging pretty right; for, when people are satisfied as to their own particulars, they seldom trouble themselves, or are uneasy upon others' accounts; and this so generally goes through the world, and there are so many impertinences in it, that I don't wonder at any one's growing less fond of it. But you are the person, above all others, that I would wish it might not be so: for you have so much inclination to do good, that it would be ten thousand pities you should not have it always as much in your power as it has been.

"I was in bed when I received your letter; but I hope this will come time enough to be sent by your keeper. If you do not come soon, I beg I may have the pleasure of hearing from my dear Lady Duchess again."

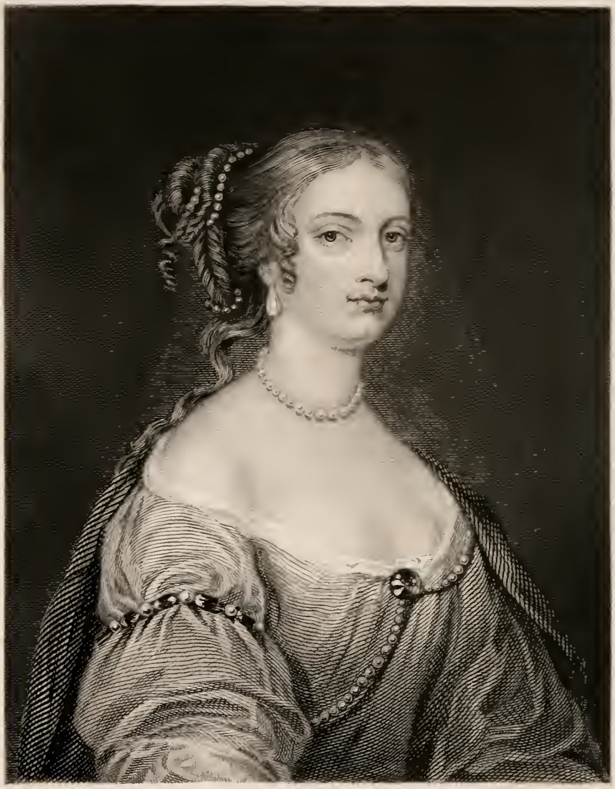
The Duchess of Marlborough, with her usual severity, whether deserved or not, sums up the character of her rival in place in these words:—

"The Duchess of Somerset was near the Queen's person: she had her ear whenever she pleased; she was soft and complaisant, full of fine words and low courtesies; and could, by art and insinuation, (seemingly unaffected and free from malice or passion,) make all such disadvantageous impressions sink the deeper into her mistress's heart.

"What she had fixed her eyes and wishes upon was the office of Groom of the Stole, as yet possessed by the Duchess of Marlborough; but she covered the impertinence of her expectation and ambition within, with the outward guise of lowliness and good humour. And, being assured that, when the change was made, she should be Groom of the Stole, this made her grace very industrious in doing all manner of mischief; but, at the same time, she acted her part so well, that she would solemnly lament the misunderstanding between the Queen and the Duchess of Marlborough, whom she did her utmost to undermine; though, in the beginning of the Queen's reign, she had made her a lady of the bedchamber, after she had refused it, and after the number was filled up; and, when a certain great man had resolved to have the Duke of Somerset removed from being Master of the Horse, as he affirmed, for telling the secrets of the cabinet council, the Duchess of Marlborough gave the Duchess of Somerset timely notice of it, and prevented the blow. The Duke of Somerset was out of humour,—I don't remember for what,—and left the court; but the duchess stayed behind him, and enjoyed, not only the post for which she had ignominiously sacrificed her truth and honour, but also with it a degree of royal favour which these new ministers personally began to envy and to be jealous of. * * *

"It seems it was a post that could move the ambition of more than one; for, besides that it might be concluded, from the abuse the Duchess of Somerset presently met with, that Mrs. Masham herself had an eye upon it, and was making her way to it by due degrees, it is certain that there were three other ladies,—viz., the Duchess of Ormond, the Lady Rochester (then Lady Hyde), and Lady Fretcheville,—who were all vain enough to set their thoughts upon it, and were ungrateful enough to do all ill offices to one to whom they had frequently acknowledged, under their own hands, very great obligations, in order to obtain it."

Algernon, Earl of Hertford, son of the Duchess of Somerset, was one of the most accomplished men of his time; and his wife, who was, as Mrs. Jameson observes, in her charming "Memoirs of the Beauties of Charles II.," "by an odd fatality, one of the family of Thynne, was that amiable Duchess of Somerset, many of whose letters have been published in Shenstone's correspondence."



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LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.

Few women have attained more universal sympathy and admiration, or have more justly deserved commendation, than the saint-like daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. Her mother was Rachael de Rouvigny, of an ancient Huguenot family in France; she died in the infancy of this, her second daughter, who was born in 1636.

Whether owing to the political disturbances which occurred in her youth, or from the circumstance of her having no mother's eye on her education, it seems to have been somewhat neglected, to judge by the grammatical errors in some of her letters; which, however, are by no means rare in the correspondence of ladies of her period who had a high reputation for erudition. But in piety and purity of heart she excelled from the tenderest age; and her father's freedom from sectarian prejudice probably guided her judgment, and prevented her from falling into the illiberal notions of the age, for that she had truly charitable and christian feelings her letters prove.

Her father, who was three times married, gave his daughter Rachel to the eldest son of the Earl of Carberry, Francis Lord Vaughan, when both parties were too young to choose for themselves; as she herself expresses her opinion, speaking of early marriages, "It is acceptance rather than choosing on either side." She, however, made a most excellent wife to Lord Vaughan, who left her a widow in 1667, when she went to reside with a beloved sister, who had married Edward Noel, son of Viscount Campden.

Her wealth was at this time considerable; and when she met with Mr. Russell he was only a younger brother, so that the inequality in their fortunes caused considerable diffidence on his part in making his addresses to one so much his superior in worldly advantages. They were, however, married when she had been but two years a widow; and until, by the death of his brother, her husband succeeded to the title of Lord Russell, she retained her former name of Vaughan.

Nothing could exceed the happiness which, for fourteen years, they enjoyed together: it was clouded, about ten years after their union, by the death of her sister Elizabeth, to whom her attachment was extreme, and whom she calls her "delicious friend," exclaiming, "sure nobody has ever enjoyed more pleasure in the conversations and tender kindness of a husband and sister than myself."

It was a sad alteration, indeed, when she was obliged to write to her uncle, after the death of her patriot husband, "'Tis a great change, from as much happiness as I believe this world can give to *know no more!*"

Throughout their union, Lord Russell seems always to have depended much on her judgment and excellent sense, and to have consulted her, and been guided by her advice in moments of difficulty. Her account of the debate in the House of Commons on the King's message in April, 1677, is remarkably clear and well given; her opinions on political affairs were correct and judicious, and her anxiety and watchfulness of all events in which her husband's interest was concerned, was unwearying.

Her life was passed in the performance of every duty; her children's pleasures and enjoyments, their instruction and health, were her sole occupations: but she appears to have been always cheerful and happy to receive her friends, and partake of the quiet amusements of rational society; for in her letters to her husband, when they were separated occasionally, she delights to relate to him all the little incidents which she conceives may entertain him during his absence. Her unfeigned piety was exemplary; and few women stood more in need of such support in her severe trials, which she bore without a murmur, although her

"Sorrows were most mighty."

As her excellent biographer, Miss Berry, observes:

"From devotion, and devoted resignation to the will of Heaven, who ever required or obtained more than Lady Russell? whose implicit faith in the inscrutable ways of the Almighty was ever exposed to severer trials? And where and when were the consoling doctrines of Christianity ever applied to more poignant distress, or productive of more admirable effects, than on her life, her conduct, and her character?

"Yet her devotion separated her in no degree either from the affections, the interests, or the amusements of the world. She appeared at a court in the profligacy of which she did not participate; and amused herself in a society whose frivolity she avoided.

"The tenor of her faith degraded not the social affections of the heart, by placing them in contradistinction to the duties she owed to a superior Being. She drew not up in terrible array the Divine will against her enjoyments, but endeavoured gratefully to partake of all the innocent pleasures offered both to our animal and intellectual existence by its benevolent Creator. She lowered not the spirituality of her nature by clogging it with the language of worldly passion, nor the performance of minute observances; but, with a mind at once exalted and purified by her faith, she looked up from the depths of human suffering, with trembling hope, to the immense mercies, and with unshaken confidence to the consoling promises of an Almighty Being."

Some of her letters will best show the cheerful character of her mind; they are not distinguished for remarkable beauty of style, and are inferior to what her known abilities might lead the reader to expect. Many women, doubtless, of less attainment have possessed the charming art of letter-writing in much greater perfection, but in few can a purer mind or finer heart be shown.

From London to Stratton,* 1672.

"I am very sure my dearest Mr. Russell† meant to oblige me extremely when he enjoined me to scribble to him by the post, as knowing he could not do a kinder thing than to let me see he designed not to think me impertinent in it, though we parted but this morning; which I might reasonably have doubted to have been, when I have passed all this long day, and learned nothing new to entertain you and your good company. All I see either are, or appear to me, duller than when you were here, and I do not find the town is enlivened by the victory* we have obtained; there is no more talk of than you heard last night, nor nothing printed, because there *is* no letters come yet. Tom Howard,† Lord Howard's son, is expected every hour with them. Many whisper the French behaved themselves not like firm friends. The Duke of York's marriage‡ is broke off; that, and other causes, makes him look less in good humour than ordinary: they say she is offered the King of Spain, and our prince shall have Elbeuf.

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* The house and estate in Hampshire which Lady Rachel had inherited from her father, Lord Southampton, and where she and her family resided in the summer.

† She generally addresses her husband in this somewhat formal manner.

"Mrs. Ogle§ is to marry Craven Howard, Tom Howard's son; and Tom Wharton has another mistress in chase, my Lady Rochester's grandchild;‖ but he is so unfortunate before the end, that it is mistrusted he may miss her, though the grandmother is his great friend. Young Arundel, my Lord Arundel of Trerice his son, is extremely in love, and went down where she is, and watched her coming abroad to take the air, rode up to her coach. Mr. Wharton was on horse by the coach side; Arundel thrust him away, and, looking into the coach, told her no man durst say he valued her at the rate he did. Mr. Wharton, like a good Christian, turned the other cheek, for he took no notice of it; but the other having no opportunity to see or speak to her, was thus forced to return; but Wharton is admitted to the house.

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* This was the sanguinary engagement in Solbay of the 28th of May, in which the Duke of York gained a dear-bought advantage over the Dutch fleet, commanded by de Ruyter. The French, our allies, were suspected of treachery on the occasion.

† Afterwards the principal evidence against Lord Russell in the Rye House Plot.

‡ With the Archduchess of Inspruck, afterwards married to the Emperor.

§ Maid of honour to Catherine of Portugal. Evelyn calls her "'an ancient maid,' whom he clandestinely married, who brought him no fortune."

‖ She married Lord Sandwich: lived much in Paris, and was intimate with Ninon de l'Enclos.

"My cousin Spencer is at Kimbolton still, so we may send thither time enough. My Lady Jane and Northumberland are waiting for an egg when I have done this, so that I scarce know what I say; yet I am loth to leave, and hope, how ill soever I express myself, you will still understand me to be entirely, as I ought, yours,

"R. VAUGHAN."

Thus she always signed herself till Lord Russell came to his title.

The following extracts from one of her letters are as if she felt that

"Coming events cast their shadow before."

"My best life, you that know so well how to love and to 'oblige, make my felicity entire, by believing my heart possessed with all the gratitude, honour, and passionate affection to your person any creature is capable of, or can be obliged to; and, this granted, what have I to ask but a continuance, if God see fit, of these present enjoyments? if not, *a submission, without murmur, to his most wise dispensations and unerring providence: having a thankful heart for the years I have been so perfectly contented in. He knows best when we have had enough here:* what I most earnestly beg from his mercy is, that we both live so as, *whichever goes first, the other may not sorrow, as for one of whom they have no hope.* Then let us cheerfully expect to be together to a good old age; *if not, let us not doubt but he will support us under what trial he will inflict upon us.*

"These are necessary meditations sometimes, *that we may not be surprised above our strength by a sudden accident, being unprepared.* Excuse me, if I dwell too long upon it; it is from my opinion that, if we can be prepared for all conditions, we can with the greater tranquillity enjoy the present; which I hope will be long, though, when we change, it will be for the better, I trust, through the merits of Christ. Let us daily pray it may be so, and then admit of no fears: death is the extremest evil against nature, it is true; *let us overcome the immoderate fear of it, either to our friend or self, and then what light hearts may we live with!*"

In contrast to this, her ordinary letters speak of her cheerfulness, and show the usual manner of her life:—

From London to Stratton, 1675.

"The few hours we have been parted seem too many to me, to let this first post night pass without giving my dear man a little talk, which must be an account how I have spent my time: for intelligence I have none, and my heart and thoughts are all known to Mr. Russell. Therefore I return to my present design. I am to tell you, though I intended to dine where I am now, at Leicester House,* yet your father, coming to see *our Miss*,† carried me to dinner to Bedford House, to eat Devonshire fish; and after, wanting gamesters, I must play one hour: but before I had done one quarter, Lord Suffolk came, and I desired to resign to him, having won my lord five pounds, and myself thirty shillings; so I came to my sister, and found her in great trouble,—the child seeming, indeed, to be very ill, and the doctor ordering a remedy. Whilst it was getting ready, went to see my Lady Jones's children; and, whilst he was there, her youngest boy died,—played with him when he came in, and only flushed in the face, and died instantly.

"My sister's girl is better to-day: our's fetched but one sleep last night, and was very good this morning. * * * The Lord Huntingdon is a better fortune than he was, by the death of Lord Stanhope

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* Where her sister, Lady Northumberland and Mr. Montagu lived, while Montagu House, now the British Museum, was building.

† Their eldest child, Rachel, afterwards Duchess of Devonshire.

1,500*l.* a-year coming to him. Mr. Grimes,* that was at Wickham, was married yesterday, to Dol. Howard, the maid of honour. Madam Mazarine is not arrived yet, but I hear Madam Tremblet is. * * *

"The doctor presents his services to you. He has been to see the child. No city news, he says; but the monied men likely to be undone again,—all calling in their money, and they not able to pay it so suddenly.

"Harry Saville is in a kind of disgrace with the Duke of York. When the King dined at the Duke of Albemarle's, after dinner, the duke, talking to Saville, asked if he meant not to invite the King to the business of the day. Saville wondered what he meant: the duke told him he need not, for sure it was his constant endeavour to get the King to drink more than any that wished him well would do. Saville denied it: 'Then go away,' replies the other. So he did: and the next day, the King reproaching him for not staying, he told the occasion: so there is great anger. I write in the nursery; and Lady Harvey is just rushed in, and no sister at home: so I may be engaged, but I think not, for she is started back again—a perfect vision. I am going to see poor Lady Jones."

In the same lively strain Lady Rachel continues her home news in other characteristic letters to her husband, in which the affection is, it must be confessed, purer than the style:—

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* Colonel James Grehme, of Leevens, in Westmorland, mentioned by Evelyn.

"What reputation writing this may give me, the chamber being full of ladies, I know not: but I am sure to be ill in that heart (to whose person I send this) I dare not hazard: and since he expects a letter from me, by neglect I shall make no omission; and, without doubt, the performance of it is a pleasanter thing than I have had sense of, from the time we parted; and all acts of obedience must be so to my dearest man, who I trust in God is well: but ill entertained, I fear, at Stratton, but what the good company repairs. The weather is here very ill, and the winds so high, that I desire to hope you do not lie in our old chamber, being afraid when I think you do. Our little *Fubs* (their daughter) is very well: made her usual court to her grandfather just now, who is a little melancholy for his horses; but they are all sent to take the air at Kensington, or somewhere out of town. I have asked every one I see for news, but all I can learn is, that Attorney Montague has done his best to be chief-justice, but will fail. * * * There is no more news of the fleets. The King and Duke both professed that, if they could see a report from de Ruyter, they should give a perfect credit to it, being sure he would write nothing but truth. There is such a buzz, I can so little tell what I say, that it is in vain to say more. My Lady Die sends a token of the bill of mortality; and Lady Shaftesbury the Mercury. All this charge comes from my putting up the Gazette, the ladies would obligingly add. I am, my best love, more than I can tell you, and as much as I ought, your's

"R. VAUGHAN."

"I write this to my dear Mr. Russell, because I love to be busied in either speaking of him or to him; but the pretence I take is, lest that I wrote yesterday should miscarry: so this may again inform you, at London, that your coach shall be at *Harford* Bridge (if God permit) upon Thursday night, to wait your coming; and on Saturday I hope to be at Stratton, and my sister also. This day she resolved it, so her coach will bring us all, as I think to contrive it, or, at least, with the help of the chariot and *cart-horses:* but I think to send you the coach, to save sending six horses for it, for a pair will bring the chariot."

By this it appears, that travelling at that period was a somewhat weighty business, when cart-horses were obliged to be employed to drag the cumbrous vehicles in use through roads, the difficulties of which there is some difficulty to form an idea at present.

Lady Rachel's tenderness for her husband is always evident in every letter she writes to him:—

"It is an inexpressible joy," she says, "to consider I shall see the person in the world I most and only long to be with, before another week is past. I should condemn my sense of this unexpected happiness as weak and pitiful, if I could tell it you."

This is like Juliet's—

> "They are but beggars who can count their worth."

"No," she continues, "my best life, I can say little; but think all you can, and you cannot think too much: my heart makes it all good. I perfectly know my infinite obligations to Mr. Russell; and in it is the delight of her life who is as much yours as you desire she should be."

She enters into the amusements of the day, goes shopping, and visits fashionable places with her friends, without thinking that there is any crime in indulging in such recreations, when important duties are not neglected for it. She mentions going to a Dutch woman's, who appears to be the mistress of a shop called an India-house, where tea, china, and other Indian goods were then only to be purchased. This was a great resort with the fine ladies of those days, and became such a passion, that scandal at length became busy with their constant visits there; and

> "To cheapen tea, and buy a screen,"

was not supposed to be the only motive of the young fashionables who crowded the India-houses.

King William was very severe on Queen Mary for going to one; and Cibber makes Lady Townley "take a flying jaunt to an India-house," as one of the most dashing gaieties of a fine lady's London life.

Lady Rachel omits none of the news of the day from "the blazing star, which much affected the Queen, who is very ill," to the "huge whale come up to Chatham, fifty-three feet long," and tells her husband that she has spent the whole afternoon with her sister Allington, yet regrets that by all their travels she could not improve her knowledge, as, she adds, "I extremely desired to do, that I might entertain your dear self the better by this letter: else could have been content to be to-morrow morning as ignorant as I was this: for all my ends and designs in this world are to be as useful and acceptable to my Mr. Russell as I can, to deserve better, if I could, that dear and real kindness I faithfully believe his goodness suffers me to enjoy."

She goes on to touch on political matters, and names the reception that Lord William's addresses met with from the King and the court; concluding with domestic particulars relative to her children and their innocent prattle, which prove how affectionate and tender were both parents.

Her letters from 1678 begin to assume a more serious character, and her fears are shown in the following, which seems to allude to the motion of Lord Russell, thus conceived: "I move that we may go into a committee of the whole house, to consider of the sad and deplorable condition we are in, and the apprehensions we are under of popery and a standing army, and that we may consider of some way to save ourselves from ruin."

"My sister," says Lady Rachel, "being here, tells me she overheard you tell her lord last night that you would take notice of the business (you know what I mean) in the house: this alarms me, and I do earnestly beg of you to tell me truly if you have or mean to do it. If you do, I am most assured you will repent it. I beg once more to know the truth. It is more pain to be in doubt, and to your sister too, and, if I have any interest, I use it to beg your silence in this case, at least to-day."

March, 1677-8, while the house was sitting.

It would seem that Lord Russell was dissuaded from his intentions at that time, by the receipt of this note, which he kept and endorsed, thus proving the impression it made on his mind.

Some lively domestic communications, showing the habits of the day, soon after the last date, relieve the sudden cloud which spread over her correspondence, and, though the delusions of the popish plot were going on agitating the nation at this period, she only occasionally alludes to its consequences.

From Tunbridge Wells to London.

"After a toilsome day there is some refreshment to be telling our story to our best friends. I have seen your girl well laid in bed, and ourselves have made our supper upon biscuits, a bottle of white wine, and another of beer, mingled my uncle's way, with nutmeg and sugar. None are disposing to bed, not so much as complaining of weariness. Beds and things are all very well here: our want is, yourself and good weather. But now I have told you our present condition: to say a little of the past,—I do really think if I could have imagined the illness of the journey, it would have discouraged me: it is not to be expressed how bad the way is from Sevenoaks; but our horses did exceedingly well, and Spencer, very diligent, often off his horse, to lay hold of the coach. I have not much more to say this night: I hope the quilt is remembered, and Frances must remember to send more biscuits, either when you come or soon after. I long to hear from you, my dearest soul, and truly think your absence already an age. I have no mind to my gold plate: *here is no table to set it on:* but if that does not come, I desire you would bid Betty Foster send the silver glass I use every day. In discretion I haste to bed, longing for Monday, I assure you."

From London to Woburn she writes, 1st January, 1679, thus:—

" Tuesday, midnight.

" I beg thy leave, my only dear, by the way of refreshment, to tell you how I have spent the day. I ate pudding with the girls, and then went and ate porridge and partridge with my sister: then sent for both misses to make their visit, dispatched them home, so proceeded to the work of the day: made a dozen visits, and concluded at Whitehall. I learnt nothing there, but that the Queen had cried heartily: her eyes made it very visible, yet she was very lively. She was at cards with Lady Sunderland and Lady Betty Felton."

From London to Basing, she writes to Lord Russell, who was then on a visit to the Marquis of Winchester, afterwards Duke of Bolton, whose singular manner of life is thus described by Sir John Reresby, a year before the revolution.:—

" In the midst of the impending dangers which seemed to threaten us, there was a nobleman, the Marquis of Winchester, who had by his conduct persuaded some people to think him mad, though he certainly acted upon principles of great human prudence. This gentleman passing through Yorkshire, in his way to London, I went to pay him a visit; he had four coaches and a hundred horses in his retinue, and staid ten days at a house that he borrowed in our parts. His custom was to dine at six or seven in the evening, and his meal lasted till six or seven the next morning, during which he sometimes drank, sometimes he listened to music, sometimes he fell into discourse, sometimes he took tobacco, and sometimes he ate his victuals; while the company had free choice to sit or rise, to go or come, to sleep or not. The dishes and bottles were all the time before them on the table: and when it was morning he would hunt or hawk if the weather was fair; if not, he would dance, go to bed at eleven, and repose himself till evening. Notwithstanding this irregularity, he was a man of great sense, and though, as I just now said, some took him for mad, it is certain his meaning was to keep himself out of the way of more serious censure in these ticklish days, and preserve his estate, which he took great care of."

There is little doubt that Lord Winchester was, at this time, in correspondence with the Prince of Orange.

Lady Rachel's letter is as follows:—

"Feb. 7.

"I was very sorry to read anything under your hand written so late as I had one brought me to Montague House: but I heard yesterday morning, by a servant of my lord marquis, you got well to Teddington, so I hope you did to Basing, and our poor Stratton, and will by Saturday night to the creature of the world that loves you best. I have lived as retired, since you went, as the severest and most jealous husband could enjoin a wife: so that I am not fitted to entertain you with passages in the town, knowing no more how the world goes than an Italian lady, they say, usually does.

"The weather has been of the worst kind here, continually either snow or hail, or high winds. God keep you from colds. I wish you may know when you are well, and not stir from my lord marquis, whose very humble servant I am, and must be the more so, because I think he is so kind to you, as that my lord would willingly agree to my wish."

Lord Russell writes to his wife, at this time, from Basing, in the same strain of affection:—

"I am stole from a great many gentlemen into the drawing-room at Basing for a moment, to tell my dearest I have thought of her being here the last time, and wished for her a thousand times; but in vain, alas! for I am just going now to Stratton, and want the chariot and my dearest dear in it. I hope to be with you on Saturday. We have had a very troublesome journey of it, and insignificant enough by the fairness and excess of civility of somebody: —but more of that when I see you. I long for the time, and am, more than you can imagine,

"Your—

RUSSELL.

"I am troubled for the weather for our own selves, but much more for my sister. Pray God it may have no ill-effect on her, and that we may have a happy meeting on Saturday. I am Miss's humble servant."

Among the reports of the day, true and false, which Lady Rachel gives, is one of the bad state of the Princess of Orange's health, which was industriously circulated, but was without foundation: another was, that the Duke of Monmouth was forbidden to see Nell Gwynn; and she enlarges somewhat on the transactions connected with the Popish plot.

"From London to Stratton, 1680.

"My thoughts being ever best pleased when I, in some kind or other, entertain myself with the dearest of men, you may be sure I do most willingly prepare this for Mr. Chandler. If I do hear to-morrow from you, it will be a great pleasure to know you got well to Stratton, though I fear for you every day, knowing you will frisk out abroad. Mr. James (Russell), I hope airs your rooms well with good fires. Your father sighs with the prospect of his journey. Mrs. Herbert,* the doctors conclude, cannot live * * * she is as her sister Denham. * * *

"A lady out of the city told me it is certain there was before the mayor yesterday examinations of some apprentices concerning a new plot,† and that five did take their oaths it was to put the Lords out of the Tower and burn them, and the Duchess of Portsmouth together: this is the latest design I hear of; if any other discoveries be made between this and Tuesday night, I hope I shall not fail to be your informer, and after that, that you will quickly be mine again. * * *

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* This was the sister of Lady Denham, said to have been poisoned by her husband through jealousy, but Lady Rachel seems to give no credit to such a report, as she mentions that she is dying of the same complaint as her sister; for it was not suspected that Mrs. Herbert was poisoned.

† Called, in that plotting age, "the 'Prentices' Plot."

"Now they say, none must come to court that sees the Duke of Monmouth. The dinner at the club in the city has more angered the King than any thing yet.

"Mr. Craford has stole a young woman worth 2000*l.* out of a window: her mother had employed him to persuade her against a match she was not willing to consent to, and so he did most effectually.

"All the talk is, the Duke of Monmouth is to be sent for to appear at council: great talk of his raising a regiment; letters taken and witnesses to prove. I was told this evening there would be some discourses to-morrow at council about this, and perhaps he might appear, though not sent for. Lord Cavendish is not to be admitted to Nell Gwynn's house, nor Mr. Thynne. Lady Ann Barrington, about ten days ago, left her husband a letter to tell him she was gone to a fine place where she should be very well pleased: his house was so dirty, she could not endure it longer: so was not heard of till yesterday. She came home again.

Her sister was so afflicted, that a child dying, and another near it, was, she professed, the less affliction.

" Remembering no more tattle, and being nine o'clock, I take my leave, hoping to see your dear person in a few days." * * *

" My dearest heart, flesh and blood cannot have a truer and greater sense of their own happiness than your poor but honest wife has. I am glad you find Stratton so sweet; may you live to do so one fifty years more, and, if God pleases, I shall be glad I may keep your company most of those years, unless you wish other at any time; then I think I could willingly leave all in the world, knowing you would take care of our brats: they are both well, and your great one's letter she hopes came to you. * * * There is great talk of a new plot. Duke Monmouth, Duke Shaftesbury, and many concerned. Lord Essex named one: in a few days we shall know what can be made out." * * * " Mrs. Cellier* stood this day in the pillory: but her head was not put in the hole, but defended one side of her head, as a kind of battledore did the other, which she held in her hand. All the stones that were thrown within reach she took up, and put in her pocket.

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* A clever woman, a midwife, of bad character, and a Roman Catholic. She had been charged, in the preceding year, with being concerned in the Popish plot, but was acquitted: and her accuser, Dangerfield, committed to prison. She had been now convicted of the publication of a libel, called "Malice Defeated," and was sentenced to stand three times in the pillory, and fined a thousand pounds.

"My sister Northumberland's intelligence is, that Madame de Soissons* had won millions at play of the Jews at Amsterdam. * * *

"They say this young Hanover, who is coming over, Sidney says, to take our Lady Anne away, is one of the handsomest and best bred men of the age: spends now in the academy twenty thousand pounds a-year."

From Stratton to London, 20th Sept. 1681.

"To see anybody preparing and taking their way to see what I long to do a thousand times more than they, makes me not endure to suffer their going, without saying something to my best life: though it is a kind of anticipating my joy when we shall meet, to allow myself so much before the time: but I confess I feel a great deal that, though I left London with great reluctance, (as it is easy to persuade men a woman does,) yet that I am not like to leave Stratton with greater. They will tell you how well I got hither, and how well I found our dear treasure here: your boy will please you; you will, I think, find him improved, though I tell you so beforehand. They fancy he wanted you, for as soon as I alighted, he followed, calling Papa: but I suppose it is the word he has most command of; so was not disobliged by the little fellow. The girls were fine, in remembrance of the happy 29th of September, (the birthday of Lord Russell,) and we drank your health, after a red deer pie; and at night your girls and I supped on a sack posset: nay, master would have his room, and, for haste, burnt his fingers in the posset: but he does not rub his hands for it.

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* She had been obliged to leave France in consequence of her concern in the poisoning of Le Voisin. See Made. de Sevigné.

"It is the most glorious weather here that ever was seen. The coach shall meet you at the cabbage garden: be there by eight o'clock or a little after, though I guess you can hardly be there so soon, day breaks so late: and indeed the mornings are so misty, it is not wholesome to be in the air so early. I do propose going to my neighbour Worsley today. I would fain be telling my heart more things —anything to be in a kind of talk with him: but, I believe, Spencer stays for my dispatch: he is willing to go early: but this was to be the delight of this morning, and the support of the day."

Lady Rachel, in her letters, frequently alludes to a certain "ladies' quarrel," which, she says, occupied the attention of all the gossips of the day. The chief actress in this drama, the particulars of which cannot now be discovered, was Lady Betty Felton, who is frequently named by Lady Rachel: she appears to have been the *fine lady, par excellence*, of her day; and her career of vanity and gaiety was soon run, for she died at the age of twenty-five, leaving an only daughter, afterwards married to John, Earl of Bristol.

"The ladies' quarrel," says the letter writer, "is the only news talked of: Lady Betty lies a-bed and cries. Lord Newport came yesterday morning, and says he never saw the King more enraged: he sent to Lord Suffolk to chain up his mad daughter, and forbid her the court: so at present neither Lord nor Lady Suffolk see her, and little Felton (her husband) is leaving her."

Lady Betty was a daughter of James, Earl of Suffolk; married to Thomas Felton, Esq., page of honour to Charles II., and afterwards Sir Thomas Felton. Lady Sunderland (Sacharissa) names her as a favourite of Lord Cavendish's, in a letter to her husband:—

"Mr. Waller is very angry with my Lord Cavendish: you have reason to be so too; he has not written to his father for above six months, and he is very earnest to have him go down with his wife for a fortnight, and he cannot be persuaded. Waller does swear and stare that he would have half his estate now, and will not make him a leg for it. His whole business now is to watch where my Lady Betty Felton goes, to follow her."

The time was now approaching when all these "sweet discourses" were to be changed to wailing and despair. The patriot Lord Russell had fallen into the snare of his foes, and a fearful and most undeserved fate overtook the happy husband of this amiable and devoted woman.

"So well aware was Lord Russell of the virulence of his enemies," says Miss Berry, "and of the character of his real offences towards them, that his innocence of those alleged was ineffectual in producing in his mind any hope of escape, when once within their power. From the first instant of his arrest he gave himself up as lost."

However horror-stricken at his danger, Lady Rachel never allowed the poignancy of her feelings to overcome her presence of mind, or to chill her exertions in his behalf. Rousing all the energies of her nature, she bent their whole force to the accomplishing the only object which was now sacred in her duty; and, during the rapid interval of her husband's arrest and imprisonment in the Tower, she never ceased her efforts to provide against the charges which would be brought forward to crush him.

The trial came, and Lord Russell did

> "—— Not want a faithful friend
> To share his bitter fate's decree."

When the Attorney-General's parsimonious indulgence, which grudged the patriot a legal adviser, permitted him to employ a servant to write notes for him, and the Chief Justice added—"Any of your servants shall assist you in writing anything you please," the memorable reply of Lord Russell was elicited: "My wife," said he, "is here to do it;" and the daughter of Southampton, whose long services to his country nothing availed, stood forth, in the midst of a full court of her husband's enemies, undaunted in the discharge of her holy office.

"If my Lady will give herself that trouble"—was the answer of the chief officer, while every cheek reddened with confusion as the resolute wife took her seat, with the pen in her hand, and her anxious eyes fixed on him for whom she would have willingly laid down her own life.

"Whatever effort," says her biographer, "such services might require on the part of Lady Russell, let it not be supposed that these were the greatest exertions of her reason, nor the greatest triumphs of her admirable character over the severest calamities to which a nature like hers could be exposed. She was *here* supported by hope, however feeble, by active and urgent occupation, by the presence of the object of her cares. It must be regretted that we know not how she supported herself through that fatal day, nor how she received the unlooked-for intelligence of the death of Lord Essex, her relation and friend, whose suicide in the Tower was supposed materially to have influenced the issue of the trial, in the midst of which it was announced. We only know that she had sufficient power over her feelings neither to disturb the court nor distract the attention of her husband. From the moment of his condemnation she was unceasingly employed in various attempts to obtain a mitigation of the sentence. All were unavailing against the fears and the malice of the unforgiving James. The King, in spite of the general facility of his temper, refused the daughter of his oldest and most faithful servant, kneeling before him for the life of her husband; and the Duchess of Portsmouth, in spite of her venality, resisted an offer of a hundred thousand pounds to procure his pardon. The same cause stifled even an attempt at delivering a letter which Rouvigny is said to have obtained from Louis in favour of his relation.

"Every means had been previously attempted, every resource tried, except that of a desertion of those principles which formed his sole crime in the eyes of his relentless enemy.

"While indefatigably pursuing the slightest hope of mercy—while offering to accompany him into perpetual exile—never did his heroic wife, for a moment, propose to him the purchase of his life by any base compliance, or by the abjuration of the noble truths for which he was persecuted. When pressed by Tillotson and Burnet to leave such an abjuration behind him, she shared in his steady adherence to his principles, as she shared in his sufferings for them."

The good and great Lord Russell was condemned; a sentence which is thus characterised by the decree of parliament cancelling his attainder:—

"By undue and illegal return of jurors, having been refused his lawful challenge to them for the want of freehold, and by partial and unjust constructions of law, he was wrongfully attainted and convicted."

The bigoted and bitter James has the fame of having resisted all intercession, and having succeeded in steeling his heart against every feeling of christian charity or mercy; and his profligate and unfeeling brother, careless of all but his pleasures, and only awakened to a recollection of anything besides by the fear of his prerogative, that great point with the Stuarts, being invaded, triumphed in the firmness which could resist appeals such as no sovereign or man should have been able to withstand.

The exalted tenderness of Lady Russell, her magnanimity, and unwearied, unchanging affection, was the chief balm to her ill-fated husband's mind, when he found himself abandoned by all hope and comfort besides. To Bishop Burnet, who passed much time with him during the latter days of his life, he expressed his admiration of the virtues of his amiable wife. Three days before his execution, on her retiring from his prison, Lord Russell said to the Bishop, that "the parting with her was the hardest thing he had to do; for he was afraid she would hardly be able to bear it: that she was, till now, supported by her anxious exertions to save him, but when that was over, he dreaded the effect of the blow upon her."

The morning before he suffered, he told Burnet—

"He wished his wife would give over beating every bush, and running so about for his preservation; yet, when he considered that it would be some mitigation of her sorrow, afterwards, that she had left nothing undone that could have given any probable hope, he acquiesced; and, indeed, I never saw his heart so near failing as when he spoke of her. Sometimes I saw a tear in his eye, and he would turn about, and presently change the discourse.

"At eleven o'clock (on Friday evening) my lady left him; he kissed her four or five times; and she kept her sorrow so within herself, that she gave him no disturbance at their parting. After she was gone, he said, ‘Now the bitterness of death is past,’ and ran out into a long discourse concerning her, how great a blessing she had been to him; and said, what a misery it would have been if she had not had that magnanimity of spirit joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base thing for the saving of his life. ‘Whereas, otherwise, what a week I should have passed, if she had been still crying on me to turn informer, and be a Lord Howard;’ though he then repeated, what he had often before said, that he knew of nothing by which the peace of the nation was in danger. * * *

“But he left that discourse, and returned to speak of my lady. He said there was a signal providence of God in giving him such a wife, where there was birth, fortune, great understanding, great religion, and great kindness for him. But her carriage in this extremity went beyond all. He said he was glad that she and her children were to lose nothing by his death: and it was a great comfort to him that he left his children in such a mother’s hands, and that she had promised to him to take care of herself for their sakes, which I heard her do.”

When the last hope of obtaining his pardon was at an end, and even a respite from Saturday to Monday was denied, Lady Russell conducted her children to their father’s prison to take a last farewell. He received them with his customary serenity, blessing and embracing them. No recollections of a similar scene, in which his own father and family were actors, rose to the mind of Charles Stuart, and filled his eyes with tears and his heart with pity. He was otherwise occupied, and had no time to spare from his *patriotic* pursuits to give a glance into the prison of the man who had endeavoured to save his country from ruin!

Again, on that last fatal evening the wretched wife came to his prison. She shared his last meal with her husband, conversed with him calmly, lingered hour after hour, and at length embraced and quitted him without a tear which should unman and unfit him for his coming struggle.

"She retired," says Miss Berry, "in silent anguish to that melancholy home to which she was never again to welcome him: she retired to count the wretched minutes of those hours which were to elapse before the fatal stroke was given, which left no restraint on her unbounded grief."

She was left, in that dreadful hour, almost alone, —her children were still infants—her best beloved sister was no more—the other, Lady Northumberland, was not in England, nor was her mind of a quality to have afforded her much relief. Lady Shaftesbury, her cousin, was kind and pious, but little suited to give consolation beyond what tears and prayers might do. She had only the great resolves of her own heart to trust to—the solemn engagements she had made to live for her children; as she herself expressed it—

"There was something so glorious in the object of my greatest sorrow, I believe *that* in some degree kept me from being then overwhelmed."

Lord Russell was executed July 21, 1683—not opposite his own windows in Bloomsbury-square, as the *humanity* of James II. had suggested, but in Lincoln's-inn-fields.

"When," says Mr. Fox, "the memory of Russell and Sidney shall cease to be an object of respect and veneration, it requires no spirit of prophecy to foretel that English liberty will be fast approaching to its final consummation."

Early in August, the bereaved wife and her orphans left their dreary home in London, and repaired to Woburn Abbey, where they stayed with the Earl and Countess of Bedford; there she wept for him whose love for many years had been the joy of her existence, and whose loss "bewintered" all her life to come.

"I know," she says in her letter to Doctor Fitzwilliam, "it is common to others to lose a friend; but to have lived with such a one, it may be questioned how few can glory in the like happiness, so, consequently, lament the like loss. Who can but shrink from such a blow!

"Lord, let me understand the reason of these dark and wounding providences, that I sink not under the discouragement of my own thoughts. I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be silent under it; but yet secretly my heart mourns too sadly, I fear, and cannot be comforted because I have not the dear companion and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. I want him to talk with, to walk with, to eat, to sleep with. All these things are irksome to me. The day unwelcome, and the night so too: all company and meals I would avoid, if it might be. * * * When I see my children before me, I remember the pleasure he took in them; this makes my heart shrink. Can I regret his quitting a lesser good for a greater? Oh! if I did but stedfastly believe, I could not be dejected: for I will not injure myself to say I offer my mind any inferior consolation to supply this loss. No; I most willingly forsake this world, this vexatious troublesome world, in which I have no other business but to rid my soul of sin, secure by faith and a good conscience my eternal interests, with patience and courage bear my eminent misfortune, and ever hereafter be above the smiles and frowns of fortune."

Notwithstanding her grief, Lady Russell, even at this period, did not lose sight of the interests of her late sister's (Lady Elizabeth Noel) children, for whom her husband was trustee, which office, by his death, had fallen on the King. The education of her own, her son only three years of age, and her daughters nine and seven, engaged all the thoughts she could separate from her sorrows. Burnet writes to her, in February, 1684:—

"I am very glad you mean to employ so much of your time in the education of your children, that they shall need no other governess, for as it is the greatest part of your duty, so it will be a noble entertainment to you; and the best diversion and cure of your wounded and wasted spirit."

She never neglected the duty she had thus taken upon herself, and her daughters had no other instructress than their excellent and pious mother. She endeavoured, as much as possible, to overcome the melancholy which was at times so difficult to combat with, and all her trust was in the salutary power of religion to bring her into such a state of mind, that she could look back upon her afflictions, not only with calmness, but with gratitude for her trials. It was a hard task, as she confesses, and exclaims in writing to her judicious friend, Dr. Fitzwilliam:—

"* * * Then I find reflections troubling me as omissions of one sort or other, that if either greater persuasions had been used he had gone away, or some errors at the trial amended, or other applications made, he might have been acquitted, and so yet have been in the land of the living (though

I discharge not these things as faults upon myself, yet as aggravations to my sorrows); so that, not being certain of our time being appointed beyond which we cannot pass, my heart shrinks to think his time possibly was shortened by unwise management. I believe I do ill to torment myself with such unprofitable thoughts."

The anxieties attending a rising family, although they added to her cares, yet turned for a time the course of them; she revisited the places where she had been so happy with her beloved husband, and endeavoured to do so with calmness. She says:—

"I am entertaining some thoughts of going to that now desolate place, Stratton, for a few days, where I must expect new *amazing* reflections at first, it being a place where I have lived in sweet and full content, considered the condition of others, and thought none deserved my envy. But I must pass no more such days on earth: however, places are indeed nothing. Where can I dwell that his figure is not present to me? nor would I have it otherwise; so I resolve that shall be no bar, if it proves requisite for the better acquitting any obligations on me."

The death of her husband's mother, the Countess of Bedford, that amiable daughter of unworthy parents, whose lot was cast in sorrow, gave her an additional pang; and the sickness of her son soon after painfully excited her maternal feelings.

" My poor boy," she says, " has been ill, and God has let me see the folly of my imaginations, which made me apt to conclude I had nothing left the deprivation of which could be matter of much anguish, or its possession of any considerable refreshment. I have felt the falseness of the first notion; for I know not how to part with tolerable ease from the little creature. I desire to do so of the second, and that my thankfulness for the real blessing of these children may refresh my labouring, weary mind with some joy and satisfaction, at least, in my endeavours to do that part towards them their most dear and tender father would not have omitted."

To whatever place the sad widow turned, little but sorrowful reflection awaited her: London, where she returned for the benefit of her son's health, was even more melancholy than the country to her; and she thus writes to Dr. Fitzwilliam :—

" I have, you find, sir, lingered out my time, and I think none will wonder at it, that will reflect the place I am going to remove to was the scene of so much lasting sorrow to me, and where I acted so unsuccessful a part for the preservation of a life I could sure have laid down mine to have continued. 'Twas an inestimable treasure I did lose, and with whom I had lived in the highest pitch of this world's felicity. But having so many months mourned the substance, I think, by God's assistance, the shadows will not sink me."

The sad political events which the accession of James II. brought with it, and the tragic end of Monmouth, revived all the sufferings which time might otherwise have slowly healed. Her remarks on Monmouth's conduct and its consequences are worthy of attention:

"I take this late wild attempt to be a new project, not depending on, or being linked in the least to, any former design: if there was then any real one, which I am satisfied was not, no more than (my own Lord confessed) talk, and it is possible that talk going so far as to consider if a remedy to supposed evils might be sought, how it could be found. But, as I was saying, if all this late attempt was entirely new, yet the suspicion my Lord must have lain under would have been great, and some circumstances, I do confess, must have made his part a hard one. So that, from the deceitfulness of the heart, or want of true sight in the directive faculty, what would have followed God only knows. From the frailty of the will I should have feared but little evil; for he had so just a soul, so firm, so good, he could not warp from such principles that were so, unless misguided by his understanding, and that his own, not another's: for I dare say, as he could discern, he never went into anything considerable upon the mere submission to any one's particular judgment. Now his own, I know, he could never have framed to have thought well of the late actings, and therefore, most probably, must have sat loose from them. But I am afraid his excellent heart, had he lived, would have been often pierced, from the time his life was taken away to this."

Lady Russell saw too clearly the consequences likely to ensue from the government of James II., and, with this conviction, she says :—

"The new scenes of each day make me often conclude myself void of temper and reason, that I still shed tears of sorrow and not of joy, that so good a man is safe landed on the happy shore of a blessed eternity. Doubtless he is at rest; though I find none without him,—so true a partner he was in all my joys and griefs. I trust the Almighty will pass by this my infirmity. I speak it in respect to the world, from whose enticing delights I can now be better weaned. I was too rich in possessions whilst I possessed him. All relish is now gone."

Her uncle, M. de Rouvigny, was her firm friend, and used all his influence, which was considerable, for the removal of the attainder of Lord Russell from his children. Lady Rachel felt his kindness as the unfortunate feel who have few to comfort them. She writes to the Lord Treasurer on the subject :—

"I do assure your lordship I have much more care to make my children worthy to be great than to see them so. I will do what I can that they may be so, and then quietly wait what will follow. That I am very solicitous, I confess, to do my duty in such a manner to the children of one I owe as much as can be due to man, that if my son lives he may not justly say hereafter, that if he had had a mother less ignorant or less negligent, he had not then been to seek for what, perhaps, he may then have a mind to have."

The advantage of her children is, she says, "all the business I have in the world."

Her pathetic exclamation on the occasion of the trial and acquittal of Lord Delamere, in January, 1686, is very natural, like all she says and does:—

"When I should rejoice with them that do rejoice, I seek a corner to weep in. I find I am capable of no more gladness; but every new circumstance,—the very comparing my night of sorrow after such a day, with theirs of joy, does, from a reflection of one kind or other, rack my uneasy mind. Though I am far from wishing the close of theirs like mine, yet I cannot refrain giving some time to lament mine was not theirs."

At this period occurred the impolitic and cruel revocation of the edict of Nantes, which sent the persecuted Protestants flying for protection to England, where the King, much against his inclination, was forced to allow them an asylum. James was, moreover, obliged to consent that a brief should be read in the Protestant churches in behalf of the sufferers from France; as many restrictions as possible were enforced to prevent advantage accruing to the fugitives, so that few could avail themselves of the pretended charity. Lady Rachel's remarks on this occasion are truly christian:—

"I approve of the Church of England,—the best church and best offices and services in it upon the face of the earth, that we know of. But I shall covet one so moderate as not to be impatient and passionate against all such as cannot think so too; but of such a temper as to be able to converse peaceably with such as may have freedom in my family, though not of it, without giving offence; and I take it to be the best way of gaining good people to our opinions."

The Dean of Canterbury, Tillotson, was of the same opinion, when he said to Dr. Beveridge, who refused to read the brief in the cathedral, as contrary to the Rubric: "Doctor, doctor, charity is above rubrics."

Lady Russell was anxious to give her son the advantage of instruction from one of the educated men whose adverse fortune had banished him from his country, and sought a tutor amongst their number: never losing sight for a moment of the interests of her children.

A marriage was proposed by Lord Cavendish, now Earl of Devonshire, the firm friend of Lord Russell, whose place he had offered to take in the

Tower, between their children. His son was but sixteen, and the daughter of Lady Russell only fourteen, when negotiations were first set on foot for the alliance, which finally took place, much to the satisfaction of both parties. The mother thus writes on the occasion:—

"This very solemnity has afforded me, alas! many a thought I was forced to check with all my force: they making me too tender, though in retirement they are pleasant; and that way I can indulge myself in at present. Sure, if departed souls know what we do, he approves of what I have done; and it is a reward upon his children for his patience, and so entire submission during his sufferings."

The young bride and bridegroom remained at first with Lady Russell, at Southampton House, and then removed, with her and the Earl of Bedford, to Woburn. She saw, with anxious forebodings, the storm likely to burst over the kingdom, and rejoiced in the retirement which they had all chosen, and where she alone saw safety for those she loved. Lord Cavendish was, however, soon after sent by his father to complete his education abroad; for he was desirous to remove him from all danger at this crisis. He was sent to Brussels, and from thence into France and Italy, remaining altogether about two years away. Meantime events occurred which Lady Rachel names as leaving "all in amaze, and all talking of the same matter." She alludes to the arrival of King William in England, and all the consequent changes which were looked forward to. Miss Berry, in her life of Lady Russell, gives a gossiping letter, which lets the reader into the reports of the day, and is somewhat amusing: it is addressed to Lady Margaret Russell at Woburn, and is dated November 29, 1688:—

"I have taken a larger sheet of paper, that I may have more room to quarrel with Lady Margett, for saying so unkind a thing as that she obliges me with a short letter, it being a civility I never was guilty of to your ladyship: but since you have given me the example, I will practise it. * * * I have not had the happiness of seeing your aunt Bristol, or hearing anything of her a long while: the last I did was when she was in tears for her nephew Frank's revolt, and that so many of her family should be rebels to the Crown. * * * I fear all this together will break my good friend's heart. I confess I never more longed to see her than I do now; but I think she stirs little abroad. Mr. Francis Russell's coach and six and all his baggage were taken, going to him. Soon after the Prince landed, the packet-boat was taken, going to Holland; but nothing of any great consequence, as I heard of.

Letters of his to the States, and other princes, and one of Dr. Burnet's to his dear, and William Harbord's to his wife, with 'my dear' and 'my duck,' &c. &c., and Mr. Foster's to his lady, to send him some beds, lodgings being very ill. They serve to make jests on, but little else, I think. Mr. Boyle has a daughter. I hear, but how true I cannot tell you, that the match is going on again with Miss Allington and Lord Fanshaw. The Duke of Albemarle is dead. Lord Dover is gone to Portsmouth, being governor of that place in the Duke of Berwick's room. Lord Milford and Duke of Northumberland are made of the bedchamber, in Lord Churchill's and Duke of Grafton's places. They say Lord Feversham was upon his knees two hours, and cried and begged the King but to secure Lord Churchill, but he would believe nothing ill of him. Mr. Griffin is to be made a lord, and to be called Lord Griffin, for his fidelity. They say the Queen is told Lady Cornbury* lines all her gowns with orange colour, and wears nothing but orange ribbons. They say our young prince is to be brought back again, next week, from Portsmouth, and put into the Bishop of Canterbury's hands, to be brought up: you may believe it if you please. The great guns came by us yesterday into town again; but the ammunition, I think, is lost. The King goes to Windsor to-morrow, and there, it is said, will encamp all his army that is left; but the good Queen stays to govern us here. The lords and bishops that were summoned on Tuesday, pressed very hard for a free parliament. The King took till next morning to consider of it, and then agreed to it; and Lord Chancellor gave order for the writs to be ready to-day, that no time may be lost: so it is to be called with all speed, and commissioners, they say, are to be sent to the Prince, to know what he demands. The town names Lord Halifax, Lord Nottingham, Lord Carberry, for the commissioners: the two first were sent for yesterday, and were a great while with the King alone. Lord Lumley, they say, has secured Newcastle, and some other lords, Hull. Lord Bath has taken Lord Huntingdon prisoner, at Plymouth: his lady desired he might be exchanged for Lord Lovelace, who, the papists say, is released. Lord Devonshire, they say, when the Prince's declaration was read, and that part of being invited in by the lords temporal and spiritual, declared he was one; and Lord Delamere did the same; and it is said they declared for the King, the Protestant religion, and a free parliament. Skelton is made governor of the Tower, which, it is said, the city is less satisfied with than with Hales. We have no news of the princess, but hope she is safe. It is said there was an order out that morning to have secured her. The prince (George of Denmark) made his escape with the Duke of Ormond, much after the same manner: supped with the King on Saturday night, and went to bed, but soon rose again, and made it his business, at supper, to condemn those that were gone, and how little such people were to be trusted, and sure the prince could put no confidence in such, &c. Lady Littleton talks of coming after Christmas, if things are settled here.

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* The Lady Catherine O'Brian, daughter of the Earl of Thomond, married to Edward, Lord Cornbury, son of the second Earl of Clarendon. Lord Cornbury joined the Prince of Orange with his regiment at Salisbury.

"I have not kept my promise at the beginning, so *hard* it is for me to break an old custom; but to punish you a little at present is no grief to me, being not at this time Lady Margaret's humble servant. Lord Dumbarton seized Colonel Kirke, at the head of 3 or 4,000 men, going, as was suspected, to the Prince of Orange; and he is brought to London, and to be tried, as it is said, by a council of war. Lord Halifax, they say, made the most tender and obliging speech at council that ever was heard; but they do not give that character of Lord Clarendon's, but the contrary. Duke of Berwick has Lord Churchill's troop of guards, or the Duke of Grafton's, I know not which; and Lord Arran has his regiment of horse, and his brother his regiment. Colonel Kirke has been before the council this day, and the King has taken his word, and he is only confined to his chamber. Lord Churchill and Prince George have written the most submissive letters to the King that can be; and it is said there is one from the Prince of Orange, too; but that it is not known what is in it.* * * *" *

The peaceable settlement of the kingdom, and the establishment of King William, relieved the mind of Lady Rachel from great uneasiness. She remarks:—

"Those who have lived longest, and therefore seen the most change, can scarce believe it is more than a dream; yet it is real, and so amazing a reality of mercy as ought to melt our hearts into subjection and resignation to Him who is the dispenser of all providences."

Young Lady Cavendish, the daughter of Lady Rachel, was present at the proclamation of William and Mary, and at their first drawing-room. Her letter on the subject is interesting: it is addressed to a young friend:—

"Feb. 1689.

"It is a great affliction to me to be so far from my dear beloved *Silvia*,† and to hear from her so seldom: how happy shall I be when I see you next: how many things I have to tell you: for I dare not trust affairs of so great concern in a letter. But when will that time come? I do not hear you speak of removing yet, to my grief. Pray leave your ugly prison as soon as you can, and come to your *Dorinda.* But now to my news: the House of Lords did vote that the Prince and Princess should be made King and Queen, and it was carried by a good many voices; for Lord Nottingham and many more came off. Lord Nottingham had a great mind to come off before, but could not tell which way: then the Commons agreed also that the Prince and Princess should be King and Queen, but that the Prince should have the sole administration of affairs in his hands: that the Princess should be no subject, either as Queen Katherine and Queen Mary were, but a sovereign Queen, and her name put in everything: but still he the management. This they agreed upon, and so did the Lords; then they went to the grievances, that is, the too great power of the crown. After they had agreed upon what power to give the King and what to take away from him, (the particulars of which I cannot tell you,) my Lord Halifax, who is chairman, went to the Banquetting House, where the Prince and Princess were, and made them a short speech, desiring them, in the name of all the Lords, to accept of the crown. The Prince answered them in a few words, and the Princess made curtseys. They say, when they named her father's faults, she looked down as if she was troubled: then Mr. Powle, the speaker of the House of Commons, showed the Prince what they had agreed of, but made no speech. After this ceremony was ended, they proclaimed them King and Queen of England. Many of the churchmen would not have had it done that day, because it was Ash-Wednesday. I was at the sight, and you may imagine very much pleased to see Ormanzor and Phenixana (William and Mary) proclaimed in the room of King James, *my father's murderer.*

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* Devonshire MSS.

† It was a fashion of the day to adopt names from some favourite romance then in vogue: such, for instance, as "Clelia," which was a great rage at the time.

"There *was* wonderful acclamations of joy, which though they were very pleasing to me, yet they frightened me too: for I could not but think what a dreadful thing it is to fall into the hands of the rabble—they are such a strange sort of people. At night I went to court with my Lady Devonshire, and kissed the Queen's hand, and the King's also. There was a world of bonfires, and candles almost in every house, which looked extremely pretty. The King applies himself mightily to business, and is wonderfully admired for his great wisdom and prudence in ordering all things. He is a man of no presence, but looks very homely at first sight: but if one looks long at him, he has something in his face both wise and good. But as for the Queen, she is really altogether very handsome: her face is very agreeable, and her shape and motions extremely graceful and fine. She is tall, but not so tall as the last Queen. Her room was mighty full of company, as you may guess."

The family of Lord Russell had now the satisfaction of witnessing the reversal of his attainder; but, gratifying as this was, the heart of his mourning widow was once more agitated by the recapitulation of all the sad circumstances which time seemed only to efface, to be again renewed more vividly than ever. The high estimation in which she was held by all, which was proved by the manner in which her opinion was asked on political and other matters, could not fail to offer her, if not consolation, some degree of content. So exalted was her character, that even those who had been her enemies applied to her for assistance in many instances, and she never rejected their entreaties for her interest.

Her health was remarkably strong, and it would seem as though the agonies her mind had suffered prevented her body from being so sensitive as it might otherwise have been. She rejoices herself that—

> "Not so much as a fit of headache have I felt since that miserable time; I, who used to be tormented with it very frequently."

It has been said that she wept herself blind, but this was not the fact; her eyes were indeed affected, but the disease was cataract. She was obliged, latterly, to abstain from writing by candlelight, or reading at all. Her youngest daughter Katherine, in 1692, thus expresses herself respecting her mother, to her sister, Lady Cavendish:—

"Indeed, it is very sad to think how much she has lost her eyesight in as little a time as three weeks or a month. She uses nothing to them, which makes me more impatient to hear from the doctor, though I do extremely fear he can do her no good, as she does think herself."

Lady Russell writes to her friend, Dr. Fitzwilliam, that she was very strict in observing the directions given her for her eyes; which, she says—

"I am not sensible I hurt by what I *can* do, which is writing. As for reading, I am past that contentment, especially print. Your hand is plain, and so well known to me, I make a shift to see it."

She adds, in a melancholy strain:—

"While I can see at all, I must do a little more than I can when God thinks best that outward darkness shall fall upon me; which will deprive me of all society at a distance, which I esteem exceeding profitable and pleasant."

Her younger daughter's marriage with Lord Ros, son of the Earl of Rutland, took place, after considerable hesitation, caused by the circumstance of the earl having been divorced from his first wife, and his two sons by that marriage pronounced incapable of succeeding to his honours and estates.

However, all being clearly settled by law, the obstacles which it was feared existed were removed. The following account of the reception of the bride and bridegroom at Belvoir, is amusing:—

SIR JAMES FORBES TO LADY RUSSELL.

"I could not miss this opportunity of giving your ladyship some account of Lord Ros and Lady Ros's journey, and their reception at Belvoir, which look'd more like the progress of a king and queen through their country, than that of a bride and bridegroom's going home to their father's house. At their first entry into Leicestershire, they were received by the high sheriff at the head of all the gentlemen of the country, who all paid their respects, and complimented the lady bride at Harborough. She was attended next day to this place by the same gentlemen, and by thousands of other people, who came from all places of the country to see her, and to wish them both joy, even with huzzas and acclamations.

"As they drew near to Belvoir, our train increased, with some coaches, and with fresh troops of aldermen, and corporations, besides a great many clergymen, who presented the bride and bridegroom (for so they are still called) with verses upon their happy marriage.

"I cannot better represent their first arrival at Belvoir, than by the Woborne song, that Lord

Bedford lik'd so well; for at the gate were four-and-twenty fidlers all in a row; four-and-twenty trumpeters, with their tan tara ra ra's; four-and-twenty ladys, and as many parsons; and in great order they went in procession to the great apartment, where the usual ceremony of saluting and wishing of joy past, but still not without something represented in the song, as very much tittle-tattle, and fiddle-fiddle. After this the time past away till supper in visiting all the apartments of the house, and in seeing the preparations for the sack posset, which was the most extraordinary thing I did ever see, and much greater than it was represented to be. After supper, which was exceeding magnificent, the whole company went in procession to the great hall; the bride and bridegroom first, and all the rest in order two and two; there it was the scene opened, and the great cistern appeared, and the healths began; first in spoons, some time after in silver cups; and though the healths were many, and great variety of names given to them, it was observed, after one hour's hot service, the posset did not sink above one inch, which made my Lady Rutland call in all the family, and then upon their knees the bride and bridegroom's health, with prosperity and happiness, was drunk in tankards brim full of sack-posset. This lasted till past 12 o'clock, &c.

"Madam, your most humble servant,

1693. J. FORBES."

Lady Russell was saved from the sad affliction of blindness by undergoing, in 1695, the operation of couching for a cataract, and experienced some amelioration of her infirmity. The honourable manner in which her husband was mentioned in the patent granting a dukedom to the Earl of Bedford, gave her more joy than any distinction of rank could bestow, and more than for eleven melancholy years, after her loss, she had felt.

If triumph could be experienced after such afflictions as hers, Lady Russell might have enjoyed that the most complete; but of what avail to her was it now that the government which had sacrificed her husband had fallen, the religion which was odious to him was rooted out, and all those who had been his foes were in exile or obscurity: he was gone,—he had been martyred for a cause of which he could never know the victory, and she was desolate.

Her daughters' marriages were, however, a comfort to her; and it was gratifying to find her alliance sought by the most exalted persons in the kingdom. When her son was but thirteen years of age, a proposal of marriage was made from Sir Josiah Child, the great merchant, for his granddaughter, the Lady Henrietta Somerset, daughter of Charles, Marquis of Worcester, who had married Rebecca Child, daughter and heiress of Sir Josiah; of the grandfather Burnet gives the following character :—

"This summer Sir Josiah Child died: he was a man of great notions as to merchandise, which was his education, and in which he succeeded beyond any man of his time: he applied himself chiefly to the East India trade, which by his management was raised so high, that it drew much envy and jealousy both upon himself and the country; he had a compass of knowledge and apprehension beyond any merchant I ever knew; he was vain and covetous, and thought too cunning, though to me he seemed always sincere."

Sir Josiah's proposal did not, however, meet with Lady Russell's approval with respect to the granddaughter in question, but her son afterwards married, in 1695, another of the same family, Miss Howland of Streatham, in Surrey, Sir Josiah's daughter's child; whose education was henceforward carefully attended to by Lady Russell herself. Respecting her she says, in writing to her mother, Mrs. Howland:—

"Though I confess fashion, and those other accomplishments that are perhaps overrated by the world, and that I esteem but as dross, and as a shadow in comparison of religion and virtue, yet the perfections of nature are ornaments to the body, as grace is to the mind; and I wish, and do more than that, for I pray constantly, that she may be a perfect creature both in mind and body; that is, in the manner we can reach perfection in this world."

In those days young people were brought forward so prematurely, that all sorts of strange contradictions occur in the incidents of their lives. Lord Tavistock, the son of Lady Russell, though a married man, was thought by his mother too young to accept a seat in parliament pressed upon him, which being rejected by her, the young husband was sent to the University of Oxford, where his progress in study did not keep pace altogether with his mother's anxious wishes, who placed but little confidence in the flattering words-of-course addressed to her on the subject of his steadiness by the courtier Bishop of Oxford. The communication from his private tutor, Mr. Hicks, is justly considered nearer the truth:—

"I charged my dear lord this morning with great promises and small performances, and might have quoted your ladyship's longer knowledge of him for undoubted authority: but his lordship stands to it that he will do great matters, and study very hard at Woburn: and that otherwise he shall not know how to spend his time there. But, upon your ladyship's suggestion, I shall be moderate in my expectations; and look for nothing but a full blush and some soft words in excuse for non-performance of promise. Hitherto, Madam, I have had no reason to complain of want of application; but when I shall have (which I trust God will prevent), your ladyship will find that I can open my mouth as wide and as loud as any body: but I cannot accuse falsely, or magnify molehills into mountains."

Lady Rachel, like Magdalen Herbert, the poet's mother, occasionally made Oxford her residence, that she might, as much as possible, superintend the studies and conduct of her son. After his studies were considered sufficiently advanced, the young husband of seventeen, like his sister's bridegroom, Lord Cavendish, was sent to travel for two years, according to the fashion of the day; for, as Lady Russell herself says, it was thought that, "to live well in the world, it is, for certain, necessary to know the world well."

The Duke of Bedford, who was now somewhat advanced in years, was with difficulty persuaded to part with his beloved grandson; but gave way, at length, to the arguments of his daughter-in-law in favour of foreign travel. It does not appear that young Lord Tavistock was distinguished for any remarkable exemption from the faults and follies of his age or rank; and though apparently an elegant and accomplished person, there is little evidence, in his early life, to show that he profited more than is usually the case by a mother's precepts and example. His attachment to his amiable mother was great, and his confidence in her indulgence equally apparent, for he fell into many errors and imprudences from which he was obliged to her for extrication.

No doubt the two years set apart for the completion of a young man of rank's education, must have been by far the pleasantest part of his studies; and Lord Tavistock, if he did not particularly shine at Oxford, made a good figure at the different courts abroad, at which he was presented. He describes the amusements he met with, *con amore*, in a letter to his mother:—

"Rome, 1698.

"The great pleasure now is to be in one of the open caleches, going about the town in the moonshiny nights. There are always some fine serenades, and all the best company in town, taking the air till an hour or two after midnight. *I seldom fail of this diversion:* and indeed it is mighty pleasant, after the heat of the day, to be abroad so, most part of the night, and to hear music, and to go talk to anybody that one is acquainted with, with all the freedom in the world."

"He now gave," says his mother's biographer, "as well as received entertainments from all the foreign ministers and principal Roman nobility. The expense entailed by this mode of living, even in those days, was such as might have startled a less liberal mother than Lady Russell. In a letter from Mr. Sherard (a person who attended on the young lord as regulator of his affairs) to her, he hopes their expenses at Rome will not exceed three thousand pounds a year,—a large travelling allowance, even now, to a youth of seventeen. Some costly articles of dress, indeed, would not enter into a modern account; such as, 'two point cravattes,' 'a very rich laced suit,' and 'a long perriwig, sent from Leghorn, none being to be found here.' "

His lordship is described as having—

"A barouche and a pair of horses, to drive himself about the country; and he must have a couple of running footmen with it, which must be clothed. The latter end of the month we go to Frescati, twelve miles from hence; where, and at the places adjacent, will be all the best company of Rome. After a month's stay there and at Albano, with Cardinal Ottoboni, his lordship designs for Naples, where he will not stay above a week, and so return hither, where I hope he will spend the Carnival.

"I find *he does not care being denied anything that he has a fancy to;* but what he lays out, beside necessary expenses, will be of some use, or diversion at least, to him in England, as music, prints, designs, books, essences, &c., which are usually bought here."

This characteristic of liking his own way, led the young gentleman into enormous expenses, which, as he knew his guardian would not permit, were secretly incurred, and compelled him to draw bills on Lady Russell, which he besought her to honour, without betraying him to Mr. Sherard. His letters to his mother on the occasion are but transcripts of those which most sons have written to the indugent being on whose affection they rely—of course, they are full of penitence, felt for the moment, and breathe firm resolves never to offend in a like manner again:—

"I desire for God's sake," he exclaims, "that you will pardon me. If your ladyship did but know a little part of the grief I suffer, I am sure you would forgive me; and if I did not think you would, I could not bear it * * * but then it is certain that the honours I have received here are so very extraordinary, that the expense is necessary. It is undoubtedly much for the honour of my family," (this is a common-place thought, it must be confessed, for the son of such parents!) "As for myself, I deserve nothing, since I am capable of afflicting your ladyship. If you did but know my thoughts, *and half the trouble that I am in*, I am certain your ladyship would grant what I desire, and hope well for the future. I will yet come home to be a comfort to your ladyship, and make you easy; and so follow, in some things, I hope at least, the steps of my good father."

In spite of this last penitential epistle, the son of Lord Russell writes soon after, "with the greatest sorrow imaginable," confessing that—"I have done ill. I had the unhappiness, some time ago, to play for something more than I used to do, and lose!"

In fact, the young spendthrift continued in the career which he thought so necessary "for the honour of the family," and, on his return to England, his mother was appalled at the extent of his extravagance, and was forced to apply to the Duke of Bedford to relieve him by giving him the means of raising a large sum. Within a year, however, of this time, he succeeded to his grandfather's titles and estates, and, at the age of twenty-one, was appointed to the lieutenancies of the three counties of Bedford, Middlesex, and Cambridge, besides being created a Knight of the Garter.

He appears, after this, to have led a quiet life with a very amiable wife; devoting himself to the simple pleasures of floriculture, as well as landscape gardening and agriculture. He corresponded with Sir Hans Sloane, and, in 1709, seeks to tempt him to Woburn, by the announcement of the arrival of certain treasures, which he knew Sir Hans prized as much as himself—"a great number of rarities; and particularly a large collection of ranunculi from Candia."

His rare and valuable books divided his attention with his gardening, and his time passed in enviable tranquillity and ease; but, in 1711, he was attacked with that scourge which carried off so many great and good, as well as humble persons.

In the full enjoyment of health and vigour, at the age of thirty-one, he was seized with the small-pox, and the symptoms soon declared themselves as fatal: his wife and children were obliged to fly from the infected mansion; and it was in the arms of his unfortunate and afflicted mother, to whom grief was familiar as her daily bread, that he expired.

This is her letter to the Earl of Galway, on the sad occasion:—

"June, 1711.

"Alas! my dear Lord Galway, my thoughts are yet all disorder, confusion, and amazement; and I think I am very incapable of saying or doing what I should. I did not know the greatness of my love to his person, till I could see it no more. When nature, who will be mistress, has in some measure, with time, relieved herself, and not till then, I trust the Goodness which hath no bounds, and whose power is irresistible, will assist me, by his grace, to rest contented with what his unerring providence has appointed and permitted. And I shall feel ease in this contemplation, that there was nothing uncomfortable in his death, but the losing him. His God was, I verily believe, ever in his thoughts. Towards his last hours he called upon him, and complained he could not say his prayers. To what I answered, he said he wished for more time to make up his accounts with God. Then, with remembrance to his sisters, and telling me how good and kind his wife had been to him, and that he should have been glad to have expressed himself to her, and something to me, and my double kindness to his wife, and so died away. There seemed no reluctancy to leave this world—patient and easy the whole time—and, I believe, knew his danger; but, loath to grieve those by him, delayed what he might have said. But why all this? The decree is past. I do not ask your prayers: I know you offer them with sincerity to our Almighty God for

"Your afflicted kinswoman,
R. Russell."

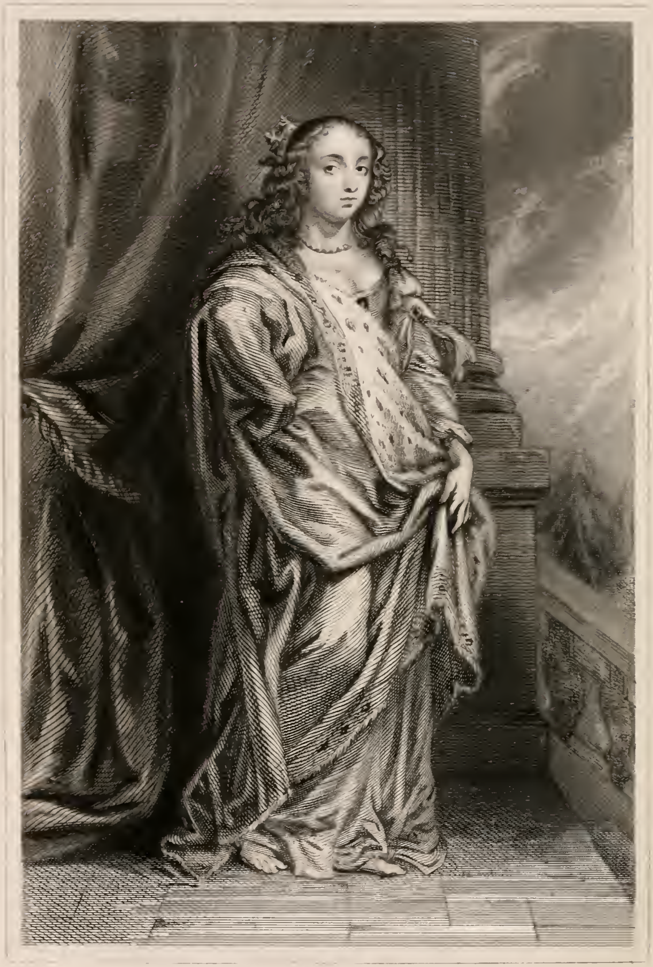
The wife of the Duke of Bedford survived him thirteen years, and both were interred in the family vault at Chenies: she was at the time of her death only forty. They had two sons and three daughters.

The sorrows of Lady Russell had not yet reached their close: in the same year as that which deprived her of her son, her younger daughter, the Duchess of Rutland, was snatched from her, dying in her tenth confinement. Her eldest daughter, the Duchess of Devonshire, was at the time in the same situation, and Lady Russell had the courage to conceal from her the sad bereavement which so afflicted her own heart. To the tender inquiries of the duchess after her sister, she replied that "she had that day seen her *out of bed*:" thus masking the fatal truth in order to prevent a similar catastrophe in her remaining child's case. Alas! poor Lady Russell! so accustomed was she to sorrow, that the few gleams of happiness she knew could alone surprise her, not the recurrence of those pangs which had become her second nature.

At length, in 1723, on the 29th of September, at the age of eighty-six, a weekly journal announces that—

> "The Right Honourable the Lady Russell, relict of Lord William Russell, died on Sunday morning last, at five o'clock, at Southampton House, and her corpse is to be carried to Chenies, in Buckinghamshire, to be interred with that of her lord."

She ended her mortal career without pain: and the sufferings of mind to which she was so well accustomed were not continued at her last moments, for she died resigned and tranquil, after the "fitful fever" of her eventful life.



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MARGARET,

Ducheſs of Newcastle

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MARGARET,

DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

This singularly pedantic and self-sufficient lady, the wife of a man who figures for many years during the fatal struggles between the Stuarts and the Commonwealth, was one of those who, with some talent and no genius, contrive to bring themselves into notice by dint of resolute scribbling, and manage to attain a certain reputation by means of frequent assurances to the world that they deserve a high place in public estimation. She belonged to that class of ladies of rank who are not content to understand and patronize the works of persons of merit, but indulge the ambition of imitating them, and fondly persuade themselves that they can compete with the best authors of the day.

The innumerable books of this persevering authoress were the nuisance of the time in which she lived; and, although she reaped little but ridicule by her industry, yet her vanity was such that she never perceived she was being laughed at, and lived on in a fool's paradise of letters; glorying in her fame, and pluming herself as much on the literary reputation of her husband. In almost every age there has been some such self-esteemed Phœnix, whose harmless conceit does but little injury, but is, nevertheless, a general annoyance, except to the tradesmen she employs to print and bind the countless volumes with which she delights to adorn her own library.

The titles alone of her works—and few persons have gone beyond them—tell the bent of her mind, and the ambition which inspired her. They are:—

"The World's Olio."

"Nature's Picture drawn by Fancy's Pencil to the Life." "In this volume," says the title, "are several feigned stories of natural descriptions, as comical, tragical and tragi-comical, poetical, romantical, philosophical, and historical, &c. &c." London, 1656. *Folio.*

Orations of Divers Sorts, accommodated to Divers Places. *Folio.*

Plays.

Philosophical and Physical Opinions. *Folio.*

Observations upon Experimental Philosophy: to which is added, the Description of a New World. *Folio.*

Philosophical Letters. *Folio.*

Poems and Phancies. *Folio.*

Sociable Letters. *Folio.*

The Life of the Duke, her husband. *Folio.* London, 1668.

Walpole, who gives this list, remarks :—

" Her plays alone are nineteen in number, and some of them *in two parts.* One of them, ' The *Blazing World*' is unfinished ; her grace, which seems never else to have happened to her, ' finding her genius not tend to the prosecution of it.' To another, ' The Presence,' are *nine-and-twenty supernumerary scenes.* In another, ' The Unnatural Tragedy,' is a whole scene written against Camden's Britannia : her grace thought, I suppose, that a *geographic* satire in the middle of a play was mixing the *utile* with the *dulce.*

" Three volumes *more* of her poems, *in folio*, are preserved in manuscript !

" The pride and fondness of the duchess for her lord were quite as remarkable as her estimation of her own compositions ; and, next to herself, she ranks him as the greatest of poets and authors ; though, as Lord Clarendon says, ' amorous in poetry and music,' he was fitter to break Pegasus for a *manège* than to mount him on the steeps of Parnassus. Of all the riders of that steed," continues Walpole, in his usual strain of sarcastic wit, " perhaps there have not been a more fantastic couple than his grace and his faithful duchess, who was never off her pillion."

She compares her husband to Julius Cæsar, and descends, in the next paragraph, from her stilts, to inform the curious reader in what sort of coach he went to Amsterdam. As for herself, she says "that it pleased God to command his servant, Nature, to *indue* her with a *poetical and philosophical genius, even from her birth;* for she did write some books *even in that kind*, before she was twelve years of age."

Deep as she was in philosophy, it is possible that she feared there might "be more things in earth and heaven" than were "dreamt of" in that *kind* she had adopted; and therefore, with praiseworthy application, at the age of forty, it having occurred to her, that if she were to *read* a little of that which she professed, it might tend to good, she took "to the reading of philosophic authors." The world is, doubtless, much indebted to her for this act, and several more *folios* were the result.

She was an author who never "wished to blot one word," and never would revise or correct any copy of her works, considering them so precious, that

> "One shade the more, one ray the less,
> Had half impair'd the *nameless* grace"

which existed in them: she dreaded that such mechanical work "should disturb her following conceptions;" and so tender and anxious was she to preserve all the gems of her fertile imagination, that she kept an amanuensis in her sleeping chamber, who occupied *a truckle bed*, and was ready, at all hours of the night, to rise, at a call, and write down her quick teeming fancies.

"What a picture," says Walpole, "of foolish nobility was this stately poetic couple; retired to their own little domain, and intoxicating one another with circumstantial flattery, on what was of consequence to no mortal but themselves!"

The duke's work on Horsemanship is that by which he was chiefly known, particularly to those who, in his time, troubled themselves with no other reading, though now his fame, as well as that of his duchess, is confined to the shelves of curious antiquaries, who admire what is rare rather than what is worth examining.

Some of his plays, at a period when, as Evelyn and Pepys remark, the old-fashioned dramas of Shakespeare were unpleasing to a court which had acquired an elegant taste abroad, were popular. He wrote most of them abroad, when retired at Antwerp, after the defeat at Marston Moor, to which it is thought his imprudence contributed not a little,* although his bravery is never impeached.

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* The parliament army under the Earl of Manchester, Lord Fairfax, and General Leven, had been obliged, by Prince Rupert, to raise the siege of York. His Highness, not contented with this advantage, resolved to give them battle, and accordingly came up with them at the above-mentioned place (Marston Moor). In the engagement, the left wing of the royal army, commanded by the prince in person, put to flight the parliament's right wing, and in it the said three generals. But the prince, pursuing them

The Humorous Lovers,
The Triumphant Widow,
The Country Captain,

and a host of others, were played by his Majesty's servants at Blackfriars, in 1677, and received with great applause, being looked upon as some "of the best plays of the age."

Shadwell quite idolized him, and considered him to have been by no means inferior to his model, Ben Jonson!

The duke patronised Jonson, and Davenant and Shadwell were also his great friends: he carried the Muses into camp, and, like his lady, could never endure to be without a pen in his hand. What between fighting, horsemanship, and poetry, he was certainly unrivalled. He was said to be a better horseman than musician, and better musician than

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too far, Cromwell, who commanded the left wing, found means to draw over the victory to his side, and get the whole honour of it to himself. He engaged closely the Earl of Newcastle, who had before only cannonaded at a distance, and the action on both sides was hot and desperate. The horse having discharged their pistols, *flung them at each other's heads*, and then fell to it with their swords. But, after a very obstinate dispute, Cromwell's superior genius prevailed, and the King's right wing was totally routed. And now the prince, returning with his victorious party, was also charged at unawares, and entirely defeated by the reserve of Cromwell's brigade.

In this action, about four thousand of the King's forces were slain, and fifteen hundred taken prisoners, among whom were above a hundred persons of distinction and considerable officers. All their artillery, a great number of small arms, and much ammunition, together with the prince's own standard, were also taken: the parliamentarians losing not above three hundred men.

poet, and to have suited a court better than a camp; but, in the opinion of his duchess, he eclipsed every one in each of the accomplishments for which he was remarkable. At all events, his losses in the royal cause were of some consequence, for she computes them at above seven hundred thousand pounds.

He was appointed governor of Prince Charles, whose literary taste seems seldom to have risen above his own, and both he and his partner in literary celebrity are worthy of a period, when Shadwell flourished and Shakespeare was placed on the shelf.

There is a picture of the duchess at Welbeck, full length, in a fantastic habit, such as she constantly appeared in; for she considered that an ordinary dress was too commonplace to suit a character so unlike her fellows, and so distinguished above them.

The splendid stables at Welbeck and at Bolsover still attest the magnificent taste, in that particular, of the author of

"A new and extraordinary invention to dress horses, and work them according to nature by the subtlety of art." London, *folio*, 1667.

"That the duchess," says Sir Egerton Bridges, in his edition of her Memoirs, "was deficient in a cultivated judgment; that her knowledge was more multifarious than exact, and that her powers of fancy and sentiment were more active than her powers of reasoning, I will admit; but that her productions, mingled as they are with great absurdities, are either wanting in talent, or in virtue, or even in genius, I cannot concede."

There are certainly occasional passages of good sense, and fancy, and beauty, in her voluminous compositions; but, taken in general, they are rather calculated to excite mirth than admiration. A few specimens of her prose and verse will best show the character of her mind. In her "World's Olio," occurs the following sentence:—

"A man that is mad is not out of his wits.

"We cannot say a man that is mad is out of his wits, but out in his judgement; for a madman will speak extreme wittily sometimes, and tho' it be by chance, yet it is his own wit, but not his judgement to chuse the best, for then he would always strive to speak to some purpose, or hold his peace, which madmen never do, but speak at random, not caring what he speaks, or to whom he speaks, nor when he speaks: now the fool comes like the madman in his actions, rather than in his words; for judgement lies not altogether in the choice of speech, but more in the choice of actions; now, a fool neither knows nor believes in the likeliest way to good, nor to avoid ill, and a madman cares not which is the way to good or ill, but follows his own disordered passions, where reason hath left to be their guide."

The learned Dr. Wilkins, whose discourses in natural philosophy were so remarkable, and whose theories were no less so, was a believer, like Lord Worcester, in the possibility of attaining the art of flying. He also was convinced that *a voyage to the moon* might be attempted with success. The Duchess of Newcastle, to whom he was explaining his idea on the subject, made this observation :—

"Doctor, where am I to find a place for bating at in the way up to that planet?" "Madam," he replied, "of all the people in the world, I never expected that question from you, who have built so many castles in the air, that you may lie every night in one of your own."

She had written, amongst a crowd of other things, "Observations on Experimental Philosophy, and a Description of a New World," which she thus peoples :—

"As for the ordinary sort of men, in that part of the world, they were of several complexions; not white, black, tawny, olive, or ash-coloured; but some appeared of an *azure*, some of a *deep purple*, some of a *grass green*, some of a *scarlet*, some of an *orange-colour*, &c. * * * The rest of the inhabitants of that world were men of different sorts, shapes, figures, dispositions, and humors;—some were *Bear-men*, some *Worm-men*, some *Fish* or *Mear-men*, otherwise called *Syrenes*; some *Bird-men*, some *Fly-men*, some *Ant-men*, some *Geese-men*, some *Spider-men*, * * * some *Fox-men*, some *Ape-men*, some *Jackdaw-men*, some *Magpie-men*, some *Parrot-men*, some *Satyrs*, some *Gyants*, and many more which I could not remember. Each followed such a profession as was most proper for the nature of their species. * * * The Bear-men were to be experimental philosophers; the Bird-men, astronomers; the Worm and Fish-men, natural philosophers; the Ape-men, chymists; the Satyrs, Galenic physicians; Fox-men, politicians; Jackdaw, Parrot, and Magpie-men, orators and logicians; Gyants, architects. * * * The Geese-men were men which had heads, beaks, and feathers, like wild-geese, only they went in an upright shape, like the Bear and Fox-men; their wings were of the same length with their bodies; and their tails of an indifferent size, trailing after them like a lady's garment."

The Empress of this fantastic region is represented as in want of a secretary, and applying to her spirits to procure one for her. The spirits name several mortals to her, but after enumerating Galileo, Hobbs, Descartes, and others, they raise objections, for they observe—

"'They were fine ingenious writers, but yet so self-conceited, that they would scorn to be scribes to a woman. But,' say they, 'there is a lady, the Duchess of Newcastle, which, although she is not of the most learned, eloquent, witty, and ingenious, yet is she a *plain and rational* writer, for the principle of her writings is sense and reason, and she will, without question, be ready to do you every service in her power.' 'That lady, then,' said the Empress, 'will I choose for my scribe, neither will the Emperor have reason to be jealous, she being one of my own sex.'"

After this extravagance, she goes on with an interval of the reason of which she boasts, and dissuades the Empress from examining, from curiosity, too closely into the Scriptures, adding: "The best way is to believe, with the generality, the literal sense of the Scriptures, and not to make interpretations every one according to his own fancy, but to leave that work for the learned, or those who have nothing else to do."

Amongst other fanciful opinions, the duchess says:—

"Those that invented microscopes and such like dioptrical glasses, at first, did, in my opinion, the world more injury than benefit; for this art has intoxicated so men's brains, and wholly employed their thoughts and bodily actions about phænomena, or the exterior figures of objects, as all better arts and studies are laid aside. Though there be numerous books written of the wonders of these glasses, yet I cannot perceive any such; at best, they are but superficial wonders. In short, magnifying glasses are like a high heel to a short leg, which, if it be made too high, it is apt to make the wearer fall, and, at the best, can do no more than represent exterior forms in a bigger, and so in a more deformed, shape and posture, than naturally they are."

In her own Memoirs the duchess enters minutely into all particulars relative to the domestic manners of her family, and "rehearses their recreations" thus :—

"Their customs were, in winter time, to go sometimes to plays, or to ride in their coaches about the streets, to see the concourse and recourse of people; and, in the spring time, to visit the Spring Garden, Hide Park, and the like places; and sometimes they would have music, and sup in barges upon the water. They did seldom make visits, nor ever went abroad with strangers in their company, but only themselves in a flock together, agreeing so well that there seemed only one mind amongst them."

She describes herself as—

"More inclining to be melancholy than merry, but not crabbed, or peevishly melancholy, but soft, melting, solitary, and contemplative melancholy: and I am apt to weep rather than to laugh, not that I do often either of them; also I am tender-natured, for it troubles my conscience to kill a fly, and the groans of a dying beast strike my soul: also where I place a particular affection, I love extraordinarily and constantly, yet not fondly, but soberly and observingly * * * likewise, I am seldom angry, as my servants may witness for me; for I rather choose to suffer some inconveniences than disturb my thoughts—but when I am angry, I am very angry, but it is soon over. * * * I think it no crime to wish myself the exactest of Nature's works, my thread of life the longest, my chain of destiny the strongest, my mind the peaceablest, my life the pleasantest, my death the easiest, and the greatest saint in heaven."

There is, at least, much *naïveté* in this confession, and what follows:—

"Likewise I am, what the vulgar calls, proud; not of a self-conceit, or to slight or condemn any, but scorning to do a base or mean act, and disdaining rude or unworthy persons, insomuch that, if I should find any that were rude or too bold, I should be apt to be so passionate as to affront them if I can, unless discretion should get between my passion and their boldness, which sometimes, perchance, it might, if discretion should crowd hard for place: for, though I am naturally bashful, yet in such a case my spirits would be all on fire; otherwise I am so well bred, as to be civil to all persons of all degrees or qualities. * * *

"I would most willingly exclude myself, so as never to see the face of any creature but my lord, as long as I live enclosing myself like an anchoret, wearing a frieze gown tied with a cord about my waist; but I hope my readers will not think me vain for writing my life, since there are many that have done the like, as *Cæsar, Ovid, and many more,* both men and women; and I know no reason I may not do it as well as they."

Her reasons are, perhaps, as good as those of many who have been their own biographers:—

"I writ it for my own sake, not for that of the reader: neither did I intend this piece for to delight, but to divulge; not to please the fancy, but to tell the truth, lest after ages should mistake in not knowing I was the daughter of one Master Lucas of St. John's, near Colchester in Essex, second wife to the Lord Marquis of Newcastle: for my lord having had two wives, I might easily have been mistaken, especially if I should die and my lord marry again."

Sir Egerton Bridges adds, in a note to this concluding passage:—

"It is remarkable that this has, notwithstanding, been the case."

This fantastic and singular person had many virtues, which might well counterbalance her absurd pretensions; for she was a most affectionate and devoted wife, following the fortunes of her exiled husband with persevering kindness, and soothing his lonely moments with her agreeable society: for she seems to have been a charming companion; and as all she wrote held a high place in his estimation, he never could feel that she was tedious or ridiculous as an author, as the world did. Like Lady Fanshawe, she gave herself up to her zeal for her husband's interest, ventured to return to England and its dangers, in hopes to recover some of the *then* marquis's property, and allowed no peril to stop her.

She was the daughter of Sir Charles Lucas, who died when she was quite young. Her mother was extremely anxious that her education should be carefully attended to, and had her instructed in all the accomplishments of the time. In 1643, she was taken to Oxford, where the court then resided, and became maid of honour to Henrietta Maria. When the Queen was forced to fly, she accompanied her to Paris, and it was there that her meeting with the Marquis of Newcastle took place. Her brother, created Lord Lucas, who had commanded under the marquis during the civil wars, when asked by that nobleman what return he could make for his services, replied, that for himself he desired and expected nothing but to follow the fortunes, good or ill, of his royal master; but confessed that he felt uneasy and anxious about his beautiful sister, for whom he had no means of providing, who was very young and exposed to much danger in the present circumstances of the Queen. The marquis's sympathy and curiosity were excited, and he became very desirous of seeing this fair sister: his wish was soon accomplished, and the romance was finished by his offering her his hand.

From Paris the marquis and his bride went to Rotterdam, and thence to Antwerp, where they took up their abode, finding it a quiet spot, where they could live at little expense. Here both indulged their passion for literature, and enjoyed each other's society uninterruptedly. But their finances were becoming very low, for of the twenty thousand a-year belonging to the marquis, no sums reached him from England, and their debts were numerous, and their necessities pressing. In this emergency Lady Newcastle volunteered a journey to England, and arriving there, exerted herself to obtain some relief for her husband's difficulties. Sir Charles Cavendish generously came forward to assist his brother; and after great trouble she was able to raise a considerable fund, with which she returned to Antwerp.

They remained there till the Restoration, and then, after six years of exile, the marquis was enabled to return, leaving his wife to arrange all their affairs and follow him. Speaking of her exile, she expresses herself in this humble manner:—

"Heaven hitherto hath kept us, and though Fortune hath been cross, yet we do submit, and are both content with what is and cannot be mended; and are so prepared, that the worst of fortunes shall not afflict our minds so as to make us unhappy, howsoever it doth pinch our lives with poverty: for if tranquillity lives in an honest mind, the mind lives in peace although the body suffer."

The sunshine of her life at length arrived: a dukedom rewarded Newcastle's loyalty, and peace and prosperity remained with them for the remainder of their lives. Nothing now interposed between them and their darling studies, and largely did they both indulge in composition.

The duchess was magnificent and liberal, and was in the habit of entertaining several young ladies, whose occupation was to write from her dictation. These attendants were frequently called up in the night to transcribe her imaginings, and their office must have been far from an agreeable one: it is said that her temper was somewhat peevish, and her manners reserved; but to her husband she was all that was delightful and pleasing. It is not a little probable that she was pedantic, for her works testify as much; and vain she must have been, or so many of her compositions would not have seen the light.

She died about 1673-4. In the "Antiquities of Westminster" her tomb is thus named:—

"Against the screen of the chapel of St. Michael is a most noble spacious tomb of white marble, adorned with two pillars of black marble, with entablatures of the Corinthian order, embellished with arms and most curious trophy works: on the pedestal lye two images in full proportion, of white marble, in a cumbent posture, in their robes, representing Wm. Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, and Margaret his duchess, his second and last wife, being the daughter of Sir Charles Lucas, and the sister of Lord Lucas of Colchester: who as she had deservedly acquired the reputation of a lady of uncommon wit, learning, and liberality, so the duke, her husband, had rendered himself famous for his loyalty and constant fidelity to the royal family during the civil wars in this country and in Scotland. The duke having caused this stately monument to be erected here to the memory of his lady, died soon after, in the year 1676, aged 84, and was interred here."

THE EPITAPH ON THE DUCHESS.

"Here lies the loyal Duke of Newcastle, and his Duchess, his second wife, by whom he had no issue. Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester; a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant, and the sisters virtuous. This Duchess was a wise, witty, and learned lady, which her many books do well testify: she was a most virtuous, loving, and careful wife; and was with her lord all the time of his banishment and miseries; and when they came home, never parted with him in his solitary retirements."

Her verses possess a certain degree of fancy, and her ideas are occasionally sufficiently original: here and there are indications of more than common talent; and perhaps, if she had written less, she might have deserved a higher fame than posterity has awarded her.

WHEREIN POETRY CHIEFLY CONSISTS.

Most of our modern writers, now-a-days,
Consider not the fancy, but the phrase;
As if fine words were wit, or one should say,
A woman's handsome, if her cloaths be gay,
Regarding not what beauty's in the face,
Nor what proportion doth the body grace;
As when her shoes be high, to say she's tall,
And when she is strait-laced, to say she's small;
When painted, or her hair is curl'd with art,
Tho' of itself but plain, and her skin swart,
We cannot say, that from her thanks are due
To Nature, nor those arts in her we view,
Unless she them invented, and so taught
The world to set forth that, which is stark naught.
But fancy is the eye, gives life to all;
Words, the complexion, as a whited wall:
Fancy the form is, flesh, blood, skin, and bone;
Words are but shadows, substance they have none:
But number is the motion, gives the grace,
And is the count'nance of a well-form'd face.

WIT.

Give me a wit, whose fancy's not confin'd,
That buildeth on itself, with no brain joyn'd;
Nor like two oxen yoked and forced to draw,
Or like two witnesses to one deed in law;

But like the sun, that needs no help to rise,
Or like a bird i' th' air that freely flies;
For good wits run like parallels in length,
Need no triang'lar points to give them strength;
Or like the sea which runneth round without,
And grasps the earth with twining arms about:
Thus true born wits to others strength may give,
Yet by their own and not by others live.

Those verses still to me do seem the best,
Whose lines run smooth, and wit's with ease exprest;
Where fancies flow, as gentle waters glide,
And flow'ry banks of rhet'rick on each side;
Which with delight the readers do invite,
To read again, wishing they could so write;
For verses should, like to a beauteous face,
Both in the eye and in the heart take place,
That readers may, like lovers, wish to be
Always in their dear mistress' company.

THE PASTIME AND RECREATION OF THE QUEEN OF FAIRIES IN FAIRY LAND, THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH.

Queen Mab, and all her company,
Dance on a pleasant molehill high,
To small straw pipes, wherein great pleasure
They take, and keep just time and measure;
All hand in hand, around, around,
They dance upon this fairy ground;
And when she leaves her dancing ball,
She doth for her attendants call,
To wait upon her to a bower,
Where she doth sit beneath a flower;
To shade her from the moonshine bright,
Where gnats do sing for her delight;
A dewy waving leaf's made fit
For the Queen's bath, where she doth sit,

And her white limbs in beauty show,
Like a new-fallen flake of snow;
Her maids do put her garments on,
Made of the pure light from the sun,
Which do so many colours take,
As various objects shadows make:
Then to her dinner she goes strait,
Where fairies all in order wait;
A cover of a cobweb made,
Is there upon a mushroom laid;
Her stool is of a thistle down,
And for her cup an acorn's crown,
Which of strong nectar full is fill'd,
That from sweet flowers is distill'd.
When din'd, she goes to take the air
In coach, which is a nutshell fair;
The lining soft and rich within,
Made of a glistering adder's skin;
And there six crickets draw her fast,
When she a journey takes in haste;
Or else two servants pace around,
And trample on the fairy ground.
In hawks sometimes she takes delight,
Which hornets are most swift in flight;
Whose horns, instead of talons, will
A fly, as hawks a partridge, kill.
But if she will a hunting go,
Then she the lizzard makes the doe,
Which is so swift and fleet in chase,
As her slow coach cannot keep pace:
Then on her grasshopper she'll ride,
And gallop in the forest wide;
Her bow is of a willow-branch,
To shoot the lizzard on the haunch;
Her arrow sharp, much like a blade,
Of a rosemary leaf is made:
Then home she's called by the cock,
Who gives her warning what's o'clock;

And when the moon doth hide her head,
Their day is done, she goes to bed.
Meteors do serve, when they are bright,
As torches do, to give her light;
Glow-worms for candles lighted up,
Stand on her table while she sup.
But women, that inconstant kind,
Can ne'er in one place fix their mind;
For she, impatient of long stay,
Drives to the upper earth away.

The Duchess of Newcastle wrote another poem on the Pastime of the Queen of the Fairies, in which the imitation of Shakspeare is more palpable.

MIRTH AND MELANCHOLY.

As I was musing to myself alone,
My thoughts brought several things to work upon:
At last came two, which diversly were drest,
One Melancholy, t'other Mirth exprest;
Here Melancholy stood in blank array,
And Mirth was all in colours fresh and gay.

MIRTH.

Mirth laughing came, and running to me, flung
Her fat white arms about my neck, there hung,
Embrac'd and kiss'd me oft, and stroak'd my cheek,
Saying, she would no other lover seek.
"I'll sing you songs, and please you ev'ry day,
Invent new sports to pass the time away;
I'll keep your heart and guard it from that thief,
Dull Melancholy, Care, or sadder Grief,
And make your eyes with mirth to overflow;
With springing blood your cheeks soon fat shall grow;
Your legs shall nimble be, your body light,
And all your spirits, like to birds in flight.

Mirth shall digest your meat, and make you strong,
Shall give you health, and your short days prolong;
Refuse me not, but take me to your wife,
For I shall make you happy all your life.
But Melancholy, she will make you lean,
Your cheeks shall hollow grow, your jaws be seen;
Your eyes shall buried be within your head,
And look as pale as if you were quite dead;
She'll make you start at every noise you hear,
And visions strange will to your eyes appear;
Thus would it be, if you to her were wed,
Nay, better far it were that you were dead.
Her voice is low, and gives a hollow sound,
She hates the light, and is in darkness found;
Or sits with blinking lamp, or taper small,
Which various shadows make against the wall.
She loves nought else but noise which discord makes,
As croaking frogs, whose dwelling is in lakes;
The raven's hoarse, the mandrake's hollow groan,
The shrieking owls which fly i' th' night alone;
The tolling bell, which for the dead rings out;
A mill, whose rushing waters run about;
The roaring winds, which shake the cedars tall,
Plough up the seas, and beat the rocks withal.
She loves to walk in the still moonshine night,
And in a thick dark grove she takes delight;
In hollow caves, thatch'd houses, and low cells
She loves to live, and there alone she dwells.
Then leave her to herself alone to dwell,
Let you and I in mirth and pleasure swell,
And drink long hearty draughts from Bacchus' bowl,
Until our brains in vap'rous waves do roll."

* * * * *

MELANCHOLY.

Then Melancholy, with sad and sober face,
Complexion pale, but of a comely grace,
With modest countenance thus softly spake:
"May I so happy be your love to take?

True, I am dull, yet by me you shall know
More of yourself, and so much wiser grow:
I search into the bottom of mankind,
Open the eye of ignorance that's blind;
All dangers to avoid I watch with care,
And do 'gainst evils that may come prepare.
I hang not on inconstant fortune's wheel,
Nor yet with unresolving doubts do reel;
I shake not with the terrors of vain fears,
Nor is my mind fill'd with unuseful fears;
I do not spend my time, like idle Mirth,
Which only happy is just at her birth;
And seldom lives so long as to be old;
But if she doth, can no affections hold.
Mirth good for nothing is, like weeds doth grow,
Or such plants as cause madness, reason's foe.
Her face with laughter crumples on a heap,
Which makes great wrinkles, and ploughs furrows deep;
Her eyes do water, and her skin turns red,
Her mouth doth gape, teeth bare, like one that's dead;
She fulsome is, and gluts the senses all,
Offers herself, and comes before a call.
Her house is built upon the golden sands,
Yet no foundation has whereon it stands;
A palace 'tis, and of a great resort,
It makes a noise and gives a loud report,
Yet underneath the roof disasters lie,
Beat down the house, and many kill'd thereby.
I dwell in groves that gilt are with the sun,
Sit on the banks by which clear waters run;
In summers hot, down in a shade I lie,
My music is the buzzing of a fly;
I walk in meadows where grows fresh green grass;
In fields, where corn is high, I often pass;
Walk up the hills, where round I prospects see,
Some brushy woods, and some all champains be.
Returning back, I in fresh pastures go,
To hear how sheep do bleat, and cows do lowe.
In winter cold, when nipping frosts come on,
Then I do live in a small house alone;

Although 'tis plain, yet cleanly 'tis within,
Like to a soul that's pure and clear from sin;
And there I dwell in quiet and still peace,
Not fill'd with cares how riches do increase;
I wish nor seek for vain and fruitless pleasures,
No riches are but what the mind intreasures.
Then am I solitary, live alone—
Yet better lov'd the more that I am known;
And though my face ill-favour'd at first sight,
After acquaintance it will give delight.
Refuse me not, for I shall constant be,
Maintain your credit and your dignity."

ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

A POETESS, much admired in her day, this lady was the daughter of Sir William Kingsmill, of Sidmonton, county of Southampton: she was one of the maids of honour to the Duchess of York, second wife of James II., and the Earl of Winchelsea, whom she married, was gentleman of the bedchamber to the duke. She had considerable poetical merit, and was the friend of Pope, between whom and herself many complimentary epistles passed. Her poem on the Spleen, then a fashionable complaint, gained her great reputation. She wrote several plays, and a great number of verses besides those published in 1713, and, from the value of some of her compositions, it is to be regretted that she wrote no more. She was called Ardelia in poetic phrase, and Pope thus addresses her:—

> " In vain you boast poetic names of yore,
> And cite those Sapphos we admire no more;
> Fate doomed the fall of ev'ry female wit,
> But doomed it then when first Ardelia writ.

Of all examples by the world confest,
I knew Ardelia could not quote the best;
Who, like her mistress on Britannia's throne,
Fights and subdues in quarrels not her own:
To write their praise you but in vain essay;
E'en while you write you take that praise away:
Light to the stars the sun does thus restore,
And shines himself till they are seen no more."

The following well-known lines are of her composition, and do much credit to her pious feeling ·—

THE ATHEIST AND THE ACORN.

"Methinks the world is oddly made,
And everything's amiss,"
A dull, presuming Atheist said,
As stretch'd he lay beneath a shade,
And instanc'd it in this:

"Behold," quoth he, "that mighty thing,
A pumpkin, large and round,
Is held but by a little string,
Which upwards cannot make it spring,
Or bear it from the ground.

"Whilst on the oak, a fruit so small,
So disproportion'd grows;
That who with sense surveys this all,
This universal, casual ball,
Its ill contrivance knows.

"My better judgment would have hung
That weight upon a tree,
And left this mast thus slightly strung,
'Mongst things which on the surface sprung,
And small and feeble be."

No more the caviller could say,
Nor farther faults descry;
For, as he upward gazing lay,
An acorn, loosen'd from the stay,
Fell down upon his eye.

Th' offended part with tears ran o'er,
As punish'd for the sin;
Fool! had that bough a pumpkin bore,
Thy whimsies must have work'd no more,
Nor sense had kept them in.

MRS. KATHERINE PHILIPS.

This lady was in her time so celebrated a personage, that, whatever her real merits were, she requires some notice, as she attracted that of many of the most remarkable writers at the period at which she lived. Cowley celebrates her in flowing numbers, and in his ode on her death exclaims, in reference to her fame:—

> " Cruel disease! there thou mistook'st thy power,
> No mine of death can that devour:
> On her embalmed name it will abide
> An everlasting pyramide
> As high as heaven the top, as earth the basis wide.
>
> * * * *
>
> Of female poets who had names of old,
> Nothing is shewn, but only told,
> And all we hear of them perhaps may be,
> Male flattery only and male poetry,
> Few minutes did their beauty's lightning waste,
> The thunder of their voice did longer last,
> But that too soon was past.
> The certain proofs of our Orinda's wit
> In her own lasting characters are writ,
> And they will long my praise of them survive,
> Tho' long perhaps too that may live.
>
> * * * *

Orinda in the female coasts of fame
Engrosses all the goods of a poetic name,
She does no partner with her see:
Does all the business there that we
Are forced to carry on by a whole company.

* * * *

Orinda does our boasted sex outdo,
Not in wit only, but in virtue too."

This praise has all the appearance of being hyperbolical, but certain it is, that Mrs. Philips was looked upon as a wonder of learning, taste, and talent.

She was the daughter of John Fowler, a merchant of London,* and was born in 1632. After her marriage with Mr. James Philips, of the Priory, Cardigan, she accompanied the Viscountess Dungannon, to whom some of her poems are addressed, to Ireland.

Her works were published without her knowledge and much to her annoyance, as she writes to her publisher, in 1663-4, angry letters in order to obtain their suppression. Her eulogist, in a preface to her poems, mentions that she wrote her

"Familiar letters with strange readiness and facility, in a very fair hand and *perfect orthography.*

"About three months," continues her admirer, "after this letter, she came to London, where her friends did much solicit her to redeem herself by a correct impression: yet she continued still averse, though perhaps in time she might have been overruled by their persuasions if she had lived; but the small-pox, that malicious disease, (as knowing how little she would have been concerned for her handsomeness when at the best,) was not satisfied to be as injurious a printer of her face as the other had been of her poems, but treated her with a more fatal cruelty than the stationer had them * * that murderous tyrant, to the just affliction of all the world, tore her out of it, and hurried her untimely to her grave, 22d June, 1664, she being then but thirty-one years of age.

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* In an edition of her works in the British Museum, she is said, in a MS. note, to have been a daughter of Dr. Daniel Oxenbridge.

"We might well have called her the English Sappho, she of all the female poets of former ages being, for her verses and her virtues both, the most highly to be valued; but she has called herself Orinda, a name that deserves to be added to the number of the Muses, and to live with honour as long as they."

The Earl of Orrery addresses her as follows:—

"When I but knew you by report,
I feared the praises of th' admiring court
Were but their compliments, but now I must
Confess what I thought civil is scarce just;
For they imperfect trophies to you raise:
You deserve wonder, and they pay but praise,
A praise which is as short of your great due
As all that you have writ come short of you.

* * * *

Your merit has attained this high degree
'Tis above praise as much as flattery.

* * * *

"In pictures none hereafter will delight,—
You draw more to the life in black and white;
The pencil to your pen must yield the place;
This draws the soul, when that but draws the face.

"You English Corneil's Pompey with such flame,
That you both raise our wonder and his fame,
If he could read it, he, like us, would call
The copy greater than th' original.

"From these clear truths all must acknowledge this,
If there be Helicon, in Wales it is:
Oh! happy country, which to our Prince gives
His title, and in which Orinda lives."

The Earl of Roscommon, he of whom Pope said,

"In all Charles's days
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays,

* * * *

To whom the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit but his own,"

thus writes of Orinda, in his prologue to her translation of Corneille's Pompey:—

"But you, bright nymph, give Cæsar leave to woo,
The greatest wonder of the world but you:
And hear a Muse, who has that hero taught
To speak as gen'rously as e'er he fought:
Whose eloquence from such a theme deters
All tongues but English, and all pens but her's.
By the just Fates your sex is doubly blest,
You conquered Cæsar, and you praise him best."

And again, in a strain equally exalted, he takes Horace for his guide, and thus celebrates her:—

* * * *

"While, ruled by a resistless fire,
Our great Orinda I admire,
The hungry wolves, that see me stray
Unarmed and single, run away.

"Set me in the remotest place
That ever Neptune did embrace,
When there her image fills my breast,
Helicon is not half so blest.

"Leave me upon some Lybrian plain,
So she my fancy entertain,
And when the thirsty monsters meet,
They'll all pay homage at my feet.

"The magic of Orinda's name
Not only can their fierceness tame,
But if that mighty word I did rehearse,
They seem submissivly to roar in verse."

Again, Cowley seems never weary of lauding her virtues and her wit.

"We allowed you beauty, and we did submit
To all the tyrannies of it.
Ah, cruel sex! will you depose us too in wit!

* * * *

Thou dost my wonder, wouldst my envy raise,
If to be praised I loved more than to praise;
Where'er I see an excellence,
I must admire to see thy well-knit sense,
Thy numbers gentle, and thy fancies high,
Those as thy forehead smooth, these sparkling as thine eye.
'Tis solid and 'tis manly all,
Or rather 'tis angelical.
For as in angels we
Do in thy verses see

Both improved sexes eminently meet,
They are than man more strong and more than woman sweet.

* * * *

Orinda's inward virtue is so bright,
That, like a lantern's fair enclosed light,
It thro' the paper shines where she doth write."

But as the very crown of flattery, the poet bursts forth, in concluding an ode to Mrs. Philips, and proclaims that her fame was prophesied by Merlin the Seer!

"Merlin the Seer—and sure he would not lie
In such a sacred company—
Does prophecies of learned Orinda show
Which he had darkly spoke so long ago.
Even Boadicea's angry ghost
Forgets her own misfortune and disgrace,
And to her injured daughters now does boast
That Rome's o'ercome at last by a woman of her race."

When it is remembered that this "Triton of the minnows" dared to ridicule Milton, the favour which her attainments claim can hardly be allowed, and the occasional good verses she wrote can scarcely receive from the indignant reader their meed of praise: yet there are some which, though far from deserving the high-flown encomium which her contemporaries bestowed, are yet graceful and pleasing, and singularly unlike the poem, fortunately long since covered with oblivion, which she showed, under a seal of secrecy, to that *refined* and *judicious* monarch who had no soul for the numbers of the immortal bard, whose existence alone at the period of his dissolute reign is the chief circumstance which should redeem the time from obloquy.

In a "learned preface" to the poem in question, the very name of which may as well be unknown, the editor of Mrs. Philips's poems observes :—

"From K. Charles's affection to the double rhimes in Hudibras, from his just admiration of the harmonious Dryden, and his open familiarity with his darling Durfey, it appears that he approved of rhime in English poetry, and looked upon blank as an innovation upon the ancient constitution of the British Muses. As for Milton, the restored Sovereign (restored from anarchical interpolation) abhorred the very name of him who had, in a long oration, openly defended the murther of his martyr'd father. It is not at all, therefore, to be wondered at, that Carolus à Carolo should passionately dislike whatever such a wretch (in his esteem) should invent or perform. Our sprightly and virtuous poetess, being no stranger to the gay humour of that condescending King, highly delighted her royal master's facetious fancy with a burlesque blank poem, ridiculing the *bombast diction, uncouth numbers, romance stile, and long-tailed similitudes* of 'Paradise Lost.'

"Such was Mrs. Philips's aversion ever to commit her poetical performances to the press, that she trusted the perusal of them to her particular friends only, and that in confidence of not transcribing. Insomuch that the merry monarch, not unacquainted with *Orinda's* concealed genius, vouchsafed, out of complaisance, voluntarily to give a promise royal of secresy, before he would be diverted with that piece which, in its native purity, is now first going to see the light."

The talents of Orinda showed themselves at an early age. Aubrey says that she—

"Was very apt to learn, and made verses when she was at school; that she devoted herself to religious duties when very young; that she would then pray by herself for an hour together; that she had read the Bible through before she was five years old; that she could say by heart many chapters and passages of Scripture; was a frequent hearer of sermons, which she would bring away entire in her memory."

She made herself mistress of the French language, and her Italian studies were carried on under the superintendence of her friend, Sir Charles Cotterel, to whom, under the name of Polliarchus, many of her letters are addressed. These letters have been considered models of grace: the following character has been given of them, but the modern reader would scarcely, I imagine, consider that they merit so high an eulogium, and would doubtless feel disappointed in the reality of what has been so greatly praised. They are—

"The best letters," says Pack,* "I have met with in the English language. * * * As they are directed all to the same person, so they run all in the same strain, and seem to have been employed in the service of a refined and generous friendship. In a word, they are such as a woman of spirit and virtue should write to a courtier of honour and true gallantry."

She appears to have possessed little beauty of person, but to have been pleasing in her manners. Her husband was a man much inferior to her in abilities, and she seemed always to be employed in endeavouring to extricate him from difficulties; she mentions him always under the name of Antenor, according to the fantastic custom of the day.

When her scattered poems were collected together and published without her consent, she is said to have taken the circumstance so much to heart, as to be seized with a fit of illness: perhaps she never intended some of them to see the light, but, as she *wrote* them, it is difficult to fancy her delicacy so great as to be shocked at their appearance in public, although it had probably been better for her fame had they been suppressed.

At the instance of Lords Orrery, Ormond, and Roscommon, she translated "Corneille's Pompey," a work which, though not original, gained her extraordinary honour. The play was produced on the Irish stage against her wish, but its success might have reconciled her modesty, as it was frequently played afterwards, both in Ireland and England, from 1663 to 1678.

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* Essays on Study.

The Duke of Monmouth spoke the prologue to her translation of "l'Horace" of Corneille, to which Sir John Denham added a fifth act. It was performed at court, with nobles and princes for actors; and there is no record of the authoress feeling any repugnance to its appearance with so much honour; though she might blush with modest confusion to hear her own praises from the beautiful and unfortunate Absalom, who with courtly grace uttered these rather unmeaning lines:—

> "So soft, that to our shame we understand
> They could not fall but from a lady's hand:
> Thus while a woman Horace did translate,
> Horace did rise above the ire of fate."

Dr. Jeremy Taylor, Bishop of Down and Connor, was a great friend of Orinda, and to her he addressed some famous Discourses on Friendship; from which this is an extract:—

"By the way, madam, you may see how I differ from the majority of those cynics who would not admit your sex into the community of a noble friendship. I believe some wives have been the best friends in the world. * * *

"I cannot say that women are capable of all those excellencies by which men can oblige the world, and therefore a female friend, in some cases, is not so good a counsellor as a wise man, and cannot so well defend my honour, nor dispose of relief and assistances, if she be under the power of another; but a woman can love as passionately, and converse as pleasantly, and retain a secret as faithfully, and be useful in her proper ministries, and she can die for her friend as well as the bravest Roman knight. A man is the best friend in trouble, but a woman may be equal to him in the days of joy: a woman can as well encrease our comforts, but cannot so well lessen our sorrows, and therefore we do not carry women with us when we go to fight; but in peaceful cities and times, women are the beauties of society and the prettinesses of friendship; and when we consider that few persons in the world have all those excellencies by which friendship can be useful and illustrious, we may as well allow women as men to be friends: since they have all that can be necessary and essential to friendships, and those cannot have all by which friendships can be accidentally improved."

In the preface to her Letters, (London, 1705,) the writer says:—

"Her qualifications for writing were as taking as could be desired, since she had the happiness, *in her composures*, to avoid the two extremes, either of uncorrect looseness in her stile, or starch'd affectation."

The letters were—

"The effect of an happy intimacy between herself and the late famous *Poliarchus,* (Sir Charles Cotterell,) and are an admirable pattern for the pleasing correspondence of a virtuous friendship."

The following may serve as specimens, and show the bent of her studies:—

LETTER EIGHT—TO POLIARCHUS.

"I gave you so tedious a trouble in my last, that I ought to make you some amends by the shortness of this: and therefore shall only thank you for the care you take to improve me in the Italian, by writing to me in that language. I understood all your letter at first sight: and immediately set myself to read *Gli Mascherati,* and went through it likewise without any hesitation, so that I now despair of no prose; but find I am but half knowing in that tongue till I can master the verse too, and that is my present study. In your next pray send me the two songs you once gave me: one begins *E ne piu brami,* the other is called *Il Nocchiere errante.* I have lost the book in which I had written them, and they were extremely pleasing to me on more scores than one. And now I am on this subject, I must be so civil as to thank you for your promise concerning *le Bureau d'Addresse* and *Les Commentaires royaux.* Believe me I had grace enough to blush when I read it, having been obliged in that kind to such an excess already, that I know not with what face to receive, much less to beg any more favours of that nature from you. I am now at *landskipping* with Lucasia, who desires you to believe she is much your servant, and thanks you for your last favour, which I believe she will answer when a piece of needle work, to which she is now wholly devoted, will give her leave. But I shall be as tiresome to you with this dulness, as she is to me with that employment. * * *

"April 12, 1662."

Amongst her best poems occur the following:—

THE WORLD.

We falsely think it due unto our friends
That we should grieve for their untimely ends.
He that surveys the world with serious eyes,
And strips her from her gross and weak disguise,
Shall find 'tis injury to mourn their fate—
He only dies untimely who dies late.
For if 'twere told to children in the womb
To what a stage of mischiefs they must come;
Could they foresee with how much toil and sweat
Men count that gilded nothing, being great;
What pains they take not to be what they seem,
Rating their bliss by others' false esteem,
And sacrificing their content to be
Guilty of grave and serious vanity;
How each condition hath its proper thorns,
And what one man admits another scorns;
How frequently their happiness they miss,
So far even from agreeing what it is,
That the same person we can hardly find
Who is an hour together in one mind;

Sure they would beg a period of their breath,
And what we call their birth, would count their death.

* * * *

We all live by mistake—delight in dreams,
Lost to ourselves, and dwelling in extremes,
Rejecting what we have tho' ne'er so good,
And prizing what we never understood:
We live by chance and slip into events.

* * * *

Time 'scapes our hands as water in a sieve,
We come to die ere we begin to live.
Truth, the most suitable and noble prize,
Food of our spirits, yet neglected lies.
Error and shadows are our choice, and we
Owe our perdition to our own decree.
If we search truth, we make it more obscure,
And when it shines cannot the light endure.

* * * *

Happy are they to whom God gives a grave,
And from themselves, as from his wrath, doth save.
'Tis good not to be born : but if we must,
The next good is soon to return to dust.
When th' uncaged soul, fled to eternity,
Shall rest, and live, and sing, and love, and see.
Here we but crawl and grovel, play and cry,
Are first our own, then others' enemy :
But there shall be effaced both stain and score,
For Time, and Death, and Sin shall be no more.

LINES.

'Tis true our life is but a long disease,
Made up of real pain and seeming ease.
You stars! who these entangled fortunes give,
Oh! tell me why
It is so hard to die,
Yet such a task to live!

If with some pleasure we our griefs betray,
It costs us dearer than it can repay;
For time or fortune all things so devours,
Our hopes are crost,
Or else the object lost,
Ere we can call it ours.

ORINDA ON HER CHILD.

Twice forty months of wedlock did I stay,
Then had my vows crowned with a lovely boy,
And yet in forty days he dropt away—
Oh! swift vicissitude of human joy!

I did but see him and he disappeared—
I did but pluck the rose-bud and it fell—
A sorrow, unforseen and scarcely feared,
For ill can mortals their afflictions spell.

And now, sweet babe, what can my trembling heart
Suggest to right my doleful fate or thee!
Tears are my muse, and sorrow all my art,
So piercing groans must be thy elegy.

Thus, whilst no eye is witness of my moan,
I grieve thy loss, ah! child too dear to live!
And let the unconcerned world alone,
Who neither will nor can refreshment give.

An off'ring, too, for thy sad tomb I have,
Too just a tribute to thy early hearse,
Receive these gasping numbers to thy grave,
The last of thy unhappy mother's verse.

She was an attached partisan of the exiled family, and wrote with deep indignation against the opposite party, as the following lines show:—

ON THE DOUBLE MURDER OF KING CHARLES I., IN ANSWER TO A LIBELLOUS COPY OF RHYMES.

Has Charles so broke God's laws he must not have
A quiet crown, nor yet a quiet grave?
Tombs have their sanctuaries: thieves lie there
Secure from all their penalty and fear:
Great Charles's double misery was this,
Unfaithful friends, ignoble enemies.

* * * *

Oh! to what height of horror are they come,
Who dare pull down a crown, tear up a tomb!

The "matchless Orinda," as she was styled by her adorers, who were, as has been said, numerous and exalted, both in rank and talent, devoted her numbers peculiarly to the praise of friendship; and it would seem by her verses that she had the tenderest attachment to her female friends, all of whom, in the fashion of the day, she addresses under feigned names, following the plan of Scuderi, the then great model of imitation.

There is both pathos and grace in some of her effusions.

EPITAPH.

If I be sure my soul is safe,
  And that my actions will provide
My tomb a nobler epitaph
  Than that I only lived and died:

So that in various accidents,
  I conscience may and honour keep,
I with that ease and innocence
  Shall die, as infants go to sleep.

She seems to have been at the head of a sort of Della Cruscan society, in which Ardelias, Lucasias, &c., flourished; and the vehemence of her friendly expressions to these ladies might almost make their sincerity suspected: there is but little beauty in the verses on this subject, but much misplaced learning and metaphysical reasoning.

In some of her poems occur stanzas which have considerable force, as these:—

"He that commands himself is more a prince
Than he who nations keeps in awe:
Who yields to all that does the soul convince,
Shall never need another law."

She says prettily, on parting with one dear to her:—

"A thousand unconcerned eyes
Fate suffers us to see,
But of all those we chiefly prize
We must deprived be."

A RETIRED FRIENDSHIP.—TO ARDELIA.

Come, my Ardelia, to this bower,
Where, kindly mingling souls awhile,
Let's innocently spend an hour,
And at all serious follies smile.

Here is no quarrelling for crowns,
Nor fear of changes in our fate,
No trembling at the great ones' frowns,
Nor any slavery of state.

Here's no disguise nor treachery,
  Nor any deep concealed design:
From blood and plots this place is free,
  And calm as are those looks of thine.

Here let us sit and bless our stars,
  Who did such happy quiet give,
As that, removed from noise of wars,
  In one another's hearts we live.

Why should we entertain a fear?
  Love cares not how the world is turned;
If crowds of dangers should appear,
  Yet friendship can be unconcerned.

We wear about us such a charm,
  No horror can be our offence,
For mischief's self can do no harm
  To friendship or to innocence.

In such a scorching age as this,
  Who would not ever seek a shade,
Deserve their happiness to miss,
  As having their own peace betrayed.

But we, of one another's mind
  Assured, the boisterous world disdain,
With quiet souls and unconfined
  Enjoy what princes wish in vain.

Her death, when only thirty-two, was looked upon as a general calamity amongst the wits and poets of her time. She had come to London, on the ill success of her husband's affairs, in hopes to divert a melancholy which had taken possession of her, and was suddenly seized with the small-pox, which carried her off, June 22, 1664. She was buried in the church of St. Benet Sherehog, in a vault of her ancestors, and her memory was celebrated by immortal verse, for every muse brought a tribute to the accomplished and lamented Orinda. Rowe thus laments her:—

"At last, 'twas long indeed, Orinda came,
To ages yet to come an honoured name.
To virtuous themes her well-tuned lyre she strung,
Of virtuous themes in easy numbers sung.
Horace and Pompey in her line appear
With all the worth that Rome did once revere;
Much to Corneille they owe, and much to her.
Her thoughts, her numbers, and her fire the same,
She soared as high, and equalled all his fame.
Though France adores the bard, nor envies Greece
The costly buskins of her Sophocles,
More we expected, but untimely death
Soon stopt her rising glories with her breath."

The affected adoption of romantic names, as well as an over-estimation of genius, particularly in females, was a fault of the times. There was a poetess, Elizabeth Thomas, who was held in much esteem, and celebrated as Corinna, to whom Dryden writes.

"Nov. 12, 1699.

"Fair Corinna,

"I have sent your two poems back again, after having kept them so long from you: they were, I thought, too good to be a woman's: some of my friends to whom I read them were of the same opinion. It is not very gallant, I must confess, to say this of the fair sex; but most certain it is, they generally write with more softness than strength. On the contrary, you want neither vigour in your thoughts, nor force in your expressions, nor harmony in your numbers; and methinks I find much of Orinda in your manner (to whom I had the honour to be related, and also to be known), but I am so taken up with my own studies, that I have not leisure to descend to particulars; being in the mean time the fair Corinna's

"Most humble and faithful servant,

JOHN DRYDEN."

Of this young lady, who occupied much attention at her time, the following particulars are not without interest :—

Elizabeth Thomas, poetically called Corinna, was born in 1675. Some of the circumstances of her life are curious. Her father was a very aged man, a lawyer, to whom her mother, a young girl, was sacrificed by her friends, who supposed him to be rich. On his death, it was found that he had left scarcely enough money to pay the expenses of a magnificent funeral, and his widow and child were left in singularly distressed circumstances. None of the clients of her late husband acted with common honesty towards the widow. The Countess Dowager of Wentworth, who had just lost her only daughter, the beloved friend of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, came forward with a proposition, as she had a large reckoning with the deceased: "You know not what to demand," said she, "and I know not what to pay; but, as I have now no child, I will adopt yours, as I have taken a fancy to her: give her to me, and I will bring her up as my own, and provide for her when I die."

The widow could not bear to part with her child; and, on her declining the offer, the countess resented her boldness to such a degree that she would never see her more, and when she died, regardless of the debt she knew she owed the father of Elizabeth, left her large fortune to her chambermaid.

The unfortunate mother retired to the country with her daughter, and at church attracted the attention of an extraordinary character, who might have served as a model for a tale of the Wandering Jew. He is thus described:—

> "Dr. Glysson was then, in 1684, in his hundredth year: his person was tall, and his bones very large; his hair like snow; a venerable aspect, and a complexion which might shame the bloom of fifteen. His judgment was sound, his memory tenacious and clear, and his company very engaging."

This strange person, at the last visit he paid to Mrs. Thomas, drew on, with much parade, a pair of rich Spanish leather gloves, embossed on the backs, and covered with rich gold embroidery and gold fringes. They, of course excited curiosity, and their history, which he detailed, made them more remarkable.

"I do respect them," said he; "for the last time I had the honour of approaching my mistress, Queen Elizabeth, she took them from her own royal hands, saying, 'Here, Glysson, wear them for my sake.' I have done so with veneration, and never drew them on but when I had a mind to honour those whom I visit, as I now do you; and, since you love the memory of my royal mistress, take them, and preserve them carefully when I am gone."

A few days after having made this precious deposit, the old man died.

The mother of Elizabeth after this fell into the hands of an alchymist, and was induced to speculate, with the remainder of her little fortune, in his absurd plans, which, of course, she lost.

Elizabeth, meantime, became known to the poets and wits of the day by her talent, and was greatly admired by Dryden, who bestowed on her the name, by which she was afterwards called, of Corinna. Misfortunes, which had persecuted her mother, were continued to her: she was on the eve of marriage with a good and wealthy man, when he died suddenly; and the fortune he left to her was disputed by the next heir.

Disease and pain were her portion, as well as poverty; and she fell under the lash of Pope, who was never too tender towards her sex, in consequence of inadvertently allowing some of his correspondence to get into the hands of Curl; and the spiteful little-great man put her into the "Dunciad," without remorse or pity.

JANE LANE.

One of the few persons to whom Charles II. showed real gratitude for their devotion to his interests at the risk of their lives and fortunes, was Jane Lane, the sister of Colonel Lane, of Bentley Hall, in Staffordshire.

After the battle of Worcester, during which memorable contention between legitimacy and usurpation young Charles behaved in so gallant a manner, that his friends and his country might reasonably have hoped everything from so brave and fearless a leader, retreat was all that was left to the defeated prince and his followers. Pursued, hunted, and in the utmost peril, Charles reached the city of Worcester, then the scene of carnage and tumult. There he tried to rally his discomfited and harassed troops. Mounting a fresh horse, he rode up to his soldiers, and, with vehement entreaties, conjured them to stand their ground, and support their cause to the last, passionately exclaiming, that he would rather at once fall by their muskets, than live to see the consequences of their desertion. By the exertions of Colonel Careless and other noble cavaliers, Charles was enabled to make good his escape from Worcester. From that moment the adventures of the fugitive King were as romantic as any that fiction could present; and often, in after days, in the midst of his gay and thoughtless court, would he allude to those moments of peril and distress, when death awaited him at every turn; when he wandered, homeless, penniless, faint, and wretched, fearing in every stranger a betrayer, and in every acquaintance a traitor.

Like a knight of old, bewildered and fatigued, the King and his small party of friends arrived, late on the first evening of their journey, at Boscobel House, a retired mansion on the borders of Staffordshire and Shropshire, belonging to staunch royalists, and then inhabited by a family named Penderell, who received and sheltered their sovereign, whom they disguised in a woodman's dress, and so transformed him, by clipping his hair and staining his face, that his enemies were not likely to recognise him. Although he escaped, some of his faithful followers suffered for him, as the tragedy of Bolton-le-Moors may show, and the prisons in various parts of the country, which enclosed for so many years the unfortunate friends who were true to death.

The Penderells were unwearied and watchful, and, in various and well-supported disguises, conducted Charles from place to place in safety. Now he was a hewer of wood, now a servant at a farm; now rated, like King Alfred, for his ignorance of cooking, now mistaken for a thief, lurking in thickets, roaming about in the darkness of night, retracing his steps, and, to avoid a greater, venturing back again into a lesser danger. Passing the day in the branches of an oak, feeding on the coarsest fare, ragged, worn, and exhausted, but meeting friends, in all his difficulties, ready to lay down their lives to save him. Had Charles possessed a heart capable of appreciating all that was done for him, his future life, when, his perils past, he had the power of bestowing rewards, might have been an edifying exhibition of royal gratitude, instead of a disgraceful scene of profligacy, indifference, and shameless extravagance.

At the time when Charles was thus hiding in holes and rocks, the reward offered for his apprehension was a thousand pounds, and the punishment of concealing him "death without mercy;" yet none was found, amongst those to whom the sum named would have been a fortune, base enough to give him up.

His dress, at this time, has been described, and formed a somewhat curious contrast to the lace and velvet which afterwards adorned his person, when years had added little beauty to a face and form never remarkably pleasing:—

"A leathern doublet, with pewter buttons; a pair of old green breeches, and a coat of the same green; a pair of his own stockings, with the tops cut off, because embroidered; and a pair of stirrup stockings, which were lent him at Madeley; a pair of old shoes, which were cut and slashed to give ease to his feet; an old grey greasy hat, without a lining; a noggen-shirt, of the coarsest linen; his face and hands made of a reeky complexion, by the help of walnut-leaves."

Lord Wilmot, who was always in attendance on his royal friend, after the King had left Boscobel House, just in time to avoid a party of the enemy, had reached the house of Colonel Lane, at Bentley, one of the most attached of those devoted to the royal cause, and prepared him to receive his dangerous but welcome guest.

Charles was concealed in a secure hiding-place in the house of Mr. Whitegrave, while the soldiers of the Parliament were parleying at the gate with his undaunted host, who, by his presence of mind, succeeded in deceiving them, and inducing them to quit the house without examination. At Colonel Lane's the King remained for a short time, while measures were taken to convey him to Bristol, about a hundred miles distance, in order that he might take his passage to the Continent.

By a fortunate circumstance, great facilities were afforded to this enterprise; for Miss Jane Lane, the colonel's sister, having purposed to visit some relations at Bristol, had obtained from the Parliament a pass for herself and her friends. After some consultation, it was agreed that the safest way for the King would be that he should be dressed in the livery of the colonel, and, personating a servant, should ride double before the young lady. His woodman's costume was therefore cast off, and a grey cloth dress substituted; and, as William Jackson, the gay and gallant prince prepared to accompany the party who escorted Miss Lane: this consisted of her cousin Mr. Lascelles and his wife, and a Mr. and Mrs. Peter.

Charles had been now a fugitive seven days, with little or no intermission of fatigue and anxiety; and when he descended into the court-yard, in his character of a serving-man, he performed the duties expected of him so ill, that Mrs. Lane, who was not in the secret, expressed some annoyance at her daughter having no better attendant on her journey.

How must the heart of the pretty, accomplished, and courageous Jane Lane have beaten with emotion, when she set forth, her arm clasping the waist of the persecuted monarch of three kingdoms, who had not where to lay his head, and who had placed himself under her especial protection against a host of foes! Fearlessly did she set forth, Lord Wilmot riding in their company, with a hawk on his wrist, in the character of a stranger out on his amusement, who had merely joined them by chance.

They had not journeyed long, when the horse on which Miss Lane rode with her supposed servant, lost a shoe, and it became the duty of her groom to go to a blacksmith, to get the accident repaired.

"As I was holding the horse's foot," says Charles, in his own account of his adventures, "I asked the smith what news. He told me that there was no news that he knew of, since the good news of the beating of the rogues of Scots. I asked him whether there were none of the English taken that joined with the Scots: he answered that he did not hear that that rogue Charles Stuart was taken, but some of the others were taken, though not Charles Stuart. I told him that if that rogue were taken, he deserved to be hanged more than all the rest, for bringing in the Scots: upon which he said I spoke like an honest man, and so we parted."

When Miss Lane arrived with her attendant at the house of her relation, Mr. Norton, whose wife was on the eve of her confinement, it was found necessary, in order to prevent Charles from being discovered through his ignorance of the manners of the class to which he was supposed to belong, that he should feign illness: a fit of the ague was therefore assumed, and he was thus placed in a position to receive more care than could otherwise have been bestowed on him without exciting suspicion. Mr. and Mrs. Norton were entrusted by Miss Lane with the important secret, and they recommended the King to the especial care of their butler Pope, telling him that the young man was the son of a tenant of Colonel Lane's, and very respectable. The next morning after his arrival, Charles relates how, having risen early, he went to the buttery hatch to get his breakfast.

"There," says he, "I found Pope with two or three other men in the room, and we all fell to eating bread and butter, to which he gave us very good ale and sack. And as I was sitting there, there was one that looked like a country fellow sat just by me, who, talking, gave so particular an account of the battle of Worcester to the rest of the company, that I concluded he must be one of Cromwell's soldiers. But I asking him how he came to give such a good account of the battle, he told me he was in the King's regiment. But, questioning him further, I perceived that he had been in my regiment of guards, in Major Broughton's company, that was my major in the battle. I asked him what kind of a man I was, to which he answered by describing exactly both my clothes and my horse; and then, looking upon me, he told me that the King was at least three fingers taller than I. Upon which I made what haste I could out of the buttery, for fear he should indeed know me; as being more afraid, when I knew he was one of our own soldiers, than when I took him for one of the enemy's. So Pope and I went into the hall, and just as we came into it, Mrs. Norton was coming by, through it: upon which I, plucking off my hat, and standing with my hat in my hand as she passed by, Pope looked very earnestly into my face: but I took no notice of it, put on my hat again, and went away, walking out of the house into the field."

The glance Pope had given at the King uncovered, had convinced him that the surmise he entertained was correct; and when next he was alone with him, he threw himself on his knees, and expressed his delight to see him safe. Charles tried to convince him he was mistaken, but Pope had known him when a boy at Richmond, having been servant to the groom of the bedchamber: concealment was impossible, and the King had never reason to regret the discovery made by this faithful and honest man.

The next destination of the fugitive was to Trent, in Somersetshire, where Colonel Wyndham was ready to receive him at any risk; but just as he was about to depart, an event, probably occasioned by the anxiety of mind of Mrs. Norton, placed them all in a state of great embarrassment. She was prematurely confined of a still-born child, and it would have been too remarkable that Miss Lane should leave her cousin exactly at that moment. All was now confusion: it was becoming dangerous for Charles to remain longer in the house; and, after some consultation, it was agreed that a letter should be written, informing Miss Lane of the sudden illness of her father, who desired to see her.

Pope was entrusted with the management of this affair, and accordingly, as they sat at supper, there being several strangers present who had arrived on a visit to the family most inopportunely, he entered and delivered a letter to Jane, at which she pretended to be greatly shocked, and expressing her impatience to set out instantly, it was agreed that the next morning she should depart, accompanied by her supposed groom, in the same manner that she had arrived.

They set out the next morning, and arrived safely at Trent. Colonel Wyndham and his lady were prepared to receive them, and had come forth, on the excuse of a walk, to meet their royal guest. Charles, forgetting his assumed character, was hurrying up to the colonel, with the intention of warmly greeting him, when he suddenly remembered his position, and shrunk back, while his host conducted Miss Lane and her kinsman to the house, leaving Charles to the care of a domestic, who took him in by the back entrance.

The arduous task of Jane Lane was now accomplished, and she could do the King no more service: she therefore took her leave of him, and, with earnest prayers and wishes for him, returned to her own home, where she recounted her adventures much to the satisfaction of the staunch adherents of the monarch. When Jane Lane quitted the King, she left him in the charge of another lady, Juliana Coningsby, whom, it was agreed, he should accompany in the character of her servant in the same manner. It was the fate of Charles to be, in almost all situations, guided, assisted, and governed by women: and amongst the many persons to whom the secret of his wanderings was known, a great proportion was of the female sex. No man had greater reason to be grateful to women than Charles Stuart, and he was not more ungrateful to them than to his male friends: indeed, in some instances, he showed feeling towards them.

On the 16th of October, 1651, after all his hair-breadth 'scapes for forty-three days, the young King landed safely on the coast of Normandy, and looked a long adieu towards the shores of his unkind country.

As soon as he conveniently could after his arrival in Paris, Charles wrote to his preserver, Jane Lane, as follows:—

"Mistress Lane,

"I have hitherto deferred writing to you, in hope to be able to send you somewhat else besides a letter; and I believe that it troubles me more that I cannot yet do it than it does you, though I do not take you to be in a good condition long to expect it. The truth is, my necessities are greater than can be imagined, but I am promised they shall shortly be supplied; if they are, you shall be sure to receive a share, for it is impossible I can ever forget the great debt I owe you, which I hope I shall live to pay in a degree that is worthy of me. In the mean time I am sure all who love me will be very kind to you, else I shall never think them so to

"Your most affectionate friend,
CHARLES R."

Charles had not been many weeks arrived in France, when Jane, accompanied by her brother, Colonel Lane, was able to follow; and her reception at the French court was such as the great services she had rendered deserved. England was no longer a safe home for the Lanes, after the part they had taken in the King's escape, and they were obliged to fly before suspicion pointed them out.

Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which the heroine of so romantic a story was regarded in Paris. The King, and Queen-mother, with her two sons, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, met Miss Lane and her brother on the road to Paris, and overwhelmed her with thanks: Charles extending his hand with the utmost affection, and exclaiming, "Welcome, my life."

This amiable and courageous young woman was afterwards married to Sir Clement Fisher, of Packington Hall, Warwickshire, her brother's great friend, and as attached as herself to the royal cause. Charles never lost his feeling of grateful acknowledgment for her devotion to him, and rewarded her with an annuity of one thousand pounds; and to her brother he gave one of five hundred.

He continued always to write to them both most affectionately and familiarly; and the watch and picture which he presented to Jane is still preserved most carefully in the family, he having expressly desired that they should descend from generation to generation, to the eldest daughter of the Lanes.

ANNE KILLIGREW.

A YOUNG lady, whose promising genius attracted the attention of the literary world, and whose career was singularly short, shone forth, as Katherine Philips had done, to be admired for a brief space, and deplored in lines from an immortal pen. Anne Killigrew, whom Dryden has so pathetically lamented, was the daughter of Dr. Henry Killigrew, master of the Savoy, and a prebend of Westminster. Besides sermons, he wrote a play called "The Conspiracy," of which he afterwards altered the title to "Pallantus and Eudora;" and it was performed with great success in 1653. The family of Killigrew possessed considerable genius for dramatic compositions, and were remarkable in general for more wit than morality. All their virtues seemed centered in the daughter of Dr. Henry, whose charming qualities endeared her to all by whom she was known. She was born just before the Restoration of Charles II., and from very early years discovered a remarkable talent, which her father fostered with the utmost care. Both in poetry and painting she soon became distinguished, and gave promise of great eminence in each. The praise of Dryden is so enthusiastic, that it might appear overstrained, but that all contemporary writers speak of the interesting Anne Killigrew as all that deserved to be beloved and commended.

Dryden assures us that—

> "Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child."

Anthony Wood describes her as angelic in her qualities; "a grace for beauty, and a muse for wit;" and adds, that "if, in the praises bestowed on her, there had not been more true history than compliment, her father would never have suffered them to appear in print."

Walpole remarks of Dryden's famous ode to her memory, that—

"The rich stream of his numbers has hurried along with it all that his luxuriant fancy produced in its way: it is an harmonious hyperbole, composed of the fall of Adam, Arethusa, Vestal Virgins, Diana, Cupid, Noah's Ark, the Pleiades, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and the last assizes."

She was one of the maids of honour to the Duchess of York, whose portrait, and that of James II., she painted. Her own portrait, said to have much merit, and in the style of Sir Peter

Lely, she also executed, and several pictures are still extant by her hand. Amongst others, Walpole enumerates a Venus and Adonis—Judith and Holofernes — the Graces dressing Venus — and others.

She died of the small-pox, at twenty-five, in 1685, to the grief of all: her tomb was washed by the tears of all the poets of her time. Dryden exclaims—

> "Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
> The well proportioned shape, and beauteous face,
> Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;
> In earth the much lamented virgin lies!
> Not wit, nor piety, could fate prevent;
> Nor was the cruel destiny content
> To finish all the murder at a blow,
> To sweep at once her life and beauty too;
> But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
> To work more mischievously slow,
> And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.
> O double sacrilege on things divine,
> To rob the relique and deface the shrine!
> But thus Orinda died;
> Heav'n by the same disease did both translate,
> As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate."

This accomplished and interesting young creature was buried in the chancel of St. John Baptist's Chapel, in the Savoy Hospital.

A marble monument was erected to her, and a Latin inscription records her virtues. This epitaph is printed before her poems.

She admired the congenial muse of Orinda, in whose honour she wrote the following verses:—

"Orinda (Albion and her sex's grace)
Owed not her glory to a beauteous face;
It was her radiant soul that shone within,
Which struck a lustre thro' her outward skin;
That did her lips and cheeks with roses dye,
Advanced her height, and sparkled in her eye.
Nor did her sex at all obstruct her fame,
But higher 'mongst the stars it fix'd her name;
What she did write not only all allow'd,
But every laurel to her laurel bow'd!"

I give Dryden's Ode entire, as it tells the tale of her brief and brilliant life in numbers full of fire, which sparkle through the encumbrance of conceits which were thought ornaments in his day.

TO THE PIOUS MEMORY OF THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY, MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW, EXCELLENT IN THE TWO SISTER ARTS OF POESY AND PAINTING.

AN ODE.

I.

Thou, youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new-pluck'd from Paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some neighbouring star,
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wandering race,
Or, in procession fix'd and regular,
Mov'd (st) with the Heaven's majestic pace;
Or, call'd to more superior bliss,
Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast abyss:
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;

Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since Heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal muse thy praise rehearse,
In no ignoble verse;
But such as thy own voice did practise here,
When first thy fruits of poesy were given;
To make thyself a welcome inmate there:
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

II.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good;
Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood:
So wert thou born with a tuneful strain,
An early, rich and inexhausted vein.
But if thy preexisting soul
Was form'd, at first, with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek and Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last, which once it was before.
If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore;
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
Than was the beauteous form she left behind:
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celestial kind.

III.

May we presume to say, that, at thy birth,
New joy was sprung in heaven, as well as here on earth?
For sure the milder planets did combine
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
And e'en the most malicious were in trine.
Thy brother angels, at thy birth,
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high,
That all the people of the sky
Might know a poetess was born on earth.

And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the music of the spheres;
And if no clustering swarm of bees
On thy sweet mouth distill'd their golden dew,
'Twas that such vulgar miracles
Heaven had not leisure to renew;
For all thy blest fraternity of love
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holyday above.

IV.

O gracious God! how far have we
Prophan'd thy heavenly gift of poesy?
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love?
O wretched we! why were we hurried down
This lubrique and adult'rate age,
(Nay, added fat pollutions of our own,)
T' increase the steaming ordures of the stage?
What can we say t' excuse our second fall?
Let this thy vestal, Heaven, atone for all:
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd;
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

V.

Art she had none, yet wanted none;
For nature did that want supply:
So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
That it seem'd borrow'd where 'twas only born.
Her morals, too, were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the best of books, her father's life, she read.
And to be read herself she need not fear;
Each test, and every light, her muse will bear,
Tho' Epictetus and his lamp were there.

E'en love (for love sometimes her muse exprest)
Was but a lambent flame that play'd about her breast:
Light as the vapors of a morning dream,
So cold herself, while she such warmth exprest,
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

VI.

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought she should have been content
To manage well that mighty government;
But what can young ambitious souls confine?
To the next realm she stretched her sway,
For Painture near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province and alluring prey.
A chamber of Dependencies was framed,
(As conquerors will never want pretence,
When arm'd, to justify th' offence,)
And the whole fief, in right of Poetry, she claimed.
The country open lay, without defence:
For poets frequent inroads there had made,
And perfectly could represent
The shape, the face, with every lineament;
And all the large domains which the dumb sister sway'd.
All bow'd beneath her government,
Receiv'd in triumph wheresoe'er she went.
Her pencil drew whate'er her soul design'd,
And oft the happy draught surpassed the image in her mind.
The sylvan scenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
Of shallow brooks that flow'd so clear
The bottom did the top appear;
Of deeper too, and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrors, showed the woods;
Of lofty trees, with sacred shades,
And perspectives of pleasant glades,
Where nymphs of brightest form appear
And shaggy satyrs standing near,
Which them at once admire and fear.

The ruins, too, of some majestic piece,
Boasting the power of ancient Rome or Greece,
Whose statues, friezes, columns, broken lie,
And, tho' defac'd, the wonder of the eye;
What nature, art, bold fiction ere durst frame,
Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
So strange a concourse ne'er was seen before
But when the peopled ark the whole creation bore.

VII.

The scene then chang'd, with bold erected look
Our martial King the sight with reverence strook:
For not content t' express his outward part,
Her hand call'd out the image of his heart:
His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
His high designing thoughts were figur'd there,
As when, by magic, ghosts are made appear.
Our phœnix Queen was pourtray'd there so bright,
Beauty alone could beauty take so right:
Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
Were all observ'd as well as heavenly face.
With such a peerless majesty she stands,
As in that day she took the crown from sacred hands:
Before a train of heroines was seen,
In beauty foremost, as in rank, the Queen.
Then nothing to her genius was deny'd,
But, like a ball of fire the further thrown,
Still with a greater grace she shone,
And her bright soul broke out on every side.
What next she had designed, Heaven only knows;
To such immod'rate growth her conquest rose,
That fate alone its progress could oppose.

VIII.

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
The well proportioned shape, and beauteous face,
Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much lamented virgin lies!

Not wit, nor piety, could fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel destiny content
To finish all the murder at a blow,
To sweep at once her life and beauty too;
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more mischievously slow,
And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.
O double sacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relique and deface the shrine!
But thus Orinda died;
Heav'n by the same disease did both translate,
As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

IX.

Meantime her warlike brother on the seas
His waving streamers to the winds displays,
And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.
Ah, generous youth, that wish forbear,
The winds too soon will waft thee here!
Slack all thy sails, and fear to come,
Alas, thou knowest not thou art wreck'd at home!
No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,
Thou hast already had her last embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far
Among the Pleiads a more kindlier star,
If any sparkles, than the rest more bright,
'Tis she that shines in that propitious light.

X.

When in mid air the golden trump shall sound,
To raise the nations under ground;
When in the valley of Jehoshaphat,
The judging God shall close the book of fate;
And there the last assizes keep,
For those who wake, and those who sleep:
When rattling bones together fly
From the four corners of the sky;
When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
Those clothed with flesh, and life inspires the dead;

The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
  And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
For they are covered with the lightest ground;
And straight, with inborn vigour, on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.
There thou, sweet saint, before the quire shall go,
As harbinger of heaven, the way to show,
The way which thou so well has learnt below.

The following specimens of her talent are scarcely equal to the praises she received; yet they present, occasionally, fine bursts of thought.

HERODIAS' DAUGHTER PRESENTING TO HER MOTHER ST. JOHN'S HEAD IN A CHARGER. PAINTED BY HERSELF.

Behold, dear mother, who was late our fear,
Disarm'd and harmless, I present you here;
The tongue tied up, that made all *Jury* quake,
And which so often did our greatness shake.
No terror sits upon his awful brow;
Where fierceness reign'd, there calmness triumphs now;
As lovers use, he gazes on my face,
With eyes that languish, as they su'd for grace;
Wholly subdu'd by my victorious charms,
See how his head reposes in my arms.
Come, join then with me in my just transport,
Who thus have brought the hermit to the court.

AN EPITAPH ON HERSELF.

When I am dead, few friends, attend my hearse,
And for a monument, I leave my verse.

THE DISCONTENT.

Here take no care, take here no care, my Muse,
Nor ought of art or labour use:
But let thy lines rude and unpolish'd go;
Nor equal be their feet, nor num'rous let them flow.
The ruggeder my measures run when read,
They'll livelier paint the unequal paths fond mortals tread.

* * * *

Not boundless heaps of its admired clay,
Ah! too successful to betray,
When spread in our frail virtue's way:
For few do run with so resolv'd a pace,
That for the golden apple will not lose the race:
And yet, not all the gold the vain would spend,
Or greedy avarice would wish to save,
Which on the earth refulgent beams doth send,
Or in the sea has found a grave,
Join'd in one mass, can bribe sufficient be
The body from a stern disease to free;
Or purchase for the mind relief,
One moment's sweet repose, when restless made by grief.

* * * *

Nor yet, if rightly understood,
Does grandeur carry more of good;
To be o' th' number of the great enroll'd,
A scepter o'er a mighty realm to hold.
For what is this?
If I not judge amiss,
But all th' afflicted of a land to take,
And of one single family to make
The wrong'd, the poor, th' oppress'd, the sad,
The ruin'd, malcontent, and mad.
Which a great part of every empire frame,
And interest in the common Father claim.

* * * *

But O the laurell'd fool! that doats on fame,
Whose hope's applause, whose fear's to want a name;
Who can accept for pay
Of what he does, what others say;

Exposes now to hostile arms his breast,
To toilsome study then betrays his rest;
Now to his soul denies a just content,
Then forces on it what it does resent;
And all for praise of fools; for such are those
Which most of the admiring crowd compose.
O famish'd soul, that with such food can feed!
O wretched labour, crown'd with such a meed!

* * * *

FRANCES JENNINGS,

DUCHESS OF TYRCONNEL.

Frances Jennings was the elder sister of the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough, and was as conspicuous for her beauty and fashion as the latter for her spirit. About 1664 she became, when in the height of her attractions, maid of honour to Anne Hyde, Duchess of York. In the midst of a court famed for anything rather than propriety, although she did not escape the character of a coquette, slander did not make free with her name. Her beauty was acknowledged as transcendant even at a court of beauties such as few reigns could boast; and her discretion appeared to surprise all her admirers, and cause much disappointment and annoyance in the highest quarters. The Duke of York, in particular, whose profligacy was little inferior to that of his brother, considered himself as an ill-used man because the fair Jennings was not duly impressed with the value of his attachment.

She is described, in the graceful and witty memoirs of that court, by Count Anthony Hamilton, afterwards her brother-in-law, as having a complexion the fairest and most dazzling that was ever beheld: hair of a beautiful flaxen, an animated and intelligent countenance, and an expressive mouth. The charm of her air and manner was indescribable; the contour of her face and person perfect: her step was like that of an Aurora, and the Graces gave a finish to every charm. She was easy and unaffected, and her wit was never exhausted: her conversation full of sprightliness and gaiety, and her imagination vivid and sparkling.

Cautious as Miss Jennings was, she nevertheless could not resist the temptation of entering into a foolish frolic, which made a great sensation at the time, and had nearly compromised her reputation. Pepys relates, amongst his gossip of the "mad freaks of the maids of honour," that—

"Mrs. Jennings, the other day, dressed herself like an orange wench, and went up and down and cried oranges; till, falling down, or by some accident, her fine shoes were discovered, and she put to a great deal of shame."

This silly scheme was to be followed by a visit which Miss Jennings projected, together with Miss Price, another maid of honour, to the famous fortune-teller, who discovered every one's secrets, and foretold their future fate: this seer was no other than the too well-known Lord Rochester, then in disgrace, who had assumed this character, so easy for him to fill, for a frolic.

The court ladies, who descended to the weakness of countenancing the impostor, and placing themselves in a dangerous situation, were, as might be expected, insulted by the mob, and by several men of their own class, who were delighted to see the cautious beauty in so equivocal a position; and it was not without much danger and ridicule Miss Jennings got back to her apartments, where she had leisure to lament over the imprudent and immodest step she had taken.

The manners of the time considered, her action is less to be blamed than it would deserve to be in an age when masquerading is not only out of fashion, but considered improper; but still the fair Jennings sadly descended from her dignity, it must be allowed, on this occasion. She was addressed at this time by many admirers, amongst whom Richard Talbot, afterwards Duke of Tyrconnel, was conspicuous, not for his good qualities, but his bold and presumptuous bearing, his want of principle, and his handsome person, then a possession more honoured than any advantages of mind; but it was thought the rejection he met with from Miss Jennings proceeded from an unwise attachment which she had formed for another courtier, his inferior in most qualities, except a total want of principle; for in the latter admired failing Henry Jermyn, the beau, *par excellence*, of the court, was most conspicuous. However, finding that she had entirely misplaced her affections, Miss Jennings resolved to accept the hand of Sir George Hamilton, grandson of the Earl of Abercorn, and they were accordingly married in 1665. Evelyn names him as "a valiant and worthy gentleman:"* he lived but a few years after their marriage, and left his widow with three daughters, afterwards called 'The Three Viscountesses.' †

When she had been some little time a widow, Lady Hamilton met once more, by accident, her former admirer, Talbot, now Earl of Tyrconnel, and in 1678 married him. He was a staunch friend to James II., and was made a duke by him. The duchess accompanied him to Ireland. After the death of the Duke of Tyrconnel, the duchess retired to France, and was a pensioner of the French court. There is an apocryphal story of her appearing in London in a white mask, which is deserving of no notice except for the purposes of romance. She was at Brussels in 1708, where her brother-in-law, the great Duke of Marlborough, visited her, and thus speaks of her in his letters to her sister:—

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* His sister was Elizabeth, Countess of Grammont, "La Belle Hamilton," of the famous Memoirs, in which the most flattering character is given of her. She refused all the best matches of the court, and accepted probably the worst, as de Grammont had nothing but his art to recommend him. They were married in 1668; but it would appear that, after six years' courtship, the intention of the gay chevalier, on his return to France, was to escape from his engagement, but that the promptitude of the lady's brothers recalled to his memory a fact which he professed to have *forgotten*. He did not, however, make her a bad husband; and if we believe his praises of her beauty, by some thought to be undeserved, he continued to admire her, and see excellent qualities in her which others of the French court did not perceive, for Made. de Caylus calls her "*Une Anglaise insupportable.*"

† Jesse. Ross, Dillon, and Kingsland.

" I went yesterday to wait upon Lady Tyrconnel, who, I think, is grown very old, and her hoarseness much worse than when I saw her last."

" I was yesterday a long while with Lady Tyrconnel, who complains very much of the nonpayment of their rents : by what they say, I am afraid they are very unjustly dealt with."

" When I took leave of Lady Tyrconnel she told me that her jointure in Ireland was in such disorder, that there was an absolute necessity for her going for two or three months for the better settling of it. As the climate of Ireland will not permit her being there in winter, she should begin her journey about ten days hence : she said that she did not intend to go to London, but hoped that she might have the pleasure of seeing you at St. Albans. I have offered her all that might be in my power to make her journey to Holland and England easy. As also, that if she cared to stay at St. Albans, either at her going or return, you would offer it her with good heart. You will find her face a good deal changed, but in the discourse I have had with her she seems to be very reasonable and kind."

“I had a letter yesterday from your sister, Lady Tyrconnel, in which she tells me that she leaves Brussels in two or three days, and that her stay in Holland will be no longer than by going by the first safe opportunity, so that you will hear very quickly from her.”

She had become a proselyte to the Romish faith, and some of the duke’s property in Ireland having been restored, she resided in Dublin for many years before her death, looked upon as a great devotee, for she had established a nunnery there.

She had passed her eightieth year when she died in 1731, in that city. Walpole describes her death as having happened in consequence of “falling out of bed on the floor in a wintry night, and, being too feeble to rise or to call, was found in the morning so perished with cold, that she died in a few hours.”

MARY BEALE.

Mary Beale was the daughter of a clergyman named Cradock, of Walton-on-Thames, and was distinguished for her genius as a painter, which was much appreciated at her time. She studied under, or at least was a great admirer of, Sir Peter Lely, whose style she imitated with peculiar success. The gallant painter was said to be attached to his charming pupil; but Mr. Beale was the successful candidate for her hand, and seems fully to have appreciated her merits; for he recorded every incident connected with her life and works in his note-books, which, chance having spared from destroying time, furnish details of her occupations and habits. The following extracts from the seven of them which Walpole names as having fallen into the hands of Vertue, are curious as relating to remarkable persons of the period at which Mary Beale lived :—

"1672, 20th April.*

"Mr. Lely was here, with Mr. Gibson and Mr. Skipwith, to see us, and commended very much her copy after our Saviour praying in the garden, &c., after Anto. da Correggio: her copy in little after Endymion Porter, his lady and three sons, he commended extraordinarly, and said, to use his own words, it was painted like Vandyck himself in little, and that it was the best copy he ever saw of Vandyck. Also, he very well liked her two copies in great of Mr. Porter's son Phil. He commended her other works, copies, and those from the life. Both he and Mr. Gibson commended her works.

"Mr. Lely told me, at the same time as he was most studiously looking at my bishop's picture of Vandyck's, and I chanced to ask him how Sir Antony could possibly devise to finish in one day a face that was so exceeding full of work and wrought up to so extraordinary a perfection—'I believe,' said he, 'he painted it over fourteen times.' And upon this he took occasion to speak of Mr. Nicholas Lanière's picture of Sir Antony Vandyck's, 'doing which,' said he, 'Mr. Lanière himself told me he sat seven entire days for it to Sir Antony; and that he painted upon it of all those seven days, both morning and afternoon, and only intermitted the time they were at dinner.' And he said likewise, that though Mr. Lanière sat so often and so long for his picture, that he was not permitted so much as once to see it till he had perfectly finished the face to his own satisfaction. This was the picture which, being shown to King Charles the First, caused him to give orders that Vandyck should be sent for over to England."

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* Walpole, Anec. of Painting.

"20 Feb. 1671-2.

"My worthy and kind friend, Dr. Belk, caused the excellent picture of Endymion Porter, his lady, and three sons altogether, done by Sir Antony Vandyke, to be brought to my house, that my dear heart might have opportunity to study it, and copy what she thought fit of it."

"19 April.

"My dearest painted over the third time a side face."

It appears that the sums received by Mrs. Beale for her pictures were five pounds for a head, and ten for a half-length in oil. Sir Peter Lely, though occasionally very communicative on the subject of his manner of painting, had moments of reserve, when his gallantry forsook him, and, by the husband's account, he appeared to be trying to mislead his pupil as to the real method he employed to produce his effects.

"1 Aug^{t}. 1672.

"Dr. Tillotson sat to Mr. Lely about three hours for the picture he is doing for me: this is the fourth time, and I believe he will paint it, at least touch it, over again. His manner in the painting of this picture, this time especially, seemed strangely different, both to myself and my dearest heart, from his manner of painting the former pictures he did for us. This we thought was a more conceited, mysterious, scanty way of painting than the way he used formerly, which we both thought was far more open and free, and much more was to be observed and gained from seeing him paint then, than my heart could, with her most careful marking, learn from either this or Dr. Cradock's picture of his, doing for Dr. Patrick.

"Received this year, 1672, moneys at interest, rents, or for colours upon Mrs. Beale's account, £101 11*s*. Received this year for pictures done by my dearest heart, £202 5*s*."

"1677.

"Mr. Comer told my dearest, as a secret, that he used black chalk, ground in oil, instead of blue-black, and found it much better, and more innocent in colour.

"I saw at Mr. Bab May's lodgings, at Whitehall, these pictures of Mr. Lely's doing. The King's picture in buff, half-length; first Duchess of York; Duchess of Portsmouth; Mrs. Gwin, *with a lamb;* Mrs. Davis, *with a gold pot;* Mrs. Roberts; Duchess of Cleveland, being *as a Madonna and babe;* Duchess of Richmond, &c.

"Mr. Lely came to see Mrs. Beale's paintings;

several of them he much commended, and, upon observation, said Mrs. Beale was much improved in her painting. She painted Sir William Turner's picture from head to foot, for our worthy friend, Mr. Knollys."

The husband, who thus records his dearest heart's performances, seems to have understood and practised colour-making, as he frequently speaks of ultramarine and lake of his own making, with which he supplied Sir Peter Lely. He had some appointment in the Board of Green Cloth.

The reputation of Mrs. Beale yearly improved, to judge by her receipts; and most of the great personages of her day sat to her for their portraits. The Countess of Derby, Sir Stephen Fox, Lord Halifax, Duke of Newcastle, Lady Scarsdale, Earl of Bolingbroke, Lady Dorchester, Lady Stafford, Mr. Thomas Thynne, Mr. Secretary Coventry, and others; and she executed numerous copies from Sir Peter's portraits.

She was held in much esteem by the clergy, many of whom she painted. Dr. Tillotson and Dr. Burnet were painted by her; the latter presented her with his "History of the Reformation," —a circumstance which her husband records with great pleasure.

The often-sought heiress, young Lady Ogle, as well as her then husband, had copies from her of Sir Peter's portraits of them at Newcastle House;

and Beale speaks of the Dean of Peterborough's, (Moor) portrait, as "one of the best pictures, for painting and likeness, my dearest ever did."

Dr. S. Woodford, in his Version of the Psalms, calls Mrs. Beale "an absolutely complete gentlewoman;" he adds:—

"I have hardly obtained leave to honour this volume of mine with two or three versions, long since done by the truly virtuous Mrs. Mary Beale; among whose least accomplishments it is, that she has made painting and poetry, which in the fancies of others had only before a kind of likeness, in her own to be really the same."

She is apostrophised by her friend as Belesia. Amongst her translations of the Psalms is the following, which may serve as a sufficient specimen:—

DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI.—PENITENTIAL.

"Plung'd in the depths of sin and misery,
Where I could nothing see but death
Ready to stifle my complaining breath,
With which to thee, my God, I sent my cry,
Hoping at length to reach thine ear,
And by my often calls get thee to hear;
Hear me, I said, let not my cry be vain,
Lest I no strength should have to cry again.

"Eternal God, should thy all-seeing eye
Severely mark our often strays,
Our wand'rings i' th' forbidden dangerous ways
Of basest sin and fond iniquity;
Who then could in thy presence stand,
Or bear the weight of thy enraged hand?
But thou art mighty in thy pardoning love,
O let us fear, that we may grateful prove.

"Wherefore I'll wait for thee, my gracious Lord,
Till thou thy favours shall dispense,
And make me feel thy powerful influence.
My soul for this shall hope in thy sure word,
For thee I'll wait with more desire
Than they who for the morning light enquire,
That from their weary watch they may be freed;
Yea, more than they, wherefore may God make speed.

"Let Israel on the Lord repose his trust,
With whom both mercy is and love,
The constant streams that flow from him above:
Like whom there's none so good, yet none so just,
For though he did a ransom find,
'Twas such as through't his justice brighter shined;
From him redemption shall to Israel come,
Which to their land and him shall bring them home."

Mrs. Beale and her husband were a most affectionate couple, and seem to have been as charitable as they were tender: they made a point of bestowing two shillings in the pound out of their gains on the poor. They had two sons; one of whom followed his mother's profession, and the other studied and practised as a physician at Coventry. Mary Beale, who seems an example of quiet virtues and industrious talent, died at the age of sixty-five, Dec. 28, 1697, and was buried under the communion-table in St. James's Church.

ANNE CLARGES,

DUCHESS OF ALBEMARLE.

The birth of the wife of the celebrated General Monk, who so much influenced her husband throughout her life, was extremely low: her father is said to have been a blacksmith, and all her connexions of the meanest description. But she possessed a mind of great energy; and in his most important affairs her husband consulted her as his best adviser. Her temper was ungovernable, owing to her want of education, and her manners always retained their original coarseness. She was a resolute and unshrinking friend, as well as an implacable enemy, and she held Lord Clarendon in the most bitter detestation, which she never tried to conceal: her passions were, when roused, more powerful than her reason, and her resentments were beyond all bounds.

Her loyalty was a striking feature in her character, and her counsels had no inconsiderable share in bringing about the Restoration; it is said that the list which General Monk presented to the King, soon after his landing, had been dictated by her, and the privy councillors who were recommended were of her choosing. A dream of Anne Clarges is related, which it is not impossible had some share in influencing wavering spirits to embrace the royal cause. She imagined that she saw a great crown of gold on the top of a dunghill, which a numerous company of brave men encompassed, but for a great while none would break the ring. At last there came a tall black man up to the dunghill, took up the crown, and put it on his head:—

"Upon the relating of this," says Dr. Price, "she asked what manner of man the King was. I told her, that when I was an Eton scholar, I saw at Windsor sometimes the Prince of Wales, at the head of a company of boys; that himself was a very lovely black boy, and that I heard that, since, he was grown very tall."

There is good reason to suppose that General Monk vacillated as to the part he should ultimately adopt respecting the Parliament, and was at length decided not by his own, but by his wife's act; for he had given to the Parliament fair promises,—

"But at last agreed with the French ambassador to take the government on himself, by whom he had a promise from Mazarin, of assistance from

France. This bargain was struck late at night; but not so secretly but that Monk's wife, who had posted herself conveniently behind the hangings, finding what was resolved upon, sent her brother Clarges away immediately, with notice of it, to Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper. She had promised to watch her husband, and inform Sir Ashley how matters stood. He caused the Council of State, whereof he was a member, to be summoned, and charged Monk that he was playing false. The general insisted that he was true to his principles, and firm to what he had promised, and that he was ready to give them all satisfaction. Sir Anthony told him, if he were sincere, he would remove all scruples, and would instantly take away their commissions from such and such men in the army, and appoint others, and that before he left the room. Monk consented; a great part of the commissions of his officers were changed, and Sir Edward Harley, a member of the council, and then present, was made Governor of Dunkirk, in the room of Sir William Lockhart: the army ceased to be at Monk's devotion, the ambassador was recalled, and broke his heart."

Dr. Price, who was a chaplain of General Monk, speaks thus relative to his wife:—

"His wife had in some degree prepared him to appear when the first opportunity should be offered, for her custom was, when the general's and her own work and the day were ended, to come into the dining-room in her *treason-gown*, as I called it, I telling him when she had that gown on, he should allow her to say anything. And indeed her tongue was her own then, and she would not spare it: insomuch that I, who still chose to give my attendance at those hours, have often shut the dining-room doors, and charged the servants to stand without till they were called in."

When Pepys, after the Restoration, met the Duchess of Albemarle at dinner, he expresses himself extremely disgusted with her. "The duke," he says, "has sorry company, dirty dishes, bad meat, and a nasty wife at table." The coarseness of her manners, and her want of refinement in conversation, made her generally disliked, though her services to the King commanded respect from the court.

She was married to the general in 1652, and was the mother of several children; one only survived, namely, the son who succeeded him, and who married a daughter of Lord Ogle, afterwards Duke of Newcastle, but left no heir.

LADY MARY TUDOR.

The beautiful Mary Davis was an accomplished singer and musician, a good performer on the clarichord or spinet, and a mistress of the guitar, which at the time of Charles II. was a very fashionable instrument, and particularly admired by the King, who used to delight in hearing Signor Francisco, an Italian, play: and, encouraged by his admiration, all the ladies of the court, whose aim was to attract the gallant monarch, endeavoured to excel in the accomplishment which pleased him. The voice of Mary Davis was equal to her skill in playing, and it was in executing a beautiful and pathetic ballad in the character of Celania, a shepherdess mad for love, that she won the volatile heart of him whose affection was as little stable as his friendship or his gratitude.

She sung "My lodging is on the cold ground" so sweetly, and with so much grace, that it eclipsed for a time King Charles's recollection of the hat, as large as a cart-wheel, in which the fair and frail Nell Gwynn had charmed him before.

The rival actress, Mary Davis, maintained her triumph for a space, and her daughter Mary had a title, and the name of Tudor bestowed upon her by the King.

Lady Mary Tudor, in 1687, was married to the son of Sir Francis Radcliffe,* who became Earl of Derwentwater. From this marriage are descended the family of Newburgh: and at Slindon, in Sussex, is still seen a curious picture of Lady Mary, in a theatrical-looking dress, which Walpole supposes to be a costume in which she appeared in a masque acted at court: whether she showed evidence of

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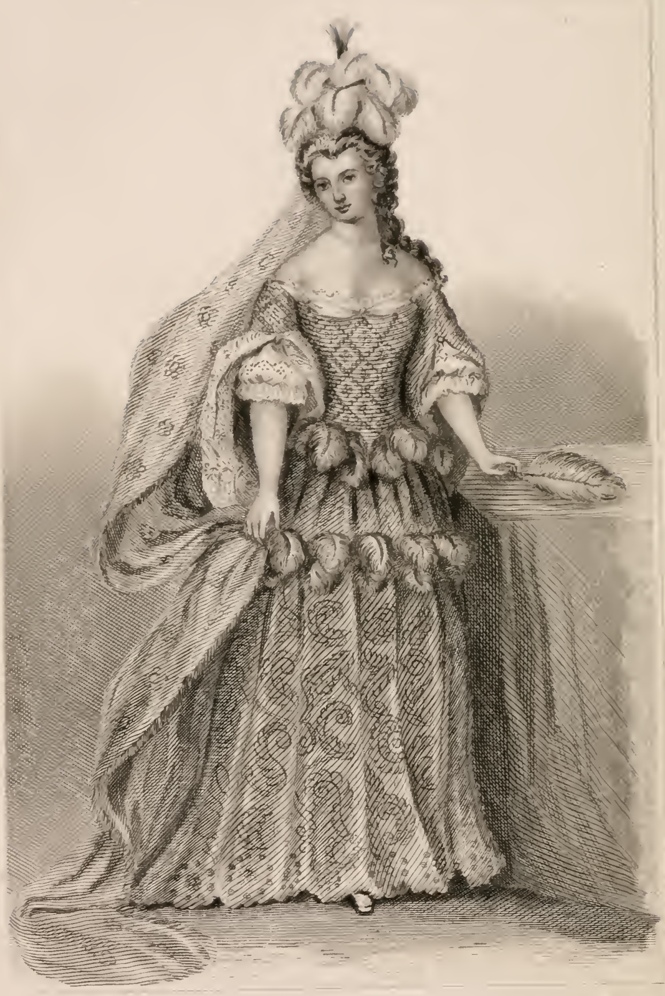
* Francis Radcliffe, second Earl of Derwentwater, married Mary Tudor, natural daughter of King Charles II. by Mrs. Davis, and had issue:

1. *James*, Viscount Radcliffe, his successor.
2. *Francis*, died s. p.
3. *Charles*, who became the second husband of Charlotte-Maria Livingstone, *Countess of Newburgh in her own right*, and had, with other issue,
    - *James Bartholomew*, who succeeded his mother, and became third Earl of Newburgh.
    - *Mary*, who married in 1755, Francis Eyre, Esq. of Walworth Castle, co. Northumberland, and had issue,
        - *Francis Eyre*, who succeeded as sixth Earl of Newburgh.
4. *Mary Tudor*.

F. Lord Derwentwater, d. in April 1705, and was succeeded by James Radcliffe, third Earl, beheaded 24th of Feb. 1715-16.

C. Lord Derwentwater, beheaded 8th of December, 1746.

Burke's Peerage.



LADY MARY TUDOR.

Daughter of King Charles 2nd

[illegible]

her mother's talent on the stage is, however, not recorded.

It has been thought that her mother, Mary Davis, was the natural daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, whose care of her morality, according to Pepys, did him but little credit; for he appears to have betrayed his child to the King, who was for a time much attached to her, and presented her, on their first acquaintance, with a ring valued at seven hundred pounds, and a house in Suffolk-street. Pepys relates also, that he saw her one day stepping into her coach, "and," he adds, "a mighty fine coach it was."

Great was the jealousy evinced by all the King's favourites, noble and low, of which there were but too many, of the fair Mrs. Davis, whose daughter was born six years after she first became acquainted with Charles: it is therefore to be presumed that her reign lasted longer than that of many others in a similar position.

The sons of Lady Mary Tudor and Francis Ratcliffe inherited the misfortunes of their grandfather's family: for the first was that unfortunate James, Earl of Derwentwater, executed for rebellion in 1715; and his brother Charles, having escaped after his sentence had been passed, was retaken in the Esperance privateer, on his way to Scotland in 1745, and beheaded, according to the former decree. The star of Stuart had not yet ceased shedding its malignant rays on all of the devoted race. The fair and cheerful creature, decked in feathers and embroidery, who smiles on the walls of Slindon House, in company with her royal father, looks complacently on the two sons whose fate she did not foresee: and Charles Ratcliffe, as an infant in his mother's arms, gives no warning of the sad tragedy in which he was afterwards an actor.

Both the sons of Lady Mary Tudor were distinguished for their bravery, their generosity, and goodness of heart:—

"But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the favoured youths astray,
The day the rebel clans appeared,
Oh! had they never seen that day—
The colours and the sash they wore,
And in that fatal dress were found—
And now they must that death endure
That gives the brave the keenest wound!"

The Derwentwater family possessed great estates in the north of England, and had valuable lead mines on Alston Moor. Dilston Hall,* a fine old mansion, of which the chapel only now remains, was the family-seat; and nothing could equal the affection in which Earl James was held by his tenants, neighbours, and friends, in his own neighbourhood. Attached by the ties of kindred to the Stuarts, and by every association connected with his infancy and youth, it was natural that he should espouse a cause which he considered his own; and though he did not, at first, contemplate the consequences of the Pretender's attempt, yet he had neither power nor inclination to withhold his support when called upon. It is thought that he could have raised many more men who would unhesitatingly have followed his standard, but that his regard for his people made him unwilling to draw them into the dangers he did not fear for himself.

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* Dilston Hall stands on a bold situation, on the east side of a brook, called Devilswater. Here, in the time of Henry III., was the baronial seat of Thomas de Devilstone, whose family had resided in it from the time of the conquest. After that the place was successively possessed by the *Tindales*, Crasters, Claxtons, and *Ratcliffes*, which last family had it in 1457. Sir Francis Ratcliffe married *Mary Tudor*, natural daughter of King Charles II. The whole of the estates were forfeited to the crown in 1716, and given to Greenwich Hospital. The hall was built in 1616, by Francis Ratcliffe, Esq., and after falling into ruin, completely removed by the advice of Mr. Smeaton. It stood adjoining to the *old tower* of the Devilstones, which still remains. In the *chapel*, which is kept in decent repair, though not used, is a vault,

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containing the remains of several of the Ratcliffe family."—*Beauties of England and Wales*, vol. xii. p. 1. *Northumberland*, pp. 171-2.

"Beyond Hay Castle, in Cumberland, the river Derwent falls into the ocean, which, rising in Barrodale (a vale surrounded with crooked hills), runs among the mountains called Derwent Falls; wherein, at Newlands, and some other places, some rich veins of copper (not without a mixture of gold and silver) were found; about which, there was a memorable trial between Queen Elizabeth and Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Lord of the Manor; but in virtue of the royal prerogative, (there being veins of gold and silver,) it was determined in favour of the Queen. Through these mountains, the Derwent spreads itself into a spacious lake, wherein are three islands: one the seat of the family of Ratcliffe, Kt. temp. Henry V., who married Margaret, daughter and heir of Sir John de Derwentwater, Kt.; another inhabited by miners, and the third supposed to be that wherein Bede mentions St. Herbert to have led a hermit's life." —*Banks.*

His character, drawn at the time of his execution, by no friendly hand, speaks more for him than volumes written by a partisan:—

"He was extremely beloved by his tenants and dependants: he was, indeed, formed by nature to be generally beloved; he seemed to live for others. His hospitality was unbounded, his kindness to his friends and neighbours remarkable, and, whether Catholic or Protestant, his benevolence extended to all. He will be regretted by all who have no fondness for this *rash and wicked* cause. His brother is young and bold, but too forward: he has a great deal of courage, which wants a few more years and a better cause to improve it. There is room to hope he will never employ it in such an adventure again."

In this his biographer was, however, deceived.

Charles Ratcliffe was twenty-two when he was taken in arms with his brother, the earl, and many other unfortunate noblemen. He was extremely romantic and enthusiastic, and felt for the cause all the warmth which distinguished the partisans of James Stuart. He had been educated at St. Germain's with that prince, and considered him as his near kinsman and friend. He was a great lover of nature and art, was full of taste, talent, and spirit, making notes of all he saw on his journeys with the rebel army in England and Scotland, as if the expedition had been a party of pleasure. When the fatal stop was put to the apparently prosperous career of the Pretender, Charles Ratcliffe was condemned with the rest, but was several times reprieved, and at length escaped, so easily, that it almost seemed more than the effect of accident. He, with thirteen others, got away from Newgate, and contrived to reach France in safety. The circumstances are thus recorded in a pamphlet of the time:—

"On a certain day the rebel chiefs in Newgate had a very grand entertainment, which they kept in a room called the Castle, in the upper part of the prison. Mr. Ratcliffe was then dressed in a suit of black; and when the company were in the height of their merriment, observing a little door open, in the corner of the room, he *went through it, followed by his thirteen friends.* The passage of this door led them to the Debtor's side, where the turnkey, not knowing them, and supposing them to be strangers come to see their friends, *let them out.*"

James, Lord Derwentwater, was not so fortunate, if the mere delay of a fatal end can be so called: he suffered on Tower-hill, with many other brave and gallant men, too faithful to the cause of him they considered their lawful sovereign.

From the scaffold he first read to the people, and then delivered to the sheriff, the following affecting address:—

LORD DERWENTWATER'S SPEECH.*

"Being in a few minutes to appear before the tribunal of God, where, though most unworthy, I hope to find mercy, which I have not found from men now in power, I have endeavoured to make my peace with his Divine Majesty, by my most humbly begging pardon for all the sins of my life; and I doubt not of a merciful forgiveness, through the merits of the passion and death of my Saviour Jesus Christ, for which end I earnestly desire the prayers of all good Christians.

"After this, I am to ask pardon of those whom I might have scandalized by pleading guilty at my trial. Such as were permitted to come to me, told me, that having been undeniably in arms, pleading guilty was but the consequence of having submitted to mercy; and many arguments were used to prove there was nothing of moment in so doing: among others, the universal practice of signing leases, whereof the preambles run in the name of the person in possession.

"But I am sensible that in this I have made bold with my loyalty, having never any other but King James III. for my rightful and lawful sovereign: him I had an inclination to serve from my infancy, and was moved thereto by a natural love I had to his person, knowing him to be capable of making his people happy; and tho' he had been of a different religion from mine, I should have done for him all that lay in my power, as my ancestors have done for his predecessors, being thereunto bound by the laws of God and man.

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* Tracts. Accounts of Rebels, 1716, 1746.—Brit. Mus.

"Wherefore, if in this affair I have acted rashly, it ought not to affect the innocent. I intended to wrong nobody, but to serve my King and country, and that without self-interest, hoping, by the example I gave, to have induced others to their duty; and God, who sees the secret of my heart, knows I speak truth. Some means have been proposed to me for saving my life, which I looked upon as inconsistent with honour and conscience; and therefore I rejected them: for, with God's assistance, I shall prefer any death to the doing a base, unworthy action. I only wish now that the laying down my life might contribute to the service of my King and country, and the re-establishment of the ancient and fundamental constitution of these kingdoms, without which no lasting peace or true happiness can attend them. Then I should, indeed, part with life even with pleasure: as it is, I can only pray that these blessings may be bestowed on my dear country; and since I can do no more, I beseech God to accept of my life as a small sacrifice for it.

"I die a Roman Catholic: I am in perfect charity with all the world: I thank God for it;

even with those of the present Government who are most instrumental in my death, I freely forgive such as ungenerously report false things of me, and I hope to be forgiven the trespasses of my youth by the Father of infinite mercy, into whose hands I commend my soul.

"James Derwentwater.

"P. S. If that Prince who now governs had given me life, I should have thought myself obliged never more to have taken up arms against him."

Lord Derwentwater having delivered this speech to the sheriff, told him he might do with it as he pleased—that he had given a copy of it to a friend. Then turning to the block, he viewed it twice; and finding in it a rough place, that might offend his neck, he bid the executioner chip it off: which uncommon presence of mind was observed with admiration by some of the standers-by. Having prepared himself for the blow, by pulling off his coat and waistcoat, he lay down to fit his head to the block, telling the executioner that the sign he should give him was—"Lord Jesus, receive my soul;" and at the third time repeating it, he was to do his office, which he did accordingly, at one blow.

It was reported that, the night before, the Earl of Derwentwater having sent for Mr. Stephen Roome, an undertaker for funerals, and discoursing with him about his own, his lordship told him he would have a silver plate on his coffin, with an inscription—*that he died a sacrifice for his lawful sovereign;* but Mr. Roome having a scruple to comply with this, he was dismissed. This was the reason that no hearse was provided for his lordship at his execution: so that his head was only taken up by one of his servants, and put into a clean handkerchief, and the body being wrapt up in black cloth, they were both together carried to the Tower.

Whether the mother of these unfortunate noblemen witnessed the melancholy fate of her eldest or her youngest son there is no record: it is to be hoped that she was spared the knowledge of their fate.

Charles, after his escape in 1715, resided for some time in France, and there had to endure great privation, together with many others in a similar position. He obtained a scanty pension from his nephew in England; and when James was forced to quit France, he continued to follow his fortune.

He married, in Paris, the widow of Livingston, Lord Newburgh, a Scotch nobleman, and had a son. After a time, in 1733, he returned to England, and resided in Pall-mall for a period, without being molested: but in the fatal '45, he joined the great outbreak, and was once more taken prisoner. His son was released, as, having been born in France, he pleaded being no subject of England; but the same plea advanced by his father was not allowed.

Much harshness and cruelty was shown towards him: his former sentence of thirty years past was revived, and the same tragical scenes were renewed as on the occasion which deprived his brother of life. Although he is accused by his enemies of having been sullen, haughty, and insolent on his trial, in the last narrative of his end he is represented as firm and gentle, and bearing his fate with fortitude.

"He was dressed at his execution in a white plume and scarlet regimentals, laced with gold. He gave the executioner ten guineas, remarking that he was a poor man, but begged him to put him to as little torture as he could. His conduct was firm and gentle. A silver crucifix and his beads were found on him. The body was removed in dead of night to Mr. Walmsley's, in North-street, Red Lion Square, from whence *it is to be* buried."

Thus perished the second son of the fair and innocent Mary Tudor,

> "For serving loyally his King,"

and, as he thought,

> "His King most rightfully."

ANNE HYDE,

DUCHESS OF YORK.

The mother of Queen Mary and Queen Anne was herself a subject, the daughter of the celebrated Lord Clarendon, and was born in 1638. She was maid of honour to the Princess of Orange during the exile of the family of Charles I., and was in Paris with her royal mistress when the Duke of York first met and loved her. An engagement between them was solemnly entered into at Breda, 24th November, 1659, but it was not for some time afterwards that James proclaimed her as his wife.

The entrance of Anne Hyde into the family of the Princess of Orange took place in the year 1655, in consequence of the sudden death of Mrs. Killigrew, one of the maids of honour to the princess. Lord Clarendon was at that time living with his wife and four children at Breda, in a house which the Princess Royal had assigned him; and was, in the first instance, very much averse from the honour proposed; but, at the instance of the King and his sister, he eventually accepted the offer with much thankfulness and humility. The Queen-mother, who always hated Clarendon, was much opposed to the appointment.

Of the marriage, Pepys says:—

"February 23d, 1660-1.

"Mr. Hartlett told me how my Lord Chancellor had lately got the Duke of York and duchesse, and her woman, my Lord of Ossory, and a doctor, to make oath before most of the judges of the kingdom concerning all the circumstances of their marriage. And, in fine, it is confessed that they were not fully married till about a month or two before she was brought to bed; but that they were contracted long before, and time enough for the child to be legitimate; but I do not hear that it was put to the judges to determine whether it was so or no."

Her father gives the following account of the circumstances of the marriage:—

"The first matter of general and public importance, and which resulted not from any debate in Parliament, was the discovery of a great affection that the duke had for the chancellor's daughter, who was a maid-of-honour to the King's sister, the Princess Royal of Orange, and of a contract of marriage between them; with which nobody was so surprised and confounded as the chancellor himself, who, being of a nature free from any jealousy, and very confident of an entire affection and obedience from all his children, and particularly from that daughter, whom he had always loved dearly, never had in the least degree suspected any such thing; though he knew afterwards that the duke's affection and kindness had been much spoken of beyond the seas, but without the least suspicion in any body that it could ever tend to marriage: and therefore it was cherished and promoted in the duke by those, and only by those, who were declared enemies to the chancellor, and who hoped from thence that some signal disgrace and dishonour would befall the chancellor and his family; in which they were the more reasonably confirmed by the manner of the duke's living towards him, which had never anything of grace in it, but very much of disfavour; to which the Lord Berkley, and most of his other servants to please the Lord Berkley, had contributed all they could; and the Queen's notorious prejudice to him had made it part of his duty to her Majesty, which had been a very great discomfort to the chancellor, in his whole administration beyond the seas. But now upon this discovery and the consequence thereof, he looked upon himself as a ruined person, and that the King's indignation ought to fall upon him as the contriver of that indignity to the crown; which, as himself from his soul abhorred, and would have had the presumption of his daughter to be punished with the utmost severity, so he believed the whole kingdom would be inflamed to the punishment of it, and to prevent the dishonour which might result from it. And the least calamity that he expected upon himself and family, how innocent soever, was an everlasting banishment out of the kingdom, and to end his days in foreign parts, in poverty and misery. All which undoubtedly must have come to pass upon that occasion, if the King had either had that indignation which had been just in him; or if he had withdrawn his grace and favour from him, and left him to be sacrificed by the envy and rage of others; though at this time he was not thought to have many enemies, nor, indeed, any who were friends to any other honest men. But the King's own knowledge of his innocence, and thereupon his gracious condescension and interposition diverting any rough proceeding, and so, a contrary effect to what hath been mentioned having been produced from thence, the chancellor's greatness seemed to be thereby confirmed, his family established above the reach of common envy, and his fortune to be in a growing and prosperous condition, not like to be shaken. Yet, after many years' possession of this prosperity, an unexpected gust of displeasure took again its rise from this origin, and overwhelmed him with a variety and succession of misfortunes. The chancellor, as soon as the King was at Whitehall, had sent for his daughter, having a desire presently to marry her; to which purpose he had an overture from a noble family, on behalf of a well-bred, hopeful young gentleman, who was the heir to it. His daughter quickly arrived at her father's house, to his great joy, having always had great affection for her; and, she being his eldest child, he had more acquaintance with her than with any of his children; and, being more of an age fit for marriage, he was well pleased that he had an opportunity to place her in such a condition as, with God's blessing, was like to yield her much content. She had not been long in England, when the duke informed the King 'of the affection and engagement that had been long between them, and that they had been long contracted, &c.;' and therefore, with all imaginable importunity, he begged his Majesty's leave and permission, upon his knees, 'that he might publicly marry her, in such a manner as his Majesty thought necessary for the consequence thereof.'"

Clarendon adds, that Charles "was much troubled with it, and more with his brother's passion;" he was convinced that the chancellor was not privy to the transaction, and his first care was to soothe his anger against his daughter. Charles, in fact, acted as a mediator throughout the whole affair, and eventually the chancellor consented to forego his opposition; being assured by the King that 'the thing was remediless, and that his Majesty knew they were married.'"

The opposition of all those who were likely to suffer by this marriage was very great. The Queen-Dowager was greatly mortified and annoyed by it; and the Princess of Orange was indignant that one of her attendants should be placed in a rank higher than her own: unlike the amiable Elizabeth of Bohemia, who did not feel herself injured when her lady of honour was raised to her own dignity, but gracefully welcomed the newly-made princess, her late attendant, and proved what true nobility of feeling she possessed.

The younger brother of the Duke of York joined his mother and sister in inveteracy; and, disregarding the talents of her father, which bade fair to introduce more sense amongst the degenerate Stuarts than they had been of late years remarkable for, the prince indulged in coarse witticisms at the expense of his sister-in-law; vowing, amongst other things, that "he could not bear to remain with her in a room; for she smelt so strong of her father's green bag."

Charles, with his usual carelessness and dislike of trouble, which passed for good-nature, at length overruled all the objections urged against his brother's marriage; and Anne Hyde was re-married to the duke at her father's house, 3d Sept. 1660. She then removed to St. James's, where she kept her court in state; and so dignified and self-possessed did she appear in her new position, that it might have seemed her natural station;

none fulfilling the duties of a royal place with more natural grace and propriety. Her beauty was not remarkable; but her manner, her form, and her ready intelligence, gave her a peculiar charm, which was enhanced by her discernment and appreciation of merit in others. All she did sat well on her, and nothing was ever wanting in her demeanour or words to do honour to her exalted position. Her court became more popular than that of the Queen-mother, who doubtless saw with anything but friendly feelings the estimation in which this intruder into the royal circle was held.

She had, of course, many enemies; and some scandal has been disseminated against her, both before and after her marriage; those, however, who wish to throw odium upon her, to suit their different views, are, in the end, obliged to content themselves with the report of her being a great eater, which, considering the time at which she lived, and the reputations around her, is but little blame.

She died a Roman Catholic, another circumstance not very surprising, when the general want of religion at court is remembered. The observation of Dr. Blandford, Bishop of Worcester, who visited her in her last moments, was conceived in a very christian spirit.

The duke had informed him of his dying wife's request that she might not be urged on controversial points, when the bishop expressed his belief that she was in a fair way to salvation, since the change in her opinions, erroneous as it might be, had its origin, not in any worldly motives, but from a full and laudable conviction that she was pursuing the right path. He afterwards " went into the room to her, and made her a short christian exhortation, suitable to the occasion she was in, and then departed."

The duchess died at St. James's, 31st March, 1671, having suffered much from illness for some time, her age being only thirty-four years. She was buried in the vault of Mary, Queen of Scots, in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, at Westminster.

Anne Hyde possessed a considerable portion of her father's understanding, and, probably, in any other situation, would have developed her literary powers more conspicuously: she began to write the history of her husband's life, and showed the manuscript to Dr. Burnet, but she did not find time to complete the work, which is to be regretted.

If it be true, as has been asserted, that her mother was a woman of low condition, who walked to London from Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, and placed herself in service with a brewer, who married her, and left her a large fortune; that she consulted Mr. Hyde, *an attorney*, on the state of her affairs, and, marrying him, became the grandmother of two queens — singular, indeed, those accidents of fortune which so nearly allied the sovereign and the lowest of the people.

> "How near approach the lofty and the low!"

Burnet's account of her is as follows:—

"The Duchess of York was a very extraordinary woman. She had great knowledge, and a lively sense of things. She soon understood what belonged to a princess; and took state on her rather too much. She writ well; and had begun the duke's life, of which she showed me a volume. It was all drawn from his journal; and he intended to have employed me in carrying it on. She was bred to great strictness in religion, and practised secret confession. Morley told me he was her confessor. She began at twelve years old, and continued under his direction, till, upon her father's direction, he was put from court. She was generous and friendly; but was too severe an enemy."*

A. D. 1672.

"While things were in this fermentation, the Duchess of York died. It was observed that, for fifteen months before that time, she had not received the Sacrament; and that, upon all occasions, she was excusing the errors that the Church of

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* Bishop Burnet's History of his own Times, vol. i. pp. 237, 238.

Rome was charged with, and was giving them the best colours they were capable of. An unmarried clergy was also a common topick with her.

"Morley had been her father confessor: for he told me she practised secret confession to him, from the time that she was twelve years old: and when he was sent away from court, he put her into the hands of Blandford, who died Bishop of Worcester. Morley also told me, that, upon the reports that were brought him of her slackness in receiving the Sacrament, she having been, for many years, punctual to once a month, he had spoken plainly to her about it, and told her what inferences were made upon it. She pretended ill-health and business; but protested to him she had no scruples with relation to her religion, and was still of the Church of England; and assured him that no popish priest had ever taken the confidence to speak to her on those matters. He took a solemn engagement of her, that if scruples should arise in her mind, she would let him know them, and hear what he should offer to her upon all of them. And he protested to me, that, to her death, she never owned to him that she had any scruples, though she was for some days entertained by him at Farnham, after the date of the paper, which was afterwards published in her name. All this passed between the bishop and me, upon the duke's showing me that paper, all writ in her own hand, which was afterwards published by Maimburg. He would not let me take a copy of it; but he gave me leave to read it twice. And I went immediately to Morley and gave him an account of it; from whom I had all the particulars already mentioned. And upon that he concluded, that that unhappy princess had been prevailed on to give false words under her hand, and to pretend that those were the grounds of her conversion. A long decay of health came at last to a quicker crisis than had been apprehended. All on a sudden she fell into the agony of death. Blandford was sent for to prepare her for it, and to offer her the Sacrament. Before he could come the Queen came in and sat by her. He was modest and humble, even to a fault. So he had not presence of mind enough to begin prayers, which probably would have driven the Queen out of the room. But, that not being done, she pretending kindness, would not leave her. The bishop spoke but little, and fearfully. He happened to say, he hoped she continued still in the truth: upon which she asked, 'What is truth?' and then, her agony encreasing, she repeated the word truth, truth, often: and in a few minutes after she died, very little beloved or lamented. Her haughtiness had made her many enemies. She was indeed a firm and kind friend; but the change of her religion made her friends reckon her death rather a blessing than a loss at that time to them all. Her father, when he heard of her shaking in her religion, was more troubled at it, than at all his own misfortunes. He writ her a very grave and long letter upon it, enclosed in one to the duke. But she was dead before it came to England."*

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* Burnet, vol. i. pp. 432—434.

ANNE SCOTT,

DUCHESS OF MONMOUTH.

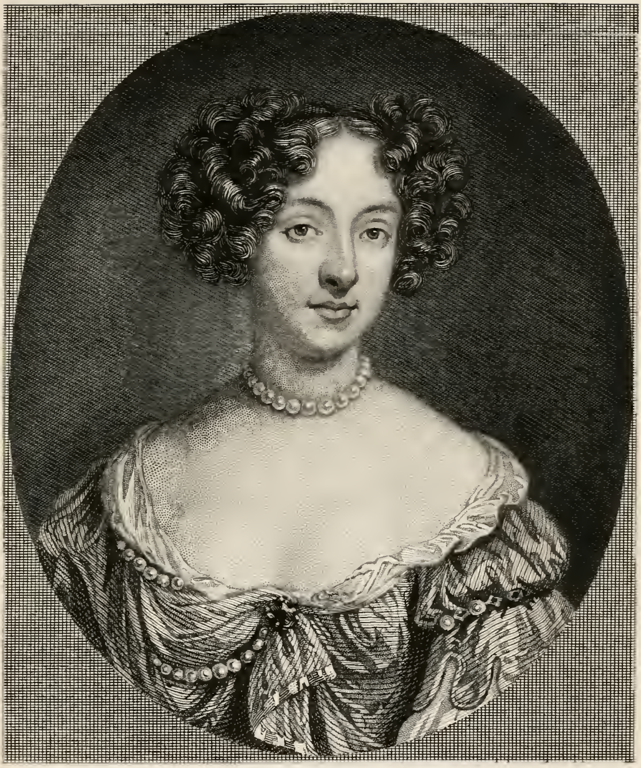
"THE charming Annabel," whom Dryden names as the "bride" of the beautiful and graceful Absalom, of whom his father, Charles II., was so fond at that period of his life when only his brilliant qualities were conspicuous, and his fatal ambition slumbered,—the patroness of the great poet's "poor unworthy poetry," as he says with affected humility, —was the Lady Anne Scott, only daughter of Francis, Earl of Buccleugh, the heiress of immense wealth, and of the infantine age of thirteen. At the time that her marriage was proposed with young Mr. Croft, as he was then called, her intended bridegroom was but a year older, and their union was for their mutual misfortune; for the gay, volatile, and admired Monmouth at once refused his bondage, and, with the example of his profligate father and his unprincipled courtiers before him, it was not likely that he would become a good and attentive husband. The tie which he felt too firmly bound his youth, he soon resolved to unloose, and as the mere name of wife was at that period considered sufficient to ensure neglect, the young and innocent bride was at once consigned to neglect and ill-usage, although, at the time of her marriage, it is recorded that "she was esteemed the greatest fortune and the finest lady in the three kingdoms."

Pepys remarks on the occasion :—

> "April 20th, 1663.—This day the little Duke of Monmouth was marryed at White Hall, in the King's Chamber; and to-night is a great supper and dancing at his lodgings, near Charing Cross. I observed his coate at the tail of his coach; he gives the arms of England, Scotland, and France, quartered upon some other fields, but what it is that speaks his being a bastard I know not."

Clarendon thus relates the particulars of this ill-starred alliance :—

> "The Lord Lautherdale, being a good courtier, thought his countrywoman" (the young Countess of Buccleugh) "might be much better married" (than had been purposed) "if she were given to



Cook sculp.

ANNE SCOTT,

Ducheſs of Monmouth.

FROM A RARE CONTEMPORARY PRINT.

the King for this youth," (Mr. Croft, his natural son, afterwards Duke of Monmouth,) "towards whom he expressed so much fondness, those kinds of extractions carrying little disadvantage with them in Scotland."——"The lady was already in possession of the greatest fortune in Scotland, which would have a fair addition upon the death of her mother.

"The King liked the motion well; and so the mother was sent to, to bring up her daughter to London, they being then both in Scotland. And when they came, the King trusted the Earl of Lautherdale principally to treat that affair with the mother, who would rather have been referred to any other body, having indeed some just exceptions. They were both yet under the years of consent; but that time drawing on, such a contract was drawn up as had been first proposed to the King, which was 'that the whole estate, for want of issue by the young lady, or by her death, should be devolved upon the young man who was to marry her, and his heirs for ever; and that this should be settled by act of Parliament in Scotland.' Matters being drawn to this length, and writings being to be prepared, it was now necessary that this young gentleman must have a name, and the Scots' advocate had prepared a draught, in which he was styled the King's natural son: and the King was every day pressed by the great lady, and those young men who knew the customs of France, to create him a nobleman of England; and was indeed very willing to be advised to that purpose.

"Till this time, this whole matter was treated in secret amongst the Scots: but now the King thought fit to consult it with others: and telling the chancellor of all that had passed, showed him the draught prepared by the Scots' advocate, and asked him 'what he thought of it,' and likewise implied, 'that he thought fit to give him some title of honour.' After he had read it over, he told his Majesty 'that he need not give him any other title of honour than he would enjoy by his marriage, by which he would be called Earl of Buccleugh, which would be title enough; and he desired his Majesty to pardon him, if he found fault with and disliked the title they had given him who prepared that draught, wherein they had presumed to call him the King's natural son, which was never, at least in many ages, used in England, and would have an ill sound in England with all his people, who thought that those unlawful acts ought to be concealed, and not published and justified. That France indeed had, with inconvenience enough to the crown, raised some families of those births; but it was always from women of great quality, and who had never been tainted with any other familiarity. And that there was another circumstance required in Spain, which his Majesty should do well to observe in this case, if he had taken a resolution in the main; which was, that the King took care for the good education of that child which he believed to be his, but never publicly owned or declared him to be such, till he had given some notable evidence of his inheriting or having acquired such virtues and qualities, as made him, in the eyes of all men, worthy of such a descent. That this young gentleman was yet young, and not yet to be judged of; and therefore, if he were for the present married to this young lady, and assumed her title, as he must do, his Majesty might defer for some years making any such declaration; which he might do when he would, and which at present would be as unpopular an action in the hearts of his subjects as he could commit.'

"Though the King did not seem to concur in all that was said, he did not appear to be at all offended, and only asked him 'whether he had not conferred with the Queen, his mother, upon that subject.' When he assured him 'he had not, nor with any other person, and though he had heard some general discourse of his Majesty's purpose to make that marriage, he had never heard either of the other particulars mentioned;' the King said, 'he had reason to ask the question, because many of those things which he had said had been spoken to him by the Queen, his mother, who was entirely of his opinion, which she used not to be;' and concluded, 'that he would confer with them together,' seeming for the present to be more moved and doubtful in the matter of the declaration, than in the other of the creation; and said, 'there was no reason, since she brought all the estate, that she should receive no addition by her husband.' The Queen afterwards took an occasion to speak at large to the chancellor of it with much warmth, and manifestation that she did not like it. But the King spake with neither of them afterwards upon it, but signed the declaration, and created him to be Duke of Monmouth; very few persons dissuading it, and the lady employing all her credit to bring it to pass; and the Earl of Bristol (who in those difficult cases was usually consulted) passed it as the only way to make the King's friendship valuable." *

Anne Scott was a woman of taste and accomplishments: the encourager of letters and learning: gentle, kind, and obliging, possessed of remarkable wit, and of most estimable qualities, added to the immense wealth which she bestowed on her unthinking husband. Evelyn says of her, "she was a virtuous and excellent lady, who brought him great riches, and a second dukedom in Scotland."

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* Clarendon's Continuation, vol. ii. pp 253—256.

Had not the career of Monmouth begun so early, and had he not been looked upon as a great man and a hero before he was sixteen, the peace of his ill-fated wife might not have been destroyed: but these early marriages were the vice of the times, and rarely produced other consequences than such as these.

Brave to a fault, exquisitely handsome in person, admired and courted, flattered and caressed, and adored by the people, whose dislike to the Duke of York increased with his improving years, Monmouth's youthful promise was strangely contradicted by the fatal end prepared for him by his cruel and revengeful uncle.

It was the darling belief of the common people that he was legitimate, and it is very probable that he thought so himself: even now it remains uncertain whether, amongst the mad frolics of Charles II., he did not really marry the young girl who was his mother, whose after career left her without sympathy, but who might, if better treated, have been more worthy of respect than half the shameless ladies of his court.

Charles, however, resolutely denied having married Lucy Walters, and persisted in refusing to declare his son legitimate. Although he professed to love him tenderly, he exclaimed, probably little foreseeing what fate had in store for his "beautiful and brave," that he would rather see him hanged at Tyburn than confess him to be his heir.

The Duke of York, who was always inimical to Monmouth, professed much friendship towards his wife, who, in the hope of advancing her husband's interests, cultivated his esteem, and by so doing incurred the displeasure of the person she desired to serve. When treated openly with slight by the Duke of Monmouth, his uncle's policy appeared to be to proclaim himself her champion, and this very circumstance did but estrange them more and more. That the duchess was, at one period at least, attached to her husband, and that she exerted herself in his cause, is evident: the King always treated her with great respect, and consulted her on his son's affairs; and, notwithstanding his infidelity and coldness, she was always ready to welcome him when he, for some reasons of his own, which had nothing to do with affection, returned to her society for a time. The weakness of character, joined to an insane ambition in the young duke, caused him to be continually the plaything of men who had more sense and deeper schemes on foot than himself: his father was kept in constant agitation and fear by his turbulent conduct, and the extreme fondness he entertained towards him was always wounded by the discovery of plots against himself. Dryden, who apologizes for the errors of this spoilt child of luxury, thus beautifully, but perhaps too indulgently, draws his character:—

> "Unblamed of life, ambition set aside,
> Not stained with cruelty, nor puffed with pride:
> How happy had he been if destiny
> Had higher placed his birth, or not so high!
> His kingly virtues might have claimed a throne,
> And blessed all other countries but his own:
> But charming greatness since so few refuse,
> 'Tis juster to lament him than accuse."

The young couple, immediately after their marriage, were the grace and delight of a court where nothing but show and the qualities which adorn society were regarded. The duchess was a very elegant dancer, and her success in this particular is recorded by Pepys with great warmth.

Feb. 3d, 1664-5.—He says that Mrs. Pickering, at Lady Sandwich's command, told him "the manner of a masquerade before the King and court the other day, where six women (my Lady Castlemaine and the Duchesse of Monmouth being two of them), and six men (the Duke of Monmouth and Lord Avon, and Mons^r^. Blanfort, being three of them), in vizards, but most rich and antique dresses, did dance admirably and most gloriously. God give us cause to continue the mirth!"

Whether the accident which happened to his wife in any degree estranged the careless and volatile duke from her, is uncertain: it is thus alluded to by Pepys:—

"May 9th, 1668.—We are told that, last night, the Duchesse of Monmouth, dancing at her lodgings, hath sprained her thigh."

"May 15th.—The Duchesse of Monmouth's hip is, I hear, now set again, after much pain."

"July 15th.—My lady Duchesse of Monmouth is still lame, and likely always to be so; which is a sad chance for a young lady to get, only by trying of tricks in dancing."

"Sept. 20th.—The Duchesse of Monmouth is at this time in great trouble of the shortness of her lame leg, which is likely to grow shorter and shorter, that she will never recover it."

That this ill-assorted pair kept up appearances in the world, seems apparent from this passage of Evelyn in his "Diary," when, speaking of the Duchess of Monmouth, he says:—

"March 16, 1673.—I dined at my Lord Arlington's, with the Duke and Duchess of Monmouth; she is one of the wisest and craftiest of her sex, and has much witt."

How Dryden could have called the unfortunate young man "unblamed of life," is extraordinary, for his moral conduct was anything but admirable. Not only had he neglected his young wife from a very early period, but he attached himself at length entirely to another; and from the time he knew Lady Henrietta Wentworth, he seemed to forget that he had ever pledged his faith to any but her.

Lady Henrietta was the grand-daughter and heiress of Thomas, Earl of Cleveland, by whose death, in 1667, she became Baroness Wentworth in her own right, and mistress of Toddington manor in Bedfordshire; where she and the Duke of Monmouth resided frequently together. His attachment to her was unbounded, and he always professed to consider her alone as his wife in the eyes of Heaven: she loved him with equal fondness, and lamented him so deeply, that, a few months after his execution, she died of a broken heart. Her mother buried her sumptuously in the parish church of Toddington, and it was after this loss that that eccentric lady offered to adopt Mrs. Thomas, the poetess;* and her wish being prevented, she left her fortune to a servant.

The Duchess of Monmouth had passed a life of privation, mortification, and sorrow; attached to the husband of her youth, and always in anxiety at his turbulence, and the dangers he was continually hurrying into. She was for ever at her post of mediator, both with Charles II., and his brother who succeeded him, and who lay in wait to injure and be revenged on the incautious Monmouth; with the Queen, and all who had any influence to assist and protect him. It was not till immediately before his last hour, that he acknowledged the deep obligations he owed his faithful wife, who had borne so much for his sake; and when she expressed her anxious wish to be admitted to his presence, though he at first received her coldly, and allowed her to leave him with the consciousness that another was far dearer to him, yet the morning after their interview in prison, when she returned with her young children, his heart was softened at the sight of her humility and grief. From a manuscript of the time the following account is extracted, and it shows the state of the unfortunate man's mind:—

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* See p. 258.

"His behaviour all the time was brave and unmoved; and even during the last conversation and farewell with his lady and children, which was the movingest thing in the world, and which no bystander could see without melting into tears, he did not show the least concernedness. He declared, before all the company, how averse the duchess had been to all his irregular courses; and that she had never been uneasy to him on any occasion whatever, but about women, and his failing of duty to the late King. And that she knew nothing of his last design, not having heard from himself a year before, which was his own fault, and no unkindness in her, because she knew not how to direct her letters to him. In that he gave her the kindest character that could be, and begged her pardon of his many failings and offences to her; and prayed her to continue her kindness and care to her poor children. At this expression she fell down on her knees, with her eyes full of tears, and begged him to pardon her, if ever she had done anything to offend and displease him; and embracing his knees, fell into a swoon, out of which they had much ado to raise her up in a good while after.

"A little before his children were brought to him, all crying about him; but he acquitted himself of these last adieux with much composure, showing nothing of weakness or unmanliness."*

When she had parted from the duke for the last time, several of her female friends surrounded her, overwhelming her with commiseration, and loudly commending her for the part she had borne in the late dismal scene; the world, they assured her, extolled her conduct, and justly appreciated her forbearance and meekness. The afflicted wife answered simply in these touching words:—"Alas! I have bought that commendation dear."

The last thoughts of the husband of the Duchess of Monmouth were fixed on Lady Henrietta.

> "My rival too—his last thoughts hung on her!"

To her he sent his latest tokens, of her he spoke with the deepest tenderness; professing to believe that his wife did not love him, and that from that cause he had become estranged from her; defending her he adored against all the contempt of the divines who visited him; and assuring them that she was full of honour and virtue, and a *religious, godly lady.*

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* Given in Jesse's House of Stuart, from Scott's Dryden.

The following account of the interview in the Tower is given by a modern historian:—

"The first person who visited the duke [of Monmouth] in the Tower, was his wife, in company with the Lord Privy Seal, the Earl of Clarendon. Few persons thought that she could feel any lively interest in the welfare of a husband who, though she brought him a princely fortune, had always treated her with neglect, and for the last two years had deserted her for a rival, Henrietta Wentworth. But she deemed it her duty to preserve the inheritance of the Buccleugh family for her children, and with that view was anxious to prove to the King that she had no participation in the treason of her lord. Monmouth received her coldly, but improved the opportunity to plead his cause with Lord Clarendon in the same manner as he had so recently done with Lord Dartmouth. Clarendon replied, that the sole object of their visit was to afford him the opportunity of speaking in private, if he wished it, with the duchess: that to excuse himself by accusing his advisers was useless. The plea had once been admitted, and he had been pardoned. He could not expect the same result a second time. Monmouth, however, persisted in the use of similar arguments till he was interrupted by the duchess inquiring, whether she had ever received any information from him respecting his late attempt, or had ever approved of his political conduct for some years, or had ever given him occasion of displeasure on any other question, except it were his attention to other women, and his disobedience to the late King. He replied, that he had found her a loving and dutiful consort; had not a charge to make against her as a wife, mother, or subject; and had been frequently advised by her to pay greater deference than he had done to the commands of his deceased father."*

Lingard says, that while the Duke of Monmouth was in prison, the Bishops of Ely and Bath and Wells, who visited him, "called on him to repent of his adulterous connexion with the Lady

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* Lingard, vol. xiv. pp. 63—65. See the account of this interview in the Buccleugh MS. published by Mr. Rose, App. p. 65. From its contents, I collect that the object of the duchess was such as I have represented it in the text. Barillon says, that their language was "assez aigre de part et autre; et qu'il ne lui parla qu'avec dédain," (Barillon, 26 Juillet; Dalrymple, 168;) expressions much too strong, unless their asperity has been softened in the MS. Evelyn (Diary, iii. 167) and Burnet (iii. 50) say that they treated each other coldly. James (ii. 37) adds, that, when he was first told of the wish of the duchess to see him, he disowned her, instead of saying that she might be introduced.

Harriet Wentworth: he replied, that his union with that lady was innocent in the sight of Heaven. He had, indeed, married the heiress of Buccleugh; but he was then too young to understand the nature of the contract; and the consequence was, that for several years he indulged, without restraint, in every vicious gratification. At length he saw the Lady Harriet. He loved, and was loved by her: both prayed that God would root out this mutual affection, if it were displeasing to him. But it continued to grow: its growth was to them a proof of the divine approbation; and from that moment he sought, by prayer and fasting, to obtain the mastery over his passions, and carefully abstained from all commerce with other women. The Lady Harriet was his real, the Duchess of Monmouth nothing more than his legal wife. Unable to convince him of his error, they refused to administer the Sacrament; and with difficulty obtained from him a promise to recommend the matter to God during the night, and to pray that his mind might be enlightened by the Holy Spirit."

On the morning of the fatal day which was to conclude the errors and the life of the beloved son of Charles II., his hard-hearted uncle sent a message to his sorrowing wife that he would breakfast with her. She consented to receive him, hope even at that moment springing in her heart that he would bring a pardon with him. But she was deceived: the cold, gloomy, revengeful bigot had no mercy in his heart; and it is difficult to conceive why he should have sought such an interview, unless it were to enjoy the misery he created.*

James, however, did not confiscate the duke's estates; but, still to keep up the appearance of friendship towards his wife, and kindness towards his children, he attended to the dying man's last request, and confirmed the possession of their inheritance to his heirs.

The beautiful, erring, rash, and popular Monmouth was only thirty-six when, on the 15th of

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* Dr. Lingard does not credit this tradition, and adds a note in his history to this effect:—

"On the scaffold Monmouth delivered to the sheriff a paper, stating that he had taken the title of king through compulsion, and acknowledging that he had been assured of his own illegitimacy by his father; wherefore he prayed that his children might not be made to suffer on account of his offences. That prayer was granted, inasmuch as James restored everything to the family, with the exception of the English title; but I question the story of his having called on the duchess the day after the execution at breakfast, and gave her a remission of her husband's forfeiture. It is not noticed by the author of the Buccleugh MS. who wrote his narrative that day, and merely says that the King was exceedingly satisfied with her conduct, and had assured her that he would take care of her and her children: nor by Barillon, who writes on August 3, that she had twice been in company with the King and Queen; and it is inconsistent with the proceedings which took place in Scotland, respecting the trial and forfeiture of Monmouth, on the 21st Dec., and the judgment which was pronounced on the 15th Feb."

July, 1685, he left his neglected wife a widow with three children, three others having died in their infancy. Lady Anne, his daughter, died of grief only a few days after the interview with her beloved father, which so much affected her, that she never looked up afterwards. How melancholy is Evelyn's remark on the sorrowful mother's appearance!

"8th Feb. 1686.—The Dutchesse of Monmouth being in y^e same seate with me at church appeared with a very sad and afflicted countenance."

The Dukes of Buccleugh descend from Francis, son of this ill-fated pair, and their son Henry was created Earl of Deloraine.

About three years after the execution of Monmouth, the duchess married again, Charles, Lord Cornwallis, and lived to the advanced age of eighty-one, dying on the 6th of February, 1732.

"——— she had known adversity
Tho' born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb."

STELLA AND VANESSA.

Esther Johnson, the unfortunate object of Dean Swift's singular attachment, who, says Sir Walter Scott in his life of the poet, "purchased, by a life of prolonged hopes and disappointed affection, a poetical immortality under the name of Stella," was the daughter of a gentleman, the younger son of a good family in Nottinghamshire. Her mother was the friend and companion of Sir William Temple's favourite sister, Lady Gifford, and after the death of her husband resided at Moor-park, with her infant daughter, for many years. The story, therefore, of Stella's being the natural child of Sir William Temple, is clearly without foundation, and probably owed its origin to a wish to elucidate the mystery of Swift's conduct towards her, by assuming the fact of her being his sister, although his own near relationship to his patron is equally uncertain.

Miss Johnson, for her misfortune, first became acquainted with the man who exercised a fatal influence over her fortunes during the period of his second residence with Sir William Temple, as his secretary, and as all the inmates of the family took a lively interest in the progress and improvement of the young girl, now an orphan altogether, who was left to their charge, Swift undertook to guide her studies, and afford her those opportunities which his residence in the same house admitted. He was then thirty, and she of very tender age. At this time it was understood that Swift was engaged to the sister of an old college companion, whom he names, in the affected style of the times, Varina. When he found himself engrossed by the interest he immediately took in his young and beautiful pupil, with his usual heartless egotism, Swift did not hesitate to break off his correspondence and intimacy with Miss Jane Waryng, thus probably saving her long years of misery, although no motive of kindness to her influenced his conduct.

When Swift settled at Laracor in 1700, he found the want of the charming society to which he had too much accustomed himself; and, no doubt, fascinated as his fair pupil had become with his learning, wit, manners, and attention to herself, she felt equally lonely and uneasy in his absence, and was easily persuaded, by the man to whom she had been acccustomed to look up for advice and instruction, to remove her abode to Ireland, according to his wish. She had no friends who interfered with her arrangements. She possessed a small independent property, and Swift managed so to represent the case, that, as the rate of interest in Ireland was higher than in England, a good excuse was presented for her choosing that country as a residence.

"The company," says Sir Walter Scott, "of Mrs. Dingley, a woman of narrow income and limited understanding, but of middle age and a creditable character, obviated, in a great measure, the inferences which the world must otherwise have necessarily drawn from this step. Some whispers so singular a resolution doubtless occasioned; but the caution of Swift, who was never known to see Stella but in the presence of a third party, and the constant attendance of Mrs. Dingley, to whom, apparently, he paid equal attention, seems to have put scandal to silence. Their residence was varied with the same anxious regard to Stella's character. When Swift left his parsonage at Laracor, the ladies became its tenants; and when he returned, they regularly retired to their lodgings in the town of Trim, the capital of the diocese, or were received by Dr. Raymond, the hospitable vicar of the parish. Every exterior circumstance which could distinguish a union of mere friendship from one of a more tender nature, was carefully observed, and the surprise at first excited by the settlement of Mrs. Dingley and Stella in a country to which they were strangers, seems gradually to have subsided. It is, however, highly probable, that between Swift and Stella there was a tacit understanding that their union was to be completed by marriage, when Swift's income, according to the prudential scheme which he had unhappily adopted, should be adequate to the expense of a matrimonial establishment."

Notwithstanding the natural inference to be drawn from her situation, that Miss Johnson was engaged to Dr. Swift, her attractions were such as to cause advantage to be taken of the unannounced fact, and she received an offer of marriage from a clergyman in the neighbourhood, Dr. William Tisdal, which was in all ways suitable. This, however, evidently at the suggestion of Swift, as her verses to him prove, and naturally by her own wish, she rejected; and, in future, carefully avoided affording the appearance of encouragement to any other suitor.

She was now only eighteen, and beautiful in her person; her form is described as of perfect symmetry, rather inclined to *embonpoint;* her features expressive and regular; her eyes and hair very fine, the latter of a raven-black. She was graceful and fascinating in manners and conversation, full of sprightliness, and at the same time capable of deep thought and strong reasoning.

Such was the woman who dedicated herself to the society of the heartless man who played with her feelings, and deceived her trusting heart for a series of years; keeping her always as a toy for his amusement, and preventing her from shaking off a yoke which he artfully rendered pleasing in the midst of its irksomeness. From year to year he still led on his victim in the same dependence on him, and still the same unnatural state of intercourse between them both took place, for they never met alone; the constant presence of Mrs. Dingley restraining, probably, the reproaches of Miss Johnson, or the explanations she might have desired. How it was possible for her to submit to this tyranny, is the question which has always puzzled the world, and no satisfactory answer can ever be given. If Swift was aware that she was indeed too closely allied to him to permit him to make her his wife, to reveal to her what he had discovered, would at once have placed both in a position which would have allowed of their intimacy for the rest of their lives as brother and sister, without the dread of scandal. If, as has been surmised, Swift was conscious that he had within him the seeds of that fearful infirmity of mind which overtook him in the end, surely it would have been natural, as he could not himself make her happy as his wife, and since his feelings were so tender on the subject, to have placed her in a situation to choose another person who was free from the dreadful malady he knew himself born to. But that this was his motive seems very unlikely, as few persons are so perfectly aware of their own condition, particularly when intellect is so firm, and powers of mind so vigorous, as his own were at the period when he induced Stella to refuse all others—to devote herself to him alone.

But, cruel as this conduct was on the part of Swift, a still greater injury was yet to be endured by the unfortunate Stella; who, accustomed, perforce, to content herself with the strange friendship which her tyrant doled out to her, yet, considering herself, at all events, secure of his exclusive regard, enjoyed the limited confidence he bestowed on her without a doubt of his sincerity. As long as he remained in seclusion it is probable that he answered her expectations in this respect; but it only required opportunity to prove how readily his vanity could lead him to forsake her. Circumstances calling him to London, he was thrown into the society of a lady as young as Stella when he first knew her; as full of genius, talent, and taste; and, unfortunately, as alive to the most dangerous sensibilities of the heart. Sir Walter Scott thus introduces her, in his "Life of Swift":—

"Among the families in London where Swift was chiefly domesticated, was that of Mrs. Vanhomrigh, a widow lady of fortune and respect-ability, who had a son and two daughters. The eldest daughter was Esther Vanhomrigh, better known by the poetical appellation of Vanessa. On her personal charms we are left in some uncertainty, since Cadenus has said little upon that topic, and, by other authorities, they have been rather depreciated. But, when Swift became intimate in the family, she was not yet twenty years old; lively and graceful, yet with a greater inclination for reading and mental cultivation than is usually combined with a gay temper. This last attribute had fatal attractions for Swift, who, in intercourse with his female friends, had a marked pleasure in directing their studies, and acting as their literary Mentor; a dangerous character for him who assumes it, when genius, docility, and gratitude are combined in a young and interesting pupil. From several passages in his Journal, Swift's constant and intimate familiarity in the Vanhomrigh family is manifest; and it is plain, also, he soon felt that his acquaintance with Miss Esther was such as must necessarily give pain to Stella. While Vanessa was occupying much of his time, and much doubtless of his thoughts, she is never once mentioned in the Journal directly by name, and is only twice casually indicated by the title of Vanhomrigh's eldest daughter. There was, therefore, a consciousness on Swift's part, that his attachment to his younger pupil was of a nature which could not be gratifying to her predecessor; although he probably shut his eyes to the consequence of an intimacy which he wished to conceal from those of Stella. Miss Vanhomrigh, in the meanwhile, sensible of the pleasure which Swift received from her society, and of the advantages of youth and fortune which she possessed, and ignorant of the peculiar circumstances in which he stood with respect to another, naturally, and surely without offence either to reason or virtue, gave way to the hope of forming a union with a man, whose talents had first attracted her admiration, and whose attentions, in the course of their mutual studies, had, by degrees, gained her affections, and seemed to warrant his own.

"It is easy for those who look back on this melancholy story, to blame the assiduity of Swift, or the imprudence of Vanessa. But the first deviation from the straight line of moral rectitude, is, in such a case, so very gradual, and, on the female side, the shades of colour that part esteem from affection, and affection from passion, are so imperceptibly heightened, that they who fail to stop at the exact point where wisdom bids, have much indulgence to claim from all who share with them the frailties of mortality. The imprudent friends continued to use the language of friendship, but with the assiduity and earnestness of a warmer passion, until Vanessa rent asunder the veil, by intimating to Swift the state of her affections; and in this, as she conceived, she was justified by his own favourite, though dangerous, maxim, of doing that which seems in itself right, without respect to the common opinion of the world. We cannot doubt that he felt the 'shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise,' expressed in his celebrated poem, though he had not courage to take the open and manly course, of avowing those engagements with Stella, or other impediments, which prevented him from accepting the hand and fortune of her rival. Perhaps he was conscious that such an explanation had been too long delayed, to be now stated without affording grounds for the heavy charge of having flattered Miss Vanhomrigh into hopes, which, from the nature of his own situation, could never be gratified. This remorseful consciousness, too, he might feel when looking back on his conduct, though, until then, he had blindly consulted his own gratification in seeking the pleasure of Vanessa's society, without being aware of the difficulties in which they were both becoming gradually entangled. Without, therefore, making this painful, but just confession, he answered the avowal of Vanessa's passion, at first, in raillery, and afterwards by an offer of devoted and everlasting friendship, founded on the basis of virtuous esteem.

"Vanessa seems neither to have been contented nor silenced by the result of her declaration, but, to the very close of her life, persisted in endeavouring, by entreaties and arguments, to extort a more lively return to her passions than this cold proffer was likely to afford."

One of the earliest letters of Vanessa to him whom she called Cadenus is the following, written after his return to Ireland, perhaps, to take possession of his deanery. The agitation of his mind had, probably, caused the illness of which she speaks. Well might his mind be disturbed to revisit "the willows of Laracor," under the circumstances under which he must now present himself. Stella, of course, had been sufficiently sensible of his growing coldness during his intercourse with her unknown rival, and, no doubt, had expressed her feelings upon the subject in her letters. The habitual awe in which she stood of her strange lover,—which awe Vanessa herself shared in a great degree,—might have prevented her, in their interviews on his return, from naming her uneasy fears; but his own conscience must have sufficiently smitten him, when they met.

With what feelings he read this and other letters of his second victim, it is not easy to imagine:—

"London, June, 1713.

"Mr. Lewis assures me that you are now well, but will not tell me what authority he has for it. I hope he is rightly informed. Though 'tis not my usual custom, when a thing of consequence is in doubt, to fix on what I earnestly wish, but I have already suffered so much, by knowing that you were ill, and fearing that you were worse than you have been, that I will strive to change that thought, if possible, that I may have a little ease; and more, that I may not write you a splenetic letter. Pray, why would you not make Parvisol write me word how you did, when I begged it so much? and, if you were able yourself, how could you be so cruel to defer telling me the thing I wished the most to know? If you think I write too often, your only way is to tell me so, or at least to write to me again, that I may know you don't quite forget me; for I very much fear that I never employ a thought of yours now, except when you are reading my letters, which makes me ply you with them. If you are very happy, it is illnatured of you not to tell me so, except 'tis what is inconsistent with mine. But why don't you talk to me that you know will please me. I have often heard you say, that you would willingly suffer a little uneasiness, provided it gave another a vast deal of pleasure. Pray remember this maxim, because it makes for me. This is now the fourth letter I have wrote to you: they could not miscarry, for they were all under Mr. Lewis's cover; nor could you avoid opening them, for the same reason.

* * * * *

"Pray let me hear from you soon, which will always be an inexpressible joy to her that is

"Yours, &c."

Probably this is the letter he thus characterises:—

"I had your last *splenetick letter*. I told you, when I left England, I would endeavour to forget everything there, and would write as seldom as I could."

In another letter, while in England, but at a distance from London, he writes:—

"I had your letter last post, and before you can send me another, I shall set out for Ireland. * * * If you are in Ireland when I am there, I shall see you very seldom. It is not a place for any freedom; but it is where everything is known in a week, and magnified a hundred degrees. These are rigorous laws that must be past through; but it is probable we may meet in London in winter; or if not, leave all to fate, that seldom comes to humour our inclinations. I say all this out of the perfect esteem and friendship I have for you. * * * I would not answer your questions for a million, nor can I think of them with any ease of mind.—Adieu."

It is sad and strange that, after such a letter, Vanessa should still write thus :—

"June, 1713, London.
(No day of the month.)

"If I talk impertinently, I know you have goodness enough to forgive me, when you consider how great an ease 'tis to me to ask these questions, though I know it will be a great while before I can be answered: I am sure I shall think it so. Oh, what would I give to know how you do at this instant! My fortune is too hard,—your absence was enough without this cruel addition. * * * I have done all that was possible to hinder myself from writing to you, till I heard you were better, for fear of breaking my promise; but 'tis all in vain; for had I vowed neither to touch pen, ink, nor paper, I certainly should have had some other invention; therefore I beg you won't be angry with me for doing what is not my power to avoid. I am impatient to the last degree to hear how you are. I hope I shall soon have you here."

"Tell me sincerely, if you have once wished with earnestness to see me, since I wrote last to you. No, so far from that, you have not once pitied me, though I told you how I was distressed. Solitude is insupportable to a mind that is not at ease. I have worn on my days in sighing and my nights with watching and thinking of * * * who thinks not of me. How many letters must I send you before I shall receive an answer? Can you deny me, in my misery, the only comfort which I can expect at present? Oh! that I could hope to see you here, or that I could go to you. I was born with violent passions, which terminate all in one, that inexpressible passion I have for you. Consider the killing emotions which I feel for your neglect, and shew some tenderness for me, or I shall lose my senses. Sure you cannot possibly be so much taken up, but you might command a moment to write to me, and force your inclinations to do so great a charity. I wish I could know your thoughts, which no human creature is capable of guessing at, (because never any one living thought like you). You have often, in a rage, wished me religious, because then I should have paid my devotions to Heaven; but that would not spare you; for was I an enthusiast, still you'd be the deity I should worship. What marks are there of a deity but what you are to be known by? You are at present everywhere; your dear image is always before my eyes; sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear; at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul. Is it not more reasonable to adore a radiant form one has seen, than one only described?"

The circumstances of Vanessa, by a singular coincidence, were not dissimilar to those of Stella. Her parents died, and she became mistress of her own fortune, and, some of her estates being in Ireland, it became necessary that she should go to that country to look after them. This step, probably, induced as much by her desire again to see Swift as by real business there, placed him in a very unpleasant position: he dreaded having the rivals on the same ground, and was terrified at the vehemence of Vanessa's passion, which she took no pains to conceal, and which he sometimes harshly repressed, and at other times warmly encouraged.

Poor Stella, in the mean time, was still condemned to the same hard fate: when he took possession of his deanery in Dublin, his first care was to secure lodgings for her and Mrs. Dingley, on Ormond's Quay, *on the other side of the Liffey*, and, as usual, their intercourse was continued with her companion always by her side.

Vanessa arrived and took possession of her small property near Cellbridge, and her letters to Swift became more and more embarrassing to him: the jealousy of Stella was now awakened from rumours that had reached her, and her health and spirits were rapidly declining. What must Swift have felt, in the mean time, to receive constantly letters like the following :—

"Dublin, 1714.

"Well! now I plainly see how great a regard you have for me! you bid me be easy, and you'd see me as often as you could: you had better have said as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much; or as often as you remembered there was such a person in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. 'Tis impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last; I am sure I could have borne the rack much better than those killing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more; but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long: for there is something in human nature that prompts one so to find relief in this world, I must give way to it, and beg you'd see me, and speak kindly to me, for I am sure you would not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it you, should I see you; for when I begin to complain, then you are angry, and there is something in your look so awful, that it strikes me dumb. Oh! that you may but have so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can. Did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you. Forgive me, and believe I cannot help telling you this, and live."

"Dublin, 1714.

"You cannot but be sensible (at least in some degree) of the many uneasinesses I am slave to: a wretch of a brother, cunning executors, and importunate creditors of my mother's, things I can no way avoid being subject to at present, and weighty enough to sink greater spirits than mine without some support. Once I had a friend that would see me sometimes, and either commend what I did, or advised me what to do, which banished all my uneasiness. But, now, when my misfortunes are increasing, by being in a disagreeable place, among strange, prying, deceitful people, whose company is so far from an amusement, that it is a very great punishment; you fly me, and give me no reason, but that we are amongst fools, and must submit. I am very well satisfied we are amongst such; but know of no reason for having my happiness sacrificed to their caprice. You once had a maxim, (which was, to act what was right, and not mind what the world said,) I wish you would keep it now. Pray what can be wrong in seeing and advising an unhappy young woman? I can't imagine. You can't but know that your frowns make my life unsupportable. You have taught me to distinguish, and then you leave me miserable. Now, all I beg is, that you will for once counterfeit (since you can't otherwise) that indulgent friend you once were, till I get the better of these difficulties, for my sister's sake; for were not she involved, who, I know, is not able to manage them as I am, I have a nobler soul than sit struggling with misfortunes, when, at the end, I can't promise myself any real happiness.

"Forgive me; I beg you'll believe it is not in my power to avoid complaining as I do."

Alarmed at the state of Stella's health, Swift at length employed his early friend and tutor, Dr. St. George Aske, Bishop of Clogher, to ask what he dared not question himself, the cause of her melancholy.

"The answer," says Sir Walter Scott, "his conscience must have anticipated—it was her sensibility to his recent indifference, and to the discredit which her own character had sustained from the long subsistence of the dubious and mysterious connexion between them. To convince her of the constancy of his affection, and to remove her beyond the reach of calumny, there was but one remedy. To this communication Swift replied, that he had formed two resolutions concerning matrimony: one, that he would not marry till possessed of a competent fortune; the other, that the event should take place at a time of life which gave him a reasonable prospect to see his children settled in the world. The independence proposed, he said, he had not yet achieved, being still embarrassed by debt; and, on the other hand, he was past that term of life after which he had determined never to marry. Yet he was ready to go through the ceremony for the ease of Mrs. Johnson's mind, provided it should remain a strict secret from the public, and that they should continue to live separately, and in the same guarded manner as formerly. To these hard terms Stella subscribed; they relieved her own mind, at least, from all scruples on the impropriety of their connexion; and they soothed her jealousy, by rendering it impossible that Swift should ever give his hand to her rival. They were married in the garden of the deanery by the Bishop of Clogher, in the year 1716.

"Immediately subsequent to the ceremony, Swift's state of mind appears to have been dreadful. Delany (as I have heard from a friend of his relict) being pressed to give his opinion on this strange union, said, that about the time it took place, he observed Swift to be extremely gloomy and agitated, so much so, that he went to Archbishop King to mention his apprehensions. On entering the library, Swift rushed out with a countenance of distraction, and passed him without speaking. He found the archbishop in tears, and upon asking the reason, he said, 'You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question.'*

"Swift secluded himself from society for some days. When he reappeared, his intercourse with Stella and Mrs. Dingley was resumed with the same guarded and cautious attention, to prevent the slightest suspicion of a more intimate union with the former, as if such intimacy had not now been legal and virtuous. Stella, therefore, continued the beloved and intimate friend of Swift; the regulator of his household and table on public days, although she only appeared there as an ordinary guest; the companion of his social hours, and his comforter in sickness; but his wife only in name, and even that nominal union a secret from the world. Thus situated, Stella continued to experience, in some degree, the inconveniences attached to a situation so doubtful; for though she was known to several ladies, yet their intercourse was rather formal than friendly, and her intimacies lay entirely with Swift's male friends. The obliging friend of Mrs. Delany, whom I have already mentioned, says, that Stella 'went with Mrs. Dingley to Dr. Delany's villa on Wednesdays, when his men-companions dined, before he was married to my friend. She (Mrs. Delany) once saw her by accident, and was struck with the beauty of her countenance, and particularly with her fine dark eye. She was very pale, and looked pensive, but not melancholy, and had hair black as a raven.'"*

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* Delany's inference from this was a suspicion that Swift, after his union with Stella, had discovered that there was too near a consanguinity between them, and that he had then been stating the circumstance to the archbishop.

While Stella lived in this unsatisfactory manner, ministering to the enjoyment of the most selfish of men, he conceived that he was amply rewarding her devotion by the occasional flattery with which he indulged her. Every year, on her birthday, he presented her with a copy of verses, which he probably thought of value enough to efface all his unkindness of the twelve months preceding. With affected bluntness he pays her the most elegant compliments, thus, as it were, veiling his sincerity to make it appear more sterling; but he never fails to introduce some remark on her temper and disposition, as if he never lost sight of the character of Mentor, which he had found on all occasions so convenient. He talks of her angry passions and virtues, which—

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* *Note by Sir Walter Scott.*—"The only portrait of Stella known to exist is in possession of the Rev. Mr. Berwick. Dr. Tuke, of Stephen's Green, has a lock of her hair, on the envelope of which is written, in Dean Swift's hand, 'Only a woman's hair.' If Stella was dead, as is most probable, when Swift laid apart this memorial, the motto is an additional instance of his striving to veil the most bitter feelings under the guise of cynical indifference."

——"suspended wait
Till time has opened reason's gate."

He appears to have had but little indulgence for the state of mind into which his coldness, his harshness, and his inexplicable conduct must naturally have thrown the ill-fated Stella, whose feelings found vent in the following lines, which, although they and her other verses are supposed to have been corrected by Delany, or some other friend, are doubtless original in the idea at least:—

ON JEALOUSY.

O, shield me from his rage, celestial powers!
This tyrant that embitters all my hours.
Ah, Love! you've poorly play'd the hero's part;
You conquer'd, but you can't defend my heart.
When first I bent beneath your gentle reign,
I thought this monster banish'd from your train;
But you would raise him to support your throne,
And now he claims your empire as his own;
Or tell me, tyrants, have you both agreed,
That where one reigns, the other shall succeed!

Swift had now, by making Stella his wife, although the secret was still between them,

"Placed an everlasting bar between"

himself and the unsuspecting Vanessa, whom he occasionally saw in Dublin, and took his moments to advise, not only that she should endeavour to repress feelings which were only calculated to cause her pain, but that she should listen to the addresses of one of the suitors who had been attracted by her charming qualities. Whether she considered these precepts given in earnest, or merely to try her, Vanessa listened with indignation to them, and rejected several offers which were made her, by men who perhaps might have made her happy. Had Swift really desired altogether to get rid of an affair which annoyed him, he could probably have accomplished it; but it is evident that, while he professed coldness and indifference when it suited him, he could, when the caprice returned, or when his vanity feared to lose its food, bring back his prey to the toils he had always prepared.

Although the husband of another, and bound to avoid a continuance of that fatal friendship which had caused Stella so much sorrow, he evidently gave Vanessa reason to believe that he entered into her feelings, and felt a warm interest in her affairs, by her writing thus to him. She was then at Marley Abbey, near Cellbridge, living retired with a sick sister, and nursing her vain passion with all the romance of headstrong youth.

Cellbridge, 1720.

"Believe me it is with the utmost regret that I now complain to you, because I know your good-nature such, that you cannot see any human creature miserable, without being sensibly touched; yet what can I do? I must either unload my heart, and tell you all its griefs, or sink under the inexpressible distress I now suffer by your prodigious neglect of me. 'Tis now ten long weeks since I saw you, and in all that time I have never received but one letter from you, and a little note with an excuse. Oh! how have you forgot me! You endeavour by severities to force me from you, nor can I blame you; for with the utmost distress and confusion, I behold myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you; yet I cannot comfort you; but here declare, that 'tis not in the power of time or accident to lessen the inexpressible passion which I have for * * *

"Put my passion under the utmost restraint, send me as distant from you as the earth will allow, yet you cannot banish those charming ideas which will ever stick by me whilst I have the use of memory. Nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul, for there is not a single atom of my frame that is not blended with it. Therefore don't flatter yourself that separation will ever change my sentiments; for I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sorrow and love. For Heaven's sake, tell me what has caused this prodigious change in you, which I have found of late. If you have the least remains of pity for me left, tell me tenderly; no; don't tell it, so that it may cause my present death; and don't suffer me to live a life-like, languishing death, which is the only life I can lead, if you have lost any of your tenderness for me."

On the death of her sister she wrote to him, and received the following reply:—

"Monday.

"I am surprised and grieved beyond what I can express, and read your letter twice before I knew what it meant; nor can I yet well believe my eyes. Is that poor good creature dead? I observed she looked a little ghastly on Saturday, but it is against the usual way for one in her case to die so sudden. For God's sake get your friends about you, to advise and to order everything in the forms. It is all you have to do. I want comfort myself in this case, and can give little. Time alone must give it you. Nothing now is your part but decency. I was wholly unprepared for such an event, and pity you most of all creatures at present."

The distress of mind in which Vanessa was thrown on the loss of her sister may be Swift's excuse for having, about this time, paid her his first visit at Marley Abbey; but, having done so, he appears to have repeated it more than once, according to the account given by the son of Vanessa's gardener, who is named by Sir Walter Scott as giving an account of these visits, and the habits of the lady. This man recollected Vanessa well, having been in the habit of working in the garden, with his father, when a boy: he describes her as inclining to *embonpoint*, being peculiarly gentle and pleasing in her manners, and much courted by the families in the neighbourhood, although she seldom returned the calls and civilities she received.

"She avoided company, and was always melancholy, save when Dean Swift was there, and then she seemed happy. The garden was, to an uncommon degree, crowded with laurels. The old man said, that when Miss Vanhomrigh expected the dean, she always planted, with her own hand, a laurel or two against his arrival. He showed her favourite seat, still called Vanessa's bower. Three or four trees, and some laurels, indicate the spot. They had formerly, according to the old man's information, been trained into a close arbour. There were two seats and a rude table within the bower, the opening of which commanded a view of the Liffey, which had a romantic effect; and there was a small cascade that murmured at some distance. In this sequestered spot the dean and Vanessa used often to sit, with books and writing materials on the table before them. And the verses composed among such objects, by that unfortunate lady, will perhaps help us to guess at the subject of their classical interviews.

AN ODE TO SPRING.

Hail, blushing goddess, beauteous Spring,
Who in thy jocund train dost bring
Loves and Graces, smiling hours,
Balmy breezes, fragrant flowers:
Come, with tints of roseate hue,
Nature's faded charms renew.

Yet why should I thy presence hail!
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with sweets, no more the rose
With such transcendant beauty blows,
As when Cadenus blest the scene,
And shared with me those joys serene.
When, unperceived, the lambent fire
Of friendship kindled new desire;
Still listening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths which angels might have sung,
Divine imprest their gentle sway,
And sweetly stole my soul away.
My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
(Dear names,) in one idea blend;
O! still conjoin'd, your incense rise,
And waft sweet odours to the skies.

Vanessa, in her solitude, had hitherto had a duty to perform which in some degree occupied her mind, and prevented it from dwelling entirely on her fatal attachment; but that tie was at length broken. Her sister, whom she had nursed through a long illness, died, and she was now alone.

She was well aware of Swift's connexion with Miss Johnson; and it was only her knowledge of the declining health of her rival which had prevented her insisting, long before, on an explanation from Swift, as to the real state of his engagement to her. Impatience at length prevailed; and she resolved no longer to be trifled with, and, in an evil hour for herself, wrote a letter to Stella, requesting at once to be informed of the true state of the case. Stella, without hesitation, informed her, in reply, of her marriage with the dean; and, in the utmost indignation at finding her worst fears confirmed, she immediately enclosed the letter of Vanessa to her husband, and leaving her own abode in an agony of anger, retired to the house of a friend, without awaiting his answer.

The dreadful state of the dean's mind on receiving this communication is beyond all description; but it was rather fury than remorse that agitated him,—fury against the unfortunate woman whose rashness had for ever dissolved the spell which kept his treachery secret. He mounted his horse and rode instantly to Marley Abbey; and so fearful was his countenance on entering the presence of Vanessa, that terror almost deprived her of utterance. He cast upon her a withering glance of rage and scorn, threw the letter she had written to Stella on the table, and, without a word, rushed out of the apartment, remounted, and returned to Dublin.

Vanessa, horror-stricken, saw that her fate was sealed; and that every hope she had fondly cherished was at an end for ever, and she sunk under the weight of her despair.

It appears uncertain how long she survived this blow; but the last cruel, heartless act of her lover at length restored her to reason: she revoked a will made in his favour, and settled her fortune in another quarter. Her death soon followed this scene, and Swift was now free. On hearing, however, of her death, the cause of all her wretchedness was seized with late remorse, and overcome with shame and self-reproach he withdrew himself from society; and, for two months, the place of his retreat was not known. At last he returned to Stella, whose anger and distress of mind had now softened, perhaps into pity for her rival's fate, and, always patient and enduring, she forgave and received him.

It was not likely that the health of Stella, long weakened by anxiety and vexation, should improve, even when one of the causes of her sorrow was removed. No change was brought by time to her manner of living with Swift; and the stigma on her name still existed, for he refused to permit their marriage to be known. He was in England when the news arrived that Stella was rapidly declining; he seems to have felt the utmost agony on hearing of her danger; but even at that moment, in writing to a friend, Dr. Stopford, on the subject, he names her only as "one of the *two* dearest and oldest friends he possessed," always classing her with Mrs. Dingley, a mere common-place gossipping woman, for whom he could have had no regard, and who was merely a convenience.

To Sheridan, however, he expresses himself differently, and does not conceal the grief of heart which he experienced :—

"The account you give me is nothing but what I have for some time expected, with the utmost agonies. I look upon this to be the greatest event that can ever happen to me; but all my preparations will not suffice to make me bear it like a philosopher, nor altogether like a Christian. Judge in what a temper of mind I write this. The very time I am writing, I conclude the fairest soul in the world hath left its body. I have been long weary of the world; and shall, for my small remainder of days, be weary of life, having for ever lost that conversation which could alone make it tolerable."

Stella did not die that year (1726); and again Swift was absent in England, when he was summoned to her death-bed.

For six months all hopes of her recovery had ceased; and medical attendance and care alone kept her from sinking. The last conversation which passed between her and the dean has been preserved. It was communicated by Mrs. Whiteway to Mr. Theophilus Swift, who thus narrates it :—

"When Stella was in her last weak state, and one day had come in a chair to the deanery, she was with difficulty brought into the parlour. The dean had prepared some mulled wine, and kept it by the fire for her refreshment. After tasting it, she became very faint; but, having recovered a little by degrees, when her breath (for she was asthmatic) was allowed her, she desired to lie down. She was carried up stairs, and laid on a bed; the dean sitting by her, held her hand, and addressed her in the most affectionate manner. She drooped, however, very much. Mrs. Whiteway was the only third person present. After a short time, her politeness induced her to withdraw to the adjoining room, but it was necessary, on account of air, that the door should not be closed: it was half-shut; the rooms were close adjoining. Mrs. Whiteway had too much honour to listen, but could not avoid observing, that the dean and Mrs. Johnson conversed together in a low tone; the latter, indeed, was too weak to raise her voice. Mrs. Whiteway paid no attention, having no idle curiosity; but at length she heard the dean say, in an audible voice, '*Well, my dear, if you wish it, it shall be owned,*' to which Stella answered, with a sigh, 'It is too late!'"

There is another story told by Mr. Sheridan, which strangely contradicts this account: he had the relation from his father, who said that when Stella was within a few days of her dissolution, *in the presence of Dr. Sheridan,* she entreated Swift, with earnest tears and with the most pathetic exhortations, to listen to her last request, to rescue her name from obloquy, and to acknowledge her as his wife.

To this appeal—

"Swift *made no reply,* but, turning on his heel, walked silently out of the room, nor ever saw her afterward during the few days she lived. This behaviour threw Mrs. Johnson into unspeakable agonies, and for a time she sank under the weight of so cruel a disappointment. But soon after, roused by indignation, she inveighed against his cruelty in the bitterest terms; and, sending for a lawyer, made her will, bequeathing her fortune by her own name to charitable uses. This was done in the presence of Dr. Sheridan, whom she appointed to be one of her executors."

Two stories, so different, it is difficult to reconcile: the only chance of both being true is, that the scene related by Mrs. Whiteway may have been the last, and that even after his former brutal conduct, Swift may have relented; but still, as no alteration took place in Stella's will, and the marriage was never acknowledged by the Dean, the latter version is, it is to be feared, the most authentic.

All that is certain is, that on the 28th January, 1727-8, about eight o'clock at night, Hester Johnson died, having closed a life of disappointed hopes and vain devotion, with no reward for her disinterested affection but the idle glory of having her name for ever entwined with the laurel which adorns the tomb of one of the most powerful of English writers.

The two following poems are specimens of the genius of the two women who suffered so much from their misplaced attachment to the same object :—

AN ODE TO WISDOM.—BY VANESSA.

O, Pallas! I invoke thy aid!
Vouchsafe to hear a wretched maid,
By tender love deprest;
'Tis just that thou shouldst heal the smart
Inflicted by thy subtle art,
And calm my troubled breast.

No random shot from Cupid's bow,
But by thy guidance, soft and slow,
It sunk within my heart:
This, Love being arm'd with Wisdom's force,
In vain I try to stop its course,
In vain repel the dart.

O Goddess! break the fatal league,
Let Love, with folly and intrigue,
More fit associates find!
And thou alone within my breast,
O! deign to soothe my griefs to rest,
And heal my tortur'd mind.

STELLA TO DR. SWIFT ON HIS BIRTHDAY, NOV. 30, 1721.

St. Patrick's Dean, your country's pride,
My early and my only guide,
Let me among the rest attend,
Your pupil and your humble friend,
To celebrate in female strains
The day that paid your mother's pains;
Descend to take that tribute due
In gratitude alone to you.
When men began to call me fair,
You interpos'd your timely care;
You early taught me to despise
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;
Show'd where my judgment was misplac'd;
Repaid my fancy and my taste.
Behold that beauty just decay'd,
Invoking art to nature's aid:
Forsook by her admiring train,
She spreads her tatter'd nets in vain;
That was her part upon the stage:
Went smoothly on for half a page;
Her bloom was gone, she wanted art,
As the scene chang'd, to change her part;
She, whom no lover could resist,
Before the second act was hiss'd.
Such is the fate of female race,
With no endowments but a face;

Before the thirtieth year of life,
A maid forlorn, or hated wife.
Stella to you, her tutor, owes
That she has ne'er resembled those:
Nor was a burden to mankind
With half her course of years behind.
You taught how I might youth prolong,
By knowing what was right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring supplies,
Or lustre to my fading eyes;
How soon a beauteous maid repairs
The loss of chang'd or falling hairs;
How wit and virtue from within,
Send out a smoothness o'er the skin:
Your lectures could my fancy fix,
And I can please at thirty-six.
The sight of Chloe at fifteen
Coquetting, gives me not the spleen;
The idol now of every fool
Till time shall make their passions cool;
Then tumbling down Time's steepy hill,
While Stella holds her station still.
O! turn your precepts into laws,
Redeem the woman's ruin'd cause.
Retrieve lost empire to our sex,
That men may bow their rebel necks.
  Long be the day that gave you birth
  Sacred to friendship, wit, and mirth;
  Late dying, may you cast a shred
  Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
  To bear with dignity my sorrow,
  One day alone, then die to-morrow.

SUSANNAH CENTLIVRE.

This clever and accomplished woman—the first female English writer who deserves the name of a dramatist—was the daughter of a gentleman named Freeman, of Holbeach, in Lincolnshire, where he possessed a good estate. A zealot in the religion of Calvin, and violent in the cause of the Parliament, his property was confiscated at the Restoration, and he took refuge in Ireland, whither, from similar causes, the father of his wife, a gentleman of fortune, named Markham, of King's Lynn, in Norfolk, was also obliged to fly. From the fact of their being such near neighbours, it is more than probable that the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman took place in England, but where their daughter Susannah was born there are no means of ascertaining. The period also of her birth is extremely uncertain, some of her biographers fixing it in 1667, and others in 1680. From circumstances narrated in her after-life, it is not unlikely that she was born in 1678,—but whether in Ireland or England is matter for conjecture.

She lost her parents at a very early age: her father, according to the most received accounts, when she was only three years old, and her mother at the age of twelve; though Whincop, and the French editor of a translation of "The Wonder," which is preceded by a brief memoir, assert that her mother died first, and that her father married again. But whether it arose from the severity of a step-mother, or the unkindness of those to whose care she was left, there seems to be little doubt of her home having been a most unhappy one, since, at the tender age of fifteen, she formed the resolution of abruptly quitting it, "to seek her fortune" in that haven of the unhappy—London. To this bold act she was, no doubt, stimulated by the consciousness of possessing talents of no ordinary kind,—for her genius had been the theme of admiration almost from infancy.

"The spirit of poetry," writes the editor of her dramatic works,* "was born with her; for before she was seven years old she wrote a very pretty song, and adapted it to a sprightly tune, which became *a distinguished country-dance.* Her education was such as the place of her nativity afforded; where, though she had but small instruction, yet, by application to books, she soon became mistress of the Latin, Italian, Spanish, and French tongues."

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* In 3 vols. 12mo. 1760.

The precise circumstances under which she abandoned the country are involved in obscurity; and a story is told of her having formed an imprudent connexion with a Mr. Hammond, whom she is said to have encountered on her way to London, alone and on foot, and to have accompanied him to Cambridge, of which university he was then an undergraduate; but whether this story be true or false, it did not mar her prospects in life, for when only sixteen she married the nephew of the great statesman, Sir Stephen Fox, who, however, died in the course of a year. With her beauty and accomplishments she did not long remain a widow, her hand being sought and gained by an officer named Carrol. On the subject of her second marriage, Kippis, in the "Biographia Britannica," makes the following ill-natured observation, for which there appears to be no warranty whatever. He says,—

"The world seemed disposed to take Susannah's word: but even good-nature must grant, that there are many breaks and chasms in her story. Indigent and friendless, lively and engaging, we reluctantly excuse where it is impossible to approve. It would, perhaps, be very difficult to prove the marriage-certificate for the second union."

When a woman is "indigent and *friendless*," it is, indeed, often difficult to supply the links that are necessary to form a continuous history. Who is there to trace the various gradations of poverty, to mark the constant efforts to stem the tide of ill-fortune,—to chronicle the struggles which unfriended genius is ever making with a hard, unsympathising world? In the absence of this proof, the charitable commentator suggests, that the unrecorded career must of necessity have been a vicious one, and kindly throws his shield before the sufferer, to shelter her from suspicions which he is the first to insinuate! With regard to the reality of her marriage with Mr. Carrol, no one but Kippis has ever thought fit to question it.

It would seem that this second union was a very happy one; but, like all happiness on earth, it was not destined to be of long duration, Mr. Carrol being killed in a duel, about eighteen months after their marriage.

It was now that, a second time a widow before she had attained her twentieth year, and, from all that can be gathered, in circumstances of great privation, she resolved to turn those talents to account, the possession of which had hitherto enabled her to charm in society. Of the earliest efforts of her muse little is known, though some of her verses are to be found in one or two collections. It has not been our fortune to meet with the satirical ballad which she wrote against Pope's Homer, before he began it; but it doubtless contained some stinging lines, since it provoked the angry bard to introduce her into the second and third books of the "Dunciad." There is not much point in the first allusion; the poet is describing the soporific effect of Dulness:—

"At length Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale,
Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er,
Morgan and Mandevil could prate no more;
Norton, from Daniel and Ostræa sprung,
Bless'd with his father's front and mother's tongue,
Hung silent down his never blushing head;
And all was hush'd, as folly's self lay dead."

In the second instance he is more spiteful:—

"And now, on fancy's easy wing convey'd,
The King descending, views th' Elysian shade.
Lo! next two slip-shod Sybils traipse along,
In lofty madness meditating song.
With tresses staring from poetic dreams,
And never wash'd but in Castalia's streams,
Haywood, *Centlivre*, glories of their race."

But the malice of the poet was short-lived, for in a subsequent edition—probably after she became famous, and known to the world as the friend of Steele and Wycherly and Rowe, or perhaps fascinated by her beauty,—for Pope was never indifferent to female loveliness,—he altered the offending stanza to—

"A slip-shod Sybil led his steps along,"

and no name at all is mentioned.

But she soon turned her attention to the department of literature, in which she was destined to shine, and essayed dramatic composition. Her first attempt, like that of most young writers, was in tragedy, in a play called "The Perjured Husband," which was performed at Drury Lane in the year 1702, and met with a good reception; she herself says, in the preface to the published play, that "it went off with general applause, and only wanted the addition of good actors and a full town," to have proved highly successful. This encouragement, however, such as it was, was enough for one whose whole mind was devoted to the drama; and we consequently find that, in the course of the next three years, she produced no less than six comedies; viz. "The Beau's Duel, or a Soldier for the Ladies;" "The Stolen Heiress, or the Salamanca Doctor Outwitted;" "The Gamester;" "The Basset-Table;" "Love at a Venture;" and "Love's Contrivances; or, *Le Médecin Malgré Lui;*" the last avowedly adapted from Molière.*

Of these, the most successful was "The Gamester;" the plot and title of which she took from the "*Dissipateur*" of Destouches: it was brought out at Drury Lane in 1704, and the great Betterton played the part of Lovewell. The prologue was written by Rowe,—the latter circumstance affording proof of the "eminence" which she "in a short time gained in the literary world," when—

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* In her preface to this play, she makes the complaint which seems to have been uttered by all authors in all time: "Writing," she says, "is a kind of lottery in this fickle age, and dependence on the stage as precarious as the cast of a die; the chance may turn up, and a man may write to please the town, but 'tis uncertain, since we see our best authors sometimes fail." "Love's Contrivances," however, met with a reception beyond her expectations.

> "Her wit procured her the intimacy of the facetious Mr. Farquhar, and her theatrical knowledge was the cause of her great intimacy with Mr. Wilks and Mrs. Oldfield; the latter of whom distinguished our poetess by speaking the prologue to her first play; and generally those great actors filled the principal characters in her comic performances."*

In the year 1706 an important event occurred, when she acquired the name by which alone she has become known to the world. It fell out in this manner:—Her passion for the drama had not been limited to the efforts of her pen; she had even ventured on the stage, though apparently without realizing much reputation as an actress. With such rivals as Mrs. Oldfield, Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Montford, and others, it would have demanded the strongest evidence of histrionic talent to have achieved a name,—though we can hardly believe that she was deficient in ability, when we find her playing the great part of the day, Alexander, in Lee's ranting tragedy of "The Rival Queens," a part which, however it may outrage nature, was not disdained by Hart and Betterton, and which Montford made his own,—an actor of whom Dryden, speaking of the tone of his voice, which gave his words such softness, says:—

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* Preface to Mrs. Centlivre's Dramatic Works.

> "——— like flakes of feather'd snow
> They melted as they fell."

Susannah's tones seem to have produced the same effect on the susceptible heart of Mr. Joseph Centlivre, yeoman of the mouth, or principal cook in the kitchen of Queen Anne, who chanced to be present at the theatre of Windsor when she enacted the part of the great Alexander. Like the beauteous Statira, the enamoured chief cook might have exclaimed—

> "Not the spring's mouth, nor breath of jessamin,
> Nor violet's infant sweets, nor opening buds
> Are half so sweet as Alexander's breath." *

She too could say, with the poet—

> "He speaks the kindest words, and looks such things!"

Centlivre proposed and was accepted, and it is satisfactory to know that this, her third matrimonial venture, was a happy one.

But the joys of wedded life did not distract her attention from the main object of her existence, and in the year 1708 she produced the comedy of "The Busy Body," on which much of her dramatic reputation depends.

The fate of this play clearly proves how "precarious" is an author's dependence on the stage:—

"When 'The Busy Body,'" says the writer of the

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* Edition of 1694.

article on Mrs. Centlivre in the "Biographia Dramatica," "was first offered to the players, it was received very coolly; and it was with great difficulty that the author could prevail upon them to think of acting it, which was not till very late in the season. At the rehearsal of it, Mr. Wilks had so mean an opinion of his part (Sir George Airy), that one morning, in a passion, he threw it off the stage into the pit, and swore that nobody would sit to hear such stuff. The poor frighted poetess begged him with tears to take it up again, which he did mutteringly; and about the latter end of April the play was acted for the first time.

"There had been scarcely anything mentioned of it in the town before it came out; but those who had heard of it, were told it was a silly thing, written by a woman; that the players had no opinion of it, &c., and on the first day there was a very poor house, scarcely charges. Under these circumstances, it cannot be supposed that the play appeared to much advantage; the audience only went for want of another place to go to; but without any expectation of being much diverted. They were yawning at the beginning of it, but were agreeably surprised, more and more every act, till at last the house rang with as much applause as was possible to be given by so thin an audience."

On the following night a full house attended, and confirmed by unanimous applause the verdict of the first audience; and the crowds that thronged to Drury on the third night plainly showed that the comedy would have a run. This was the case; and it went on till the thirteenth night, when, on account of the advanced season, it stopped; but in the following year it again appeared, under the most gratifying circumstances, for—

"The company at Drury Lane dividing, and one part of them going to the Haymarket, it was acted at both houses together for six nights, running in opposition to each other: Pack, who did it first, playing the part of Marplot at Drury Lane, and Dogget the same part at the Haymarket."

The appearance of "The Busy Body" was noticed very briefly in the 15th number of the "Tatler," where Steele says:—

"Will's Coffee House, May 13.

"To-night was acted, second time, a comedy called 'The Busy Body.' This play is written by a lady."

The reason for Steele's brevity would seem to be a dread lest, his friendship for her being known,* he should have been suspected of partiality in his criticism. But when the fiat of the town had been awarded, to have withheld his commendation would have been unjust; and ten days later he spoke out in her praise:—

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* He had even promised her a prologue.

"Will's Coffee House, May 23.

"On Saturday last was presented 'The Busy Body,' a comedy, written (as I have heretofore remarked) by a woman. The plot and incidents of the play are laid with that subtilty of spirit which is peculiar to females of wit, and is very seldom well performed by those of the other sex, in whom craft in love is an act of invention, and not, as with women, the effect of nature and instinct."

The criticism of Dr. Kippis upon this amusing play is, though meagre, with some reservation, correct. He says:—

"It must be confessed, that although the language is very indifferent, and the plot mingled with some improbabilities, yet the amusing sprightliness of the business, and the natural impertinence of Marplot, make considerable amends for the above-mentioned deficiencies."

That the language is not "very indifferent," numberless extracts might be adduced to show. For instance, when Marplot is abusing the old miser, Sir Francis Gripe, he is reminded by Charles that he is *his* father:—

"I ask your pardon, Charles," replies Marplot, "but *it is for your sake I hate him.* Well, I say, the world is mistaken in him; his outside piety makes him every man's executor, and his inside cunning makes him every heir's jailer."

Again, in the interview between Sir Francis and his son, the former says :—

"How now, sirrah, who let you in?

"*Charles.* My necessity, sir.

"*Sir F.* Sir, your necessities are very impertinent, and might have sent before they entered.

"*Charles.* Sir, I knew 'twas a word would gain admittance nowhere.

"*Sir F.* Then, sir, how durst you rudely thrust that upon your father which nobody else would admit?"

It is true that "The Busy Body" is not quite original in its plot; the dumb scene between Sir George Airy and Miranda, and the history of the Garden Gate being both taken from Ben Jonson's comedy, "The Devil's an Ass;" but enough remains to substantiate its claim to be considered a genuinely good comedy.

While on the subject of resemblances, it may be observed that there is a curious similarity between a speech of Marplot's and one uttered by Tony Lumpkin, in Goldsmith's celebrated comedy: Tony, indeed, had a good deal of the Marplot in his composition.*

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* It is curious also, that in "The Man's Bewitched," another comedy by Mrs. Centlivre, one of the principal incidents of the play should be the hero's mistaking a gentleman's house for an inn.

When Marplot is reproached by Miranda for the stupidity of his mistakes, he answers :—

" Why, look you, madam, if I have committed a fault, thank yourself; no man is more serviceable when I am let into a secret, nor none more unlucky at finding it out. Who could divine your meaning; when you talked of a blunderbuss, who thought of a rendezvous, and when you spoke of a monkey, who ever dreamt of Sir George."

Miranda's retort is witty enough :—

" A sign you converse but little with our sex, when you can't reconcile contradictions."

Mrs. Centlivre dedicated "The Busy Body" to John, Lord Somers, then president of the privy council.* After speaking of its success, she says she is encouraged to the dedication in the hope that his Lordship's " native goodness and generosity, in condescension to the taste of the best and fairest part of the town, who have been pleased to be diverted by the following scenes, will excuse and overlook such faults as his nicer judgment might discern."

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* The great Lord Somers, the " Camillo" of Steele, " who presides over the deliberations of state; and is so highly valued by all men, for his singular probity, courage, affability, and love of mankind, that his being placed in that station has dissipated the fears of that people, who, of all the world, are the most jealous of their liberty and happiness, and the least provident for their security."—*Tatler*, No. 4.

It is said that the patronage of Lord Somers was not withheld from the ambitious authoress, who, although successful in most of her works, seems to have entertained a constant dread of failure; an instance of which we meet with in the prologue to this very play:—

> "But these, alas! are melancholy days,
> To modern prophets and *to modern plays*."

Encouraged by the success of "The Busy Body," in the following year she renewed the theme, and brought out "Marplot; the second part of The Busy Body," but, like most continuations, it fell far short of the original.* Her next work was "The Platonick Lady," which was certainly well performed, for Betterton, Booth, Wilks, Cibber, Mrs. Bracegirdle, and Mrs. Oldfield, all played in it. To this succeeded, in the same year (1710), the comedy of "The Perplexed Lovers," the circumstances attending the production of which bring out in high relief the absurdity and the power of political prejudice.

Mrs. Centlivre was herself a Whig, and her politics were well known; a strong set was therefore made against her; and the play not being assailable, the discontented public took a dislike to an unspoken epilogue. She thus describes the cause of quarrel in the preface to her play:—

"I am obliged to trouble my reader with a preface, that he may not be carried away with false notions, to the prejudice of this play, which had the ill fate to introduce a new custom, viz. in being acted the first day without an epilogue. It seems the epilogue designed *would not pass;* therefore the managers of the theatre did not think it safe to speak it, without I could get it licensed, which I could not do that night, with all the interest I could make; so that at last the play was forced to conclude without an epilogue. Mr. Norris, who is an excellent comedian in his way, was desired to speak six lines extempore, to interest the audience to excuse the defect, and promised them an epilogue the next night; but they, apprehending it was the epilogue designed for the play, were pleased to shew their resentment. It is plain the want of the epilogue caused the hiss, because there had not been anything like it during the whole action; but, on the contrary, a general clap attended the conclusion of the play. The next day I had the honour to have the epilogue licensed by the Vice-Chamberlain; but by this time there was a rumour spread about town, that it was *a notorious whiggish epilogue*; and the person who designed me the favour of speaking it, (Mrs. Oldfield,) had letters sent her to forbear, for that there were parties forming against it, and they advised her not to stand the shock. Here was a second blow greater than the first. The sinking of my play could not cut me half so deep as the notion I had, that there could be people of this nation so ungrateful as not to allow a single compliment to a man that has done such wonders for it. I am not prompted by any private, sinister end, having never been obliged by the Duke of Marlborough, otherwise than as I shared in common with my country; as I am an Englishwoman, I think myself obliged to acknowledge my obligation to his Grace for the many glorious conquests he has attained, and the many hazards he has run, to establish us as a nation, free from the insults of a foreign power. I know not what they call Whigs, or how they distinguish between them and Tories: but if the desire to see my country secured from the Romish yoke, and flourish by a firm, lasting, honourable peace, to the glory of the best of Queens, who deservedly holds the ballance of all Europe, be a Whig, then I am one, else not. I have printed the epilogue, that the world may judge whether 'tis such as has been here represented."

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* The Duke of Portland, to whom "Marplot" was dedicated, made Mrs. Centlivre a present of forty guineas.

This is the condemned epilogue:—

"In these good times, when war is like to cease,
And Europe soon expects a general peace;
Ye beaux, half-wits, and criticks, all may know,
I from Apollo come a Plenipo;
Who well inclin'd to treat, by me thinks fit
To send proposals from the state of wit;
Against such strong confederates engag'd,
An unsuccessful war he long has wag'd;
And now declares, if you will all submit,
To pay the charges of his Box and Pit,
He will no more hostilities commit,
In all their works his poets shall take care
Never to represent you as you are.

But on the Critick, judgment shall bestow,
Sense on the witling, beauty on the Beau,
This for the Men: next he assures the Fair,
He grieves that ever he with them made war;
Or ever in his plays attack'd their fame,
Or anything disclos'd unfit to name;
Or characters of faithless women drew,
And shew'd feign'd beauties, so unlike the true.
But in all future scenes the Sex shall see
Themselves as charming as they wish to be;
For them he will ordain new comick rules,
And never more will make them doat on fools;
And when he rises to the tragick strain,
None but true heroes shall their favours gain;
Such as that stranger who has grac'd our land,
Of equal fame for council and command;*
A prince, whose wisdom, valour, and success,
The gazing world with acclamations bless;
By no great Captain in past times outdone,
And in the present equall'd but by ONE.
These fair conditions will, I hope, compose
All wars between the Poets and their foes.
Come sign the peace, and let this happy age,
Produce a league in favour of the Stage:
But should this fail, at least our author prays
A truce may be concluded for six days."

The modern reader will scarcely discover in this epilogue any particular reason why it should not have been spoken, unless, indeed, he take exception to the poetry; but at the time it was written, the star of Marlborough was on the decline, and Harley's party was triumphant. But, if Mrs. Centlivre was disappointed in giving utterance to her political sentiments on the stage, she indemnified herself in print, for, prefixed to her play, besides the epilogue already quoted, appears a long poem inscribed to the Prince Eugene, redolent of the glory of the prince, and his renowned brother in arms, the Duke of Marlborough; in return for which, his highness made her a present of a very handsome weighty gold snuff-box, on the rim of which was engraved, "The present of His Highness Prince Eugene of Savoy to Susannah Centlivre."

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* Prince Eugene.

The epilogues of that time were not confined to political allusions. In the one written by Rowe for Mrs. Centlivre's tragedy of "The Cruel Gift," direct reference was made to the Prince of Wales, then present at Drury Lane, where the piece was played for the author's benefit. It ran thus:—

"O would you lost integrity restore,
And boast their faith your plain forefathers bore,
What surer pattern can you hope to find,
Than that dear pledge your Monarch left behind? *
See how his looks, his honest heart explain,
And speak the blessings of his future reign!
In his each feature, truth and candour trace,
And read plain dealing written in his face."

This was, at any rate, *plain-speaking.*

An interval of three years occurred before Mrs. Centlivre ventured again to try the ordeal of public favour. She then produced the comedy of "The Man's Bewitched;" which, though tolerably amusing, was not successful. This time the cause lay with the actors, of whom she speaks with some bitterness. It seems she had been accused of attempting to bespeak the good will of the play-going world, by writing a *puff* in her own praise. She thus denies the charge:—

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* George the First had gone to Hanover.

"I never had the vanity to think, much less to publish, that any thing I am capable of doing could support the stage, though I have had the good fortune to please, or to find the town willing to be pleased; though at present, it seems, a certain author has entered a caveat against all plays running to a sixth night, but his own. Though an opera interfered with this comedy, it brought 40*l*. the second night, which showed it had some merit; for I have known many a play kept up that failed of half that money the second night. Now, by the rules of the house, it ought to have been played on; but who can secure the life of a play, when that of a man is often sacrificed to the malice of parties? This play met with a kind reception in general, and notwithstanding the disadvantages it had to struggle with, by raising the prices the first day, and the nearness of Christmas, it would have made its way to a sixth night, if it had had fair play.

"Mistake me not, I do not mean from the representation, for I must do the players reason. Had I searched all the theatres in the world, I could not have selected a better company, nor had more justice done me in the action, though they have not dealt honourably by me in my bargain; for they ought not to have stopt the run upon any pique whatever.

" 'Tis small encouragement to write for the stage, when the actors, according to the caprice of their humours, maugre the taste of the town, have power to sink the reputation of a play; for if they resolve not to act it, the town cannot support it. Well, if there is any merit in suffering wrongfully, I shall find my account in't one time or other; in the meanwhile I entreat the Female Tatler to be witty no more at my expense. I desire I may not be reckoned in the number of those that *support* the stage, since the stage has become a noun-substantive, and resolves to show it is able to stand by itself."

The actors in "The Perplexed Lovers" were, Mrs. Oldfield (who spoke the prologue), Mrs. Cross, and Mrs. Porter; Messrs. Bowman, Mills, Wilks, Estcourt, Dogget, Penkethman, and Bullock. Colley Cibber, in his entertaining "Apology," gives a curious account of Estcourt's peculiar talent:—

" Estcourt was so amazing and extraordinary a mimick, that no man or woman, from the coquette to the privy counsellor, ever moved or spoke before him, but he could carry their voice, look, mien and motion, instantly into another company; I have heard him make long harangues, and form various arguments, even in the manner of thinking, of an eminent pleader at the bar, with every the least article and singularity of his utterance so perfectly imitated, that he was the very *alter ipse*, scarce to be distinguished from his original. Yet more: I have seen, upon the margin of the written part of Falstaff, which he acted, his own notes and observations upon almost every speech of it, describing the true spirit of the humour, and in what tone of voice, look, and gesture, each of them ought to be delivered. Yet, in his execution upon the stage, he seemed to have lost all those just ideas he had formed of it, and almost through the character laboured under a heavy load of flatness; in a word, with all his skill in mimickry, and knowledge of what ought to be done, he never, upon the stage, could bring it into practice, but was, upon the whole, a languid, unaffecting actor."

Bullock and Penkethman, who seem to have figured as a kind of theatrical Damon and Pythias, furnished Steele with the opportunity of writing the following humorous letter in the 188th number of the "Tatler." In a previous paper he had drawn a parallel between Betterton and Booth, and, as a set-off to his real criticism, he invented a letter from Bullock and Penkethman, calling upon him to give them the same advantage as he had afforded to their brother actors. He accordingly wrote as follows:—

"For the information of posterity, I shall set these two great men in such a light as Sallust has placed his Cato and Cæsar.

"Mr. William Bullock and Mr. William Penkethman are of the same age, profession, and sex. They both distinguish themselves in a very particular manner under the discipline of the crab-tree, with this only difference, that Mr. Bullock has the more agreeable squall, and Mr. Penkethman the more graceful shrug. Penkethman devours a cold chick with great applause; Bullock's talent lies chiefly in asparagus. Penkethman is very dexterous at conveying himself under a table; Bullock is no less active in jumping over a stick. Mr. Penkethman has a great deal of money, but Mr. Bullock is the taller man."

It would seem, however, that the activity of these gentlemen was exerted in vain—indeed, as Mrs Centlivre herself says, the best acting in the world cannot save a play if the actors refuse to perform it,—and so we hear no more of "The Perplexed Lovers," save that it was dedicated to the Duke of Devonshire.* Her especial reason for the dedication is amusing:—

"But since my husband *has the honour to serve*

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* The "Philander" of Steele. "A nobleman who has the most refined taste of the true pleasures and elegancies of life, joined to an indefatigable industry in business; a man eloquent in assemblies, agreeable in conversation, and dextrous in all manner of public negociations."

*her Majesty, under the command of your Grace,** as he did the late King of glorious memory, under that of your noble father, I could not be prevailed upon to alter my resolution of prefixing your Grace's name to the front of this poem, at once to shew my gratitude and my ambition."

Whatever disappointment Mrs. Centlivre may have felt at the result of her latest dramatic endeavours, she must have been more than recompensed by the success that attended the production of her next comedy, "The Wonder, a Woman Keeps a Secret," which was brought out in 1713. This comedy is too generally known to call for comment; it may be sufficient, therefore, to quote the following observations from the Biographia Dramatica:—

"It does not appear that much expectation was formed of this comedy at its first performance; it being postponed till late in the season, and acted amongst the benefits. It however met with success; and the author, in her preface, speaks with admiration of the performance of Mr. Wilks and Mrs. Oldfield, in the characters of Don Felix and Violante, especially in the last act, where she says, if Nature herself were to paint a love quarrel, she could only copy them. In this scene Mr. Garrick, and several actresses, as Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Crawford,

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* The duke was at that time Lord Steward.

Mrs. Abingdon, and Mrs. Pope, have been eminently successful. This play is still frequently acted, and is, indeed, one of the best of Mrs. Centlivre's. The plot is intricate and ingenious, yet clear and distinct, both in its conduct and catastrophe; the language is in general more correct than she usually renders it; and the characters, particularly those of the jealous Don Felix, and Colonel Britton's Highland servant, Gibby, are justly drawn and very well finished. It is not certain, however, whether the whole merit of this contrivance is to be attributed to Mrs. Centlivre; as there are some circumstances in the concealment of Isabella, Violante's fidelity to her trust, and the perplexities which arise therefrom, that seem to bear a resemblance to one part of the plot of a play of Lord Digby's called 'Elvira; or the Worst not always True.' The scene lies at Lisbon, and the original prologue was written by Sir Thomas Burnet."

Of "The Cruel Gift," in which she is said to have been assisted by Rowe, we have already made mention: it was brought out in 1716. Two or three farces followed, which were printed but never acted; and in the year 1718 she gave to the world the play which succeeded best after "The Busybody," and "The Wonder,"—"A Bold Stroke for a Wife," which was acted at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. In this play she was assisted by Mr. Mottley, who wrote a scene or two entirely. The plot is in the highest degree improbable, but the situations are extremely amusing, and there is plenty of bustle and variety to keep up the attention of the audience. The character of Simon Pure has alone preserved the fame of the comedy, by becoming a by-word in questions of identity.

Mrs. Centlivre wrote the prologue herself, but only the first six lines are worth preserving :—

> " To-night we come upon a bold design,
> To try to please without one borrow'd line;
> Our plot is new and regularly clear,
> And not one single tittle from Molière.
> O'er buried poets we with caution tread,
> And parish sextons leave to rob the dead."

" The Artifice," produced in 1721, a play of no extraordinary merit, closed Mrs. Centlivre's dramatic career, her death occurring about two years afterwards, on the 1st December, 1723. Her third marriage had not only been a happy one, but she appears to have lived in comparative affluence; for the editor of her works thus writes :—

" At her death, which happened in 1722 (1723), when she was near forty-five years old, she left many valuable ornaments of gold and jewels, presented to her by the royal family, Prince Eugene, and persons of distinction. But these treasures her husband did not long enjoy, for, about a year after, he died, and was put into the same grave, in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Thus drop'd she, *Rara avis in terris,* after having by her own works erected a monument more lasting than marble."

If to this commendation be added, that "she possessed a considerable share of beauty, was of a friendly and benevolent disposition, and in conversation was sprightly and entertaining," her epitaph may fairly be read. Her literary reputation may be described in the following critical opinion, which appears in the Biographia Dramatica:—

"As a writer, it is no very easy thing to estimate her rank. It must be allowed that her plays do not abound in wit, and that the language of them is sometimes even poor, enervate, incorrect, and puerile; but then her plots are busy and well conducted, and her characters in general natural and well marked. But as plot and character are undoubtedly the body and soul of comedy; and language and wit, at best, but the clothing and external ornament, it is certainly less excusable to show a deficiency in the former than in the latter. And the success of Mrs. Centlivre's plays plainly evinces, that the first will strike the minds of an audience more powerfully than the last; since her comedy of 'The Busy Body,' which all the players had decried before its appearance, in which Mr. Wilks had even for a time absolutely refused to play, and which the audience came prejudiced against, roused their attention in despite of that prejudice, and forced a run of thirteen nights; while Mr. Congreve's "Way of the World," which perhaps contains more true, intrinsic wit, and unexceptionable accuracy of language, than any dramatic piece ever written, brought on the stage with every advantage of recommendation, and when the author was in the height of reputation, could scarcely make its way at all. Nay, we have been confidently assured, that the very same great actor we mentioned just now, made use of this remarkable expression with regard to her 'Bold Stroke for a Wife,' viz., 'that not only her play would be damned, but she herself be damned for writing it.' Yet we find it still standing on the list of acting plays; nor is it ever performed without meeting with the approbation of the audience; as do also her 'Busy Body' and 'Wonder.'

"That Mrs. Centlivre was very perfectly acquainted with life, and closely read in the mind and manners of mankind, no one, we think, can doubt who reads her comedies; but what appears to us the most extraordinary is, when we consider her history, the disadvantages she must have laboured under, by being so early left to bustle with the world, and that all the education she could have had must have been owing to her own application and assiduity; when, we say, we consider her as an absolutely self-cultivated genius, it is astonishing to find the traces of so much reading and learning as we meet with in many of her pieces; since, for the drawing of the various characters she has presented us with, she must have perfectly well understood the French, Dutch, and Spanish languages, all the provincial dialects of her own, and somewhat even of the Latin, since all these she occasionally makes use of, and whenever she does so, it is constantly with the utmost propriety and the greatest accuracy."

Colley Cibber, in his "Apology," gives the following list of Mrs. Centlivre's works:—

1. The Perjured Husband; a tragedy. 1702.
2. Beau's Duel; or, a Soldier for the Ladies; a comedy. 1703.
3. The Stolen Heiress; or, the Salamanca Doctor Outwitted; a comedy. 1704.
4. The Gamester; a comedy. 1704.
5. The Basset-Table; a comedy. 1705.
6. Love at Venture; a comedy. 1705.
7. Lovers' Contrivances; or, *Le Médecin Malgré Lui;* a comedy. 1705.
8. The Busy Body; a comedy. 1708.
9. Marplot; the second part of The Busy Body. 1709.
10. The Platonick Lady; a comedy. 1710.
11. The Perplexed Lovers; a comedy. 1710.
12. The Man's Bewitched; or, the Devil to do about Her; a comedy. 1713.
13. The Wonder, a Woman keeps a Secret; a comedy. 1713.
14. The Cruel Gift; a tragedy. 1716. Mr. Rowe assisted in this.
15. A Gotham Election; a farce.

16. A Wife well Managed; a farce. These two farces were printed 1716, but never acted.

17. A Bickerstaff's Burial, a Work for the Upholders; a farce. 1717.

18. A Bold Stroke for a Wife; a comedy. 1718.

19. The Artifice; a comedy. 1721.

END OF VOL. III.

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